

OUR DOG.

BEING A CONFIDENTIAL COMMUNICATION.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

ARTHUR had sat for a long while, an *unreasonably* long while, I thought, at his writing-desk, pretending (what wicked genius made me put *that* in?) that he was writing a letter to his mother; and I had sat, for the same length of time, curled up in my favorite arm-chair and wondering that he could exist so long without looking at me.

Not that I am at all more given to vanity than most brides; but it is only three months since two decidedly foolish-looking people were to be seen, arm-in-arm, gazing at the natural curiosities with which mother earth is so bountifully supplied; and these same people then thought it a mighty pretty thing to whisper to each other, "*Whither thou goest I will go*"—*now*, however—

Arthur turned around with a beaming smile, as he said, "I am writing about *you*, now;" and I stopped in the midst of my reflections to wonder if I had not been rather hasty. The same old story of man's deceit and woman's trust; it is half-an-hour, by the clock, since he opened his lips to me before, and the very first sentence has put a stop to my pouting!

But I will be revenged upon him; I have been pondering over the whole affair, from our very first meeting, and wondering how this state of things came about. I feel very much like a person in a dream; and had it not been for a dog—yes, actually a dog—I might still have been roaming in what Amanda Malvina Fitz-Allan calls the dear vale of my childhood.

Arthur smiled at my resolute air, as I seated myself with a quire of foolscap; and after begging me not to turn bluestocking, he pursued his scribbling as calmly as though the small circumstance of my existence had quite escaped his memory.

How did I happen to meet with Arthur? Yes, that was the starting point.

Fan and I had grown up as unrestrained as two wild things, although we were city-born, city-bred, and city-polished; but mamma was always busy with dressing and visiting, and papa was busy with *business*; so the moral education of both of us seemed to fall to me—

which fully accounts for the fact of our being no better.

At the age of eight years, I was quite an independent young lady, and wandered about the neighborhood making visits to an extent that must have alarmed them. On one occasion, a family of considerable distinction, with whom we had no visiting acquaintance, gave a large party to which I determined that we should go. I dressed myself and Fan, who being what country people call "a scary little thing" was marvellously still under the operation; and when mamma was fairly off, we stole down through the front hall.

We made our *entree* with much composure, and attracted considerable attention.

"And who are these little girls?" asked the lady of the house, as she approached us and laid her hand on my sister Fanny's curls.

"We are Judge N——'s daughters," I replied, promptly; "you don't know us," I continued, "but I knew that if you did you would have asked us to the party, so I concluded to come without."

My father's name was well-known and respected; several persons spoke to us; and after a very pleasant evening, we were sent home in triumph.

But my father was extremely angry; he reprimanded us severely, and then sought my mother.

"Corneilia," said he, in a resolute tone, "those children must be attended to."

"Just what I have been telling you," replied my mother, "we must send them to boarding-school."

To boarding-school we were accordingly sent; and there were passed the most weary years of our existence. I bemoaned in vain the party-going propensity which had brought affairs to this crisis; and, determined to excite compassion at any cost, Fan and I began to grow thin and pale with all our nights.

This answered the desired end; papa was frightened, and took home two such shadowy-looking damsels that mamma herself declared that something must be done.

A family council was held upon the matter; we were too young to come out yet—I being but seventeen, and Fan only fifteen—so a summer in a quiet country-place would be the very thing to bring back our roses and dimples. A rural mania suddenly seized the whole family; it would be so pleasant to get a fresh, pure taste of mother earth—to roll among the buttercups and daisies—to rake over the fresh hay—and to do fifty things that city people never *think* of doing when they go into the country.

The place selected was charming—far enough from the road to be cool and romantic—and with a side-gate, at which our boarding-school imaginations had already established a love-smitten young gentleman. But all this was nothing compared to Sirius.

A noble Newfoundland dog of the hugest size was Sirius; one with whom we could roam about the country and feel perfectly protected; the very climax, in short, to our rurality—for who *could* be rural without a large dog? So we called him Sirius, or the dog-star.

What delightful walks Fan and I had, with our great hats à la gypsy, and our shaggy protector, who threw a picturesque air over the group, and who not unfrequently trotted along crowned, like a victor, with a wreath of greens. Our only regret was that there should be no one there to see!

Every one in the house, except mamma, became attached to Sirius; papa looked upon him as a valuable piece of property, and, never having owned a dog before, imagined that it increased his importance—the servants found him useful in carrying baskets—and all had some reason for liking him.

Except mamma, as I said before; but between her and Sirius there constantly intervened the phantom of a cherry-pie. A fine, large one, with the cherries all stoned, and everything complete about it; made especially with reference to the palate of some distinguished visitor, who had been duly informed of the compliment; when, just as the cook had placed it on the steps to cool, Sirius, attracted by the savory smell, seized it, dish and all—but pies just out of the oven are apt to be hot, and his dogship threw it hastily upon the ground and made his escape. Both dish and pie were broken to fragments—the visitor was disappointed—and mamma never loved Sirius.

But we were fully disposed to pardon any little peccadillas on the part of our favorite; and thought that Sirius' fancy for cherry-pie was perfectly excusable.

We set forth, one bright, June morning, for a

long day in the woods—Sirius carrying our lunch, and Fan and I provided each with a novel and a very Penelope-ish piece of embroidery, for it never seemed to advance one stitch. We did a great many extravagant things, that day; we took off our Bloomers to fan with, and let down whole waves of dark curls, that floated here and there in the wildest confusion. Fan had a skirmish with a huge bramble-bush that left a great rent in her dress, and I stepped both feet in some treacherous mud-puddle—so that we were about a match for each other.

Rather weary with our day's adventures, we were approaching the bar-fence over which we climbed into a field, Sirius being some distance ahead of us—when we heard a low whistle, and then a call of, "Porter! Porter!" in tones of delight and recognition.

Sirius made a sudden bound; and then stood wagging his tail and rejoicing beside a young gentleman who—well, after all, he didn't look so very different from other men.

"So, old fellow!" said he, "you've been playing truant, have you? I hope you've had a nice time of it?"

To all of which Sirius continued wagging his tail, and we continued standing—feeling quite willing that the gentleman should amuse himself with our dog for a few moments.

The stranger's eye, at length, fell upon us, and his glance expressed both surprise and amusement; while we, remembering our condition, began to feel very much embarrassed. He bowed politely; and, with another whistle and a call of "Porter!" this very free and easy gentleman walked off with Sirius beside him.

In vain we shouted "Sirius! Sirius!"—the sound had ceased to charm him; and we stood there, two disconsolate damsels, seeing nothing in the distance but the tail of a coat and the tail of a dog floating off together.

The whole thing had been so sudden that we could scarcely realize it, and we walked home in a sort of dream.

Papa's rage was almost indescribable.

"It was a mean, shabby trick," he said, "to entice a dog away in that style—and he was determined to have justice, if justice was to be had!"

Mamma said nothing; but I knew that she felt inwardly grateful to the kidnapper of Sirius, whoever he might be.

Fan and I were ensconced in our pleasant window, watching papa's retreating figure, as he strode resolutely down the walk, not having quite decided whether the case was one to be submitted to the governor or the president—

when the gate was opened, and in an easy, composed manner, there approached the very gentleman who had carried off Sirius.

They stood there talking, for a few moments, and, at first, papa looked decidedly cross, while the gentleman continued bland and smiling; but then they turned toward the house and fairly walked in together.

After awhile mamma came up to our room.

"Come down," said she, "as soon as possible—there is young Stoneleigh in the dining-room; his mother owns a beautiful place a few miles off, and your father actually had a notion of capturing him as a dog-stealer! for it seems that troublesome Sirius once belonged to him under another name. I remembered his face, however, and he recognized me—so that matters are all right, now. Come down, Fan—he is anxious to make his peace with you for having deprived you of the dog."

I begged to be excused, for my generally harum-scarum appearance of the day before would not, I was sure, be so soon forgotten; but mamma said, "nonsense!"

Arthur has a pair of the most deceitful eyes that ever fell to the lot of that deceitful animal, man—they are capable both of a soft, beseeching expression, and a glance of consummate impudence; just such a look as greeted me.

I felt dreadfully confused, at first; and then, remembering all the circumstances, I laughed.

"I hope," said he, "that my conduct did not appear rude in depriving you ladies so unceremoniously of your protector—but I was rejoiced to meet an old friend so unexpectedly, and I did not notice that he was with you. You saw how instantly he answered to his name—which, of course, confirms my story."

Mamma politely assured him that his story needed no such confirmation; and papa transferred his anger to the one who had sold him the dog.

"The one who *stole* the dog," said Mr. Stoneleigh, "is the person to be blamed, and I think that, before long, I shall succeed in finding him. I will bring him here as soon as he is captured."

In a day or two, Mr. Stoneleigh returned, accompanied by a boy not more than ten years old. We had all expected to see a hardened villain, and I believe that papa had privately prepared a pair of handcuffs; but there stood a pretty child, with quite a pensive expression of countenance, and the loveliest dark curls.

When questioned as to why he took the dog, all that he would answer was that "Jim Sykes told him to;" but he was so picturesque-looking that I felt an instant desire to reform him. He

would be quite an ornament to my Sunday-school class; and when I asked him if he would like to come, he readily answered, "yes."

"I think," said Mr. Stoneleigh, "that we had better leave him to Miss Julia for punishment," and to Miss Julia he was accordingly left.

I imagined that I was very charitable while caressing my pretty, dark-eyed protegee; and Mr. Stoneleigh seemed to think so, too, for the boy became to us quite a channel of communication. The urchin turned out, in the end, to be an arch hypocrite and deceiver; but mamma did not seem to take it much to heart, and I noticed that she even patted Sirius the next time she saw him.

I learned to roam about the country without a dog, and found that other protectors sometimes answer quite as well.

"I never should have suspected little Johnny Pyne of being a matchmaker," said Arthur, one afternoon in the course of our wanderings.

"What do you mean?" I asked, rather confusedly.

"Why, he must have seen that we two were just suited to each other, and stolen my dog in order to bring it about."

"Upon the principle, I suppose, that love my dog, love *me*?"

"Exactly," replied Arthur, as we both laughed at the recollection of that first meeting.

I walked leisurely through the gate, with my sun-hat hanging to my arm by the strings; when I heard mamma's voice in conversation with some visitor.

"It is quite true," said she, as if in reply to some observation, "that I brought the girls here for quiet—and I certainly had no expectation of anything of the sort; but you remember the story of the young man, in the Arabian Nights, who was put into a cavern to be out of the way of the very prince who killed him? Young Stoneleigh is such an unexceptionable match that I did not dare to refuse—and the poor things are really very much in love, and so—"

Here my mother's eye fell upon me.

"Ah, Julia," said she, "where have you been roving? Not alone, I suppose?"

Mrs. L—— asked me if I had been inquiring the price of white satin, and blonde; and I shot up stairs, like a whirlwind, and locked myself in my own room.

Arthur has read it entirely through; and he laughed in much amusement at the ridiculous character which he says I have represented him; so, half out of pique, I resolved to send it to Mr. Peterson.

"NOT A BIT JEALOUS."

BY CLARA MORETON.

CHAPTER I.

"HORACE, I have something unpleasant to say to you. Will you hear it now?" said Mrs. Clifford, to her husband.

"I see no way of escape," said Horace, looking up from the volume which lay open on the table before him, but which he was *not* reading; for steadily as his eyes had been fixed upon the pages, his thoughts had been far enough away. "What is it?"

"You promise not to be angry."

"I promise no such thing. If you are going to read me one of those hum-drum lectures, that you've got into the way of doing lately, I promise that I *will* be angry. I will not submit to be lectured by any woman, wife or no wife."

"Horace!" There was a shade of reproach in the tone.

"Well. Come, out with it? What is it?"

"I think you are very unkind to speak so about it, and to call it lecturing. I only wish to tell you some things I have heard about Miss Merlin, and to caution you about your intimacy."

"Caution me," laughed Horace, looking a little embarrassed nevertheless. "Well, that is a good one. Jealous again, ha? Have you forgotten my pretty cousin, Kate, whom you were foolish enough to think I loved?"

Julia's face crimsoned.

"You are always bringing that up, Horace," she said. "I am sure I think it ungenerous after I acknowledged my error. Miss Merlin is very different. They say she makes it her boast that she can bring any man, married or single, to her feet if she chooses."

"They say"—admirable authority. Of course, everything '*they say*' is true. If you can't find anything better to do when you are down stairs than to listen to the scandal mongers, I advise you to keep in your room. Miss Merlin is a woman of genius; and all their petty gossip will not prevent her from receiving the admiration and attention of those men who have a mind above wax-work and doll-babies."

Tears stood in Julia's eyes, an angry reply trembled on her lips; but controlling herself, she only said,

"Oh, Horace, I wish we *never* had come here. I do so want to go back to Ashlea."

"Very well. Any day you choose. I have no objections."

Julia fairly clapped her hands with joy.

"Are you in earnest, Horace? Can we go back to Ashlea this very week?—to-morrow?"

"You can. I said nothing about myself."

Julia's eyes fell, and the tears, she could no longer repress, rolled down her cheeks.

"Crying is your only argument, I believe. It is thrown away upon me, now that I am so used to it. Come, Julia, I detest scenes."

But Julia only cried the harder; and Horace with a frown shut up his book in no gentle manner; and taking his broad brimmed Panama from the table, went out of the chamber.

It was an August morning—in the height of the season at Saratoga; and Horace feeling no inclination to join the group of loungers on the piazza, sauntered up and down the hall.

The door of a private parlor stood ajar, for the morning was hot and sultry.

"Is that you, Mr. Clifford?" called out a voice from within.

Horace stopped in the door-way.

"I thought you were at the bowling-alley, Miss Merlin."

"My head prevented my going. I wish you would come in and prescribe for it. It aches terribly."

Horace did not refuse the invitation.

He forgot his annoyance in the fascination of Miss Merlin's society, and she—in the excitement of his presence—her "terrible headache."

Julia, alone in her chamber, thought over all the annoyance of the past few weeks. They had come to Saratoga for a change of air on her husband's account; he having applied himself too closely to his pursuits; but the time allotted for their stay had more than expired, and still Horace Clifford lingered; making his excuse the benefit he derived from the waters; while Julia felt but too keenly that it was Miss Merlin's attractions that enchained him.

She had such a long, long crying spell that morning, that she thought herself unfitted to make her appearance at dinner; and when her husband came in to arrange his toilet, she pleaded her headache as an excuse for not accompanying him to the table.

"You can do as you choose," he said, "it is a matter of indifference to me."

She looked up reproachfully; her eyes suffused with tears.

"I know it is a matter of indifference to you, Horace; but you might have spared me the pain of hearing it from your own lips."

"You know well enough what I mean," he answered, sharply. "You thought you were going to punish me by staying up here; and I wish you to understand that I am not to be managed in that way."

"I thought no such thing. Indeed, you do me injustice, Horace. What has changed you so?"

"I am not changed. The change lies in you, if there is any. The truth is, that I do not like to be lectured every time I am introduced to a pretty woman, or every time I chat with a sensible one. They are scarce enough, heaven knows."

"Miss Merlin is very beautiful, and every one says very talented; but oh, Horace, with all her talent and beauty, she could never love you half so well as I do; or if she did, it would be a love that would bring you only shame and wretchedness. If you knew what suffering it was to me, to see you every day growing more and more——"

"Confound your preaching. Julia, I wish to gracious you'd go home. You are no more fit for a watering-place than a baby. If you could have your way, I suppose you would tie me to your apron-string, and have me following you about like a lap-dog. I should have thought that the bride and groom from the country, who were here to dinner the other day, would have been dose enough for one season. Pish!"

Julia's lips quivered, her cheeks were aglow. Looking her husband steadily in the eyes, she said,

"Are you in earnest in desiring me to go home?"

"Well, yes, I would be, if it was not for the looks of the thing," he answered, half laughing; "but I suppose we shall both have to go before long. It is the first of the month I think that you expect your brother over. He will teach you some lessons in 'the usages of society,' or I am mistaken. A five years' residence in Paris will enable him to take sides with me, no doubt; and I sincerely hope that he will make you less of a mope. I never saw a woman so dull in company."

Julia could bear his fault-finding now, for he had taken her hand in his own, and really looked quite like himself once more.

"I do not care how dull others think me, Horace; but I——"

"Well, I do," interrupted her husband. "A man likes to see his wife receive some attention: and you would have plenty, if you did not repel it whenever it is offered. Besides, one does not like to be made a laughing stock; and your devotion to me has frequently been the cause of remark. It has annoyed me not a little, let me tell you."

Julia's face grew crimson. She answered with much restraint of manner,

"It shall not annoy you again."

"Well, don't get angry about it: but profit by what I have said, and while you are in Rome, do as the Romans do."

"Do I understand by that, that you wish to see me flirt as other married ladies, here, are in the habit of doing?" and she looked into her husband's face.

"Exactly so. I would not care a sou how desperately you flirted, so that I could only rid you of the foolish jealousy that you have in your composition."

Julia's face darkened for a moment, then she said,

"And no matter how much attention I receive, nor how much pleasure I manifest in the society of other gentlemen, you are sure that you never would be the least jealous?"

"Never the least."

"Then, Horace Clifford, you do not know what love is. You never have loved me."

"Fudge! Come, don't be so silly if you want me to keep on loving you. Just try to behave a little more like other folks for the remaining two weeks that we shall be here; and to begin with, I advise you to come down to dinner. I never saw you looking better than you do at this moment."

Kissing his hand to her, he left the room.

Julia looked in the glass. Her excitement had indeed bestowed upon her a new charm—the charm of expression. She had aroused herself from the lethargy in which she had so long indulged; and with new resolves busy at her heart, she had prepared herself to follow out her husband's wishes. The light of a steady purpose gleamed from her eyes; and her woman's pride, stung to the quick by some of her husband's words, gave to her carriage a dignity which would have been supposed impossible to one of her usually listless, languid manner. Hitherto she had been careless, almost negligent in her wardrobe. Now, she arrayed herself in one of her most elegant dresses—a costly grenadine sent by her brother from Paris. The delicate blue of the material harmonized well with her fresh, peach blossom complexion; and the string

pearls that encircled her arms and neck were not more lustrous than those her smile disclosed.

Julia was beautiful. She knew it—she felt it as after completing her toilet she surveyed herself in her glass. Conscious of her power, she went down to the parlors, and the first persons upon whom her eyes fell were Miss Merlin and Horace, in an animated *tele-a-tele*. Once, she would have lingered near them; but now she resolutely passed on, nodding carelessly. She joined a group in a far corner of the spacious room, entirely unconscious that her husband's eyes were following her, as were the eyes of many another. More than one noticed and spoke that day of the sudden metamorphosis which Mrs. Clifford had undergone.

Miss Merlin was quick to note the admiration evinced in the husband's eyes; and trembling, lest, after all her toils, her most difficult victim of the season should escape her, she strove with a fresh array of blanchiments to eclipse the rival which had so unexpectedly appeared in the field.

CHAPTER II.

THERE was a ball at one of the most fashionable hotels. Mrs. Clifford commanded any amount of attention—indeed, Miss Merlin and herself were generally conceded to be the belles of the evening.

Miss Merlin's brilliant brunette complexion was softened down by her dress of maize color, profusely trimmed with lace. Her black, satiny hair was ornamented with a wreath of azalias of the creamy hue, skilfully interwoven with glossy green ivy leaves, and sprays of exotic grasses.

Julia with exquisite taste, had arranged a few moss rose-buds in her hair, and her lace tunic was looped up with the same flowers over a blossom colored silk.

She evidently enjoyed the attention that she received; and her husband looked on in amazement to see how thoroughly his advice had been carried out. It annoyed him, however, to see her conversing with Colonel Rooway, who had arrived that day, a man noted for his "affairs of the heart," and one whose principles were said to be none of the best. Miss Merlin exerted herself to the utmost, and she really was very charming; but still Horace's eyes would follow his wife. All through that long, long evening, Col. Rooway was constantly by Julia's side. She even waltzed with him—a privilege which Horace had never expected to see her bestow upon a stranger. At length, he missed them from the crowd. Miss Merlin, cognizant of his absent-minded mood, soon deserted him for a livelier

cavalier; and Horace, scarcely conscious of a motive, wandered out into the grounds.

He threw himself down in a garden chair, and reviewed in his mind Julia's conduct for the past few days. He had never imagined such a literal fulfilment of his expressed wishes. Could it be possible that she was estranged from him? He acknowledged to himself that he could not blame her if she was; for his whole course for the last few weeks had been calculated to induce such a state of feeling. Since their conversation she had treated him with studied coldness; and after the reproofs he had then administered to her for her devotion to him, he felt that it would ill become him to endeavor to bring about the old state of things. He heard approaching footsteps. In the shade of the clump of evergreens he was not discovered.

It was Julia, leaning on Col. Rooway's arm, who approached.

It was her voice that said,

"I am so glad that you come this week. Now I shall have plenty of time to arrange it all, just as I wish to. Do you think my plan a feasible one?"

Horace listened breathlessly for the answer. "They have known each other before," he thought.

"I do, my dear Mrs. Clifford. You may trust to me to execute my part without exciting suspicion; but you—I am afraid you will betray yourself."

They had passed on, and Horace could not catch the answer. There was something about "her husband would not suspect, if her looks did not reveal her emotions."

Horace was puzzled.

That Julia should be on so good an understanding with Col. Rooway was incomprehensible. He did not doubt but that she had arranged some little plan to rouse his jealousy; but that she should so far compromise herself as to confide her intentions to Col. Rooway was very mortifying to him. He could hardly believe it possible, and was ready to discredit his senses, so foreign did it seem to Julia's character.

He resolved that she should not have the satisfaction that she anticipated; and, therefore, although anxious to know when her acquaintance with Col. Rooway had commenced, he did not even mention his name to her; but his dissatisfaction of her conduct showed itself in an increased formality of manner; and a forced politeness that was to Julia extremely amusing.

"Her game is a dangerous one," thought Horace, "with such a man as Col. Rooway, but ten days cannot effect much harm; and as I am

now on my guard, I shall not be surprised into any manifestations of jealousy."

The week passed away. Horace was quite cooled in his admiration of Miss Merlin. He had something else to engross his thoughts now. Julia's intimacy with Col. Rooway did not fail of attracting attention; but yet, it was of such a nature, that she escaped censure. They seemed to converse with the freedom of old friends; and not a glance from the eyes of either betraying any hidden feelings, could be detected by the most observant of critics.

Horace was every day more at loss to discover the meaning of the words he had overheard. It was quite evident to him now that she was not attempting to rouse him to be jealous, as he had at first suspected. Sometimes he fancied that they might have referred in some incomprehensible way to Miss Merlin; particularly as he noticed that Col. Rooway daily increased his attentions toward her; but still his perplexity was in no way lessened.

One morning, they were again alone in their chamber.

Julia had been up late the previous night, yet notwithstanding she had arisen early; arrayed herself in one of her most becoming morning dresses, and was evidently on the tip-toe of expectation—now at one window, now at another. Her husband, under his usual pretence of reading, watched her narrowly.

At length a servant brought her up a bouquet, with Col. Rooway's compliments.

Julia, under the pretext of arranging it in a vase of fresh water, turned her back to her husband, and unwinding the slip of paper from around the stem, read the lines that were traced thereon.

It did not escape Horace's notice: not the glow which mantled her cheeks and kindled her lovely eyes as she crushed the paper between her palms, and turned away from the flowers.

Horace coughed.

"Hem. Mrs. Clifford, I suppose you are aware of Col. Rooway's known character, and the injury that it may be to you to receive such marked attention from him as you do."

"Indeed," answered Julia, looking really surprised. "I have never heard anything against him; and I have known of him for many years. Something '*they say*' here, I suppose; but you have already instructed me as to the degree of credence to be placed in such reports; and I am sure you would not have me give up the society of a gentleman of decided talent, for that of the insipid, brainless youths that are so common here."

"You can exercise your own discretion about it," answered Horace, walking to the window, whistling as he walked.

"I intend to," said Julia, smiling regally; "and I would rather that you did not read me any lectures; for of course, 'when we are at Rome, we must do as the Romans do.'"

"Oh, I understand; but you have mistaken your man if you think to make me jealous. I have not a spark in my composition. But take care you do not get caught in your own toils."

Julia said not a word, but she looked embarrassed, and fell to plaiting the broad hem of her pocket-handkerchief.

Horace prepared himself to go down.

"Will you ride this morning?" he said.

"No, thank you," she answered, blushing, "I have an engagement."

"Very well. I will invite Miss Merlin."

Julia turned around to the flowers to conceal a smile. "If this is not jealousy," she thought, "it is something very like."

Horace stooped quickly, and picked up the scrap of crumpled paper which she had dropped. When she turned around he had gone.

As Horace went down stairs he smoothed the paper out and read,

"Too late last night. Everything arranged now—eleven o'clock precisely."

"What can this mean?" he said to himself.

"What folly is under way now? I wish with my whole heart that we were back at Ashlea. Silly child! I should never have dreamed that she could so involve herself. Hang that Col. Rooway—I wish he was at the bottom of the Dead Sea."

The object of his thoughts was nearer to him than he could have imagined. He heard his voice upon the piazza.

At that moment he came in sight. Horace barely had time to notice that the gentleman with whom he was conversing was a very elegant, distinguished-looking individual, when Colonel Rooway advancing, presented him as Mr. Claude Grosvenor.

"You are entitled to a cousin-ship, I believe," Mr. Clifford, through marriage. Am I not right, Mr. Grosvenor?"

"I never had a cousin that was as dear to me as Julia," answered Mr. Grosvenor, frankly, "and I am happy to have come across her again in my wanderings. It has been some years since we have met."

Horace had heard of this cousin, and he felt vastly relieved by his unexpected appearance. Hoping his presence would have the effect of bringing Julia to her senses, he greeted him

cordially, and plainly manifested the pleasure which he felt at making his acquaintance.

The result was that they were favorably impressed with each other.

At length Horace volunteered to call his wife.

Both Col. Rooway and Mr. Grosvenor objected. They had an engagement.

"It will not detain you a moment," said Horace, "and I know she will be so agreeably surprised." He left the room before either of the gentlemen had opportunity to answer.

"Julia," he said, bursting in upon her, and quite forgetting his lofty, distant manner. "Your cousin, Claude Grosvenor, is down in the parlor waiting to see you a moment. He is in great haste, for he has an engagement."

He was amazed at the effect of his words.

Julia had at first turned pale, then scarlet, and now with her head bowed in her hands, was sobbing like a child.

"Oh, his coming interferes with your plans," thought Horace. Every tear was to him a proof of her indiscretion, if not her guilt. "So they only prove salutary tears, and bring her back to me before it is too late. Who would have thought one little week could have so changed her. Fool that I was to wish her different, with her sweet, winning ways, and her lovely devotion to me. I have no one but myself to blame for my folly."

These were the thoughts that passed rapidly through his mind.

"I do not understand this, Julia," he said, gravely.

"Oh, Horace, I cannot see him now—indeed I cannot. Wait until you come home from your drive. Do let me be alone now."

"Very well," answered Horace; but as he closed the door he mentally resolved that he would solve this new enigma before he left the house, if possible. In no way could he account for her emotion, than by supposing that Julia had foreseen that her cousin's arrival would interfere with her plans, whatever they might be. He repelled the thoughts that crowded fast upon him; but they were not so easily disposed of, and Horace Clifford began to feel himself a much injured man. Upon his return to the parlor, he found that Mr. Grosvenor had gone to fulfil his engagement; and Col. Rooway had remained to apologize for the unavoidable absence of his friend. "It was an engagement made with a lady," he said. "Nothing else would have prevented his availing himself of the opportunity of seeing his cousin."

"And now, Mr. Clifford," continued Col. Rooway, "what say you to a drive? We shall be back before the heat of the day."

Horace declined.

Col. Rooway proposed billiards, the pistol gallery and a walk to the springs, with the same success. He was evidently as anxious to enjoy Horace's society as Horace was to see him take his departure. He must have known this, yet he lingered on, talking of races, speculations, California; and for all together, Horace did not just then care the toss of a copper. It was after twelve when Horace found himself alone and at liberty to go back to his room, as he had all along been desirous of doing. He determined now to demand of his wife an explanation of her conduct; to tell her what he had overheard, and accuse her of having made an appointment with Col. Rooway at eleven that night. He would try to talk calmly and dispassionately with her, and even be generous enough to retract the unpleasant things which he had said. Full of these wise resolutions he went to his room. But Julia was not there. He took a book and waited impatiently for her. One o'clock struck; he walked the chamber, every moment growing more uneasy. It was nearly two, when remembering that Julia was in the habit of spending a portion of her mornings in Mrs. Corydon's parlor, he crossed the hall for the purpose of ascertaining if she were there.

Mrs. Corydon was an invalid, and had been an old friend of Julia's mother. When Horace reached the door he turned back; for what excuse had he to make for disturbing his wife even were she there.

He had gone but a few steps when the door opened, and looking back he saw his wife and her cousin coming out. One glimpse of her radiant, innocent face rebuked him for the suspicions he had been indulging; and made him feel the impossibility of broaching to her the subject of his morning's meditations.

Horace now watched anxiously for the evening. Toward sunset Claude and Julia walked up to the springs together. Horace proposed a stroll in the same direction to Miss Merlin, but she was engaged to drive with Col. Rooway. So Horace was again left to his own cogitations.

The evening found them all in a circle in the drawing-room. Julia had grown quite negligent of Col. Rooway. Her cousin engrossed her whole attention. Miss Merlin, with the same fickleness, had transferred all her smiles to the attractive colonel; and Horace on this occasion really felt himself to be the black sheep of the flock.

At half past ten, Col. Rooway excused himself and took his leave. "Now," thought Horace, "Julia will begin to manifest some uneasiness." His chat with Miss Merlin did not prevent his

keeping an eye upon her; but to his great surprise, eleven o'clock came and went, without claiming the least notice from her of its departure.

CHAPTER III.

THE more that Horace saw Julia and Claude together, the less pleasure did he feel at the renewal of their acquaintance. Her flirtation with Col. Rooway was entirely at an end. He would even gladly have seen it renewed, for no one could have mistaken the state of their feelings toward each other; while now, Horace was compelled to believe that between Julia and her cousin there was more affection hidden than manifested. Their tell-tale eyes often revealed more than either of them were aware. Yet, there was nothing with which he could openly find fault. Claude's manner, although extremely fond, was deferential. He seemed to look upon his cousin with pride, and numberless were the ways in which he showed his attention to her wishes and comforts. The flowers, which every evening adorned her hair, were exotics which he brought her, and never a morning that the vase in her chamber was not replenished with a new bouquet.

Julia received all his kindnesses with such modest sweetness of manner, that Horace was foiled in his attempt to discover a cause for reproach. But recalling her agitation the morning that he told her of his arrival, he felt convinced that there had been some love affair between them in the past, which for a time had slumbered, and now was in danger of being re-kindled.

With much relief he welcomed the arrival of the day fixed upon for their return to Ashlea. To his great surprise he found that Claude was to accompany them. Had he received any previous intimation, he would have objected, but it was too late now.

The evening of the same day found them at their own home.

Julia, no longer restrained by the presence of strangers, gave full vent to her feelings. Only one thing was wanting to perfect her happiness—her husband's smile. Fully conscious of the cause of his gloom, and thinking that the lesson she had taught him would be one that he would never forget, she determined upon confessing to him the deception she had practised, without waiting for the proofs of jealousy, which it had been her intention to do.

Horace was out giving some orders to the gardener; and Julia communicated her intention to Claude.

"I am heartily glad of it," said Claude. "Had you not told me that you had some strong motive for desiring the concealment, I should never have consented. Rooway seemed to consider it only a joke; and I did not think it best to deceive him." He put his arm around Julia's waist, and kissed her as he spoke.

As they looked up, their eyes encountered Horace's flashing on them from the doorway.

Claude had the impudence to laugh; but Julia springing up, with mock gravity courtesied, and said,

"My brother—Charles Grosvenor Gray."

Horace, puzzled and surprised, advanced a few steps; then finding himself the victim of a hoax, despite the warning he had had, he endeavored to make the best of it; and yielding to the contagion of his brother-in-law's laugh, he joined in it as heartily as a man could, who was laughing at himself.

It all came out now; and Julia's brother for the first time heard of Horace's and Miss Merlin's passing *penchant*; and the conversation it had given rise to, in which Horace had declared that no matter how desperately his wife flirted, he should never think of being jealous.

Horace was obliged to confess that jealousy was not an agreeable "guest of the heart," as he had learned by experience; and he was in turn enlightened as to the connection which Col. Rooway had borne in the hoax. The colonel had come over from Liverpool in the same steamer with Mr. Gray, and had been the first to inform Mrs. Clifford of her brother's arrival, and of the time when he would probably join her. The idea had at once presented itself to her, of introducing him to her husband as one of her southern cousins, of whom he had often heard her speak. This she thought would give her the opportunity of testing the sincerity of what he had said to her. She had requested Col. Rooway's co-operation, and he had consented for the joke of the thing, without suspecting her deeper motive. Mrs. Corydon was also in her confidence. The bulletin which Horace had picked up was simply to inform Julia that her brother had arrived too late the previous night to admit of his meeting her in Mrs. Corydon's room, as it had been arranged; but that at eleven that morning he would be there.

Neither of them would have been able to have disguised their feelings in a first interview; and Horace now saw that his wife's agitation at hearing that her brother was below, had been the natural consequence of feeling the impossibility of conquering her emotions.

"So you really confess to having felt jealous," said Julia.

“Fairly caught,” answered Horace.

“And now when you remind me of ‘cousin Kate,’ I am to remind you of ‘cousin Claude.’ Is it not so?”

Horace consented to the compromise; and Julia feeling herself fully reinstated in her husband’s heart, was happier than ever. Horace has never been since “A BIT JEALOUS.”

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ESQUIRE FAXON AND HIS DEACONS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L--'S DIARY."

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 353

CHAPTER V.

HENRY FAXON stayed a month at Haverhill, preaching a part of each Sabbath, giving pleasant, familiar lectures upon the West, in the evening, now and then; going amongst people with spontaneously winning words and manners, receiving all who came to him, saying good things to every child he came across, to all the aged and poor.

The Faxons could not but be operated upon beneficially, at times, by the constant sight of a life, at once, so exalted and so humble. The prayers and love that he seemed to *breathe* out upon whatever life came near him, they could not but be touched by at times, and often. But, quite as often they felt pride in him, and overweening delight in the eclat he was bringing upon their house. For their house was thronged with "callers," and invitations came in from the highest quarters.

The Warrens were most assiduous of all. They had such a dinner one week, such a supper the next, and such superior people staying at their house—the whole Callinsford family from New York—that the Faxons *must* all go up. The deacon and Mrs. Warren called to ask them, spending half the afternoon, "as if they were of the family," as Mrs. Faxon said, after they were gone. And when the hours for the dinner and the supper came, young Warren stepped in on his way home from the depot, to walk up with them.

Everybody, at the Warrens, hung on Henry's words, but in the staid manner, in his serious, albeit very cheerful face, the squire saw it unmistakably, that Henry was not lifted.

I suppose there are no greater things that man can say, than this, that Paul said, out of his great, calm soul—"None of these things move me." I suppose there are few, who, even in the best hours of their life, know all that the simple words mean. But Henry Faxon knew. He knew the understanding of what makes life worthy its Giver, worthy the receiver, makes it indeed life, and not death; by his faculty always doing God's perfect law, and not acting from outward considerations of policy, exigency, and the like paltry references. And now, in all

the world, in christendom, in heathendom; in sickness, in health, in prosperity, so-called, in adversity, so-called, in life, in death, there was no longer anything to "move" him, any cross for him to bear. In the self-same hour, that his *need* of "cross-bearing" went out of his life, the cross itself slipped unheeded from his shoulders, out of his path. Ah! that there are so few such lives here on this beautiful, beautiful earth, where, with so good and great a Being to help, there might be many!

"Tell me, Henry Faxon," said the squire to him, the next morning, "don't you ever feel it, when you see what a favorite you are?"

"Feel it! Yes, indeed! My heart was very warm with it, last night; very grateful. I doubt if any man has greater pleasure in his friendships than I. But I don't set my heart on them. I have none of the old, foolish pride in them. This, I hope, is past forever."

"Well, I wish mine was," replied the squire, preparing to go out. "But it isn't; and I'm so along in years now, that it's too late to—"

Mrs. Faxon and Cad heard no more; for the brothers were already on their way through the yard. They saw the expression of Henry's face, though, as he turned it toward the squire, to reply to him; and it was a cheery—"There's no such thing as 'too late.'"

CHAPTER VI.

CAD and young Warren were betrothed, when Henry left Haverhill. Henry, by the way, had not returned to his mission. He came this way to find young men who were fit and willing to go to that far field; and had started now, with this purpose, to visit certain divinity schools, and colleges, certain churches in the cities and large towns, of the eastern and middle states.

"Do you know, Cad, darling," said young Warren, on the evening of their betrothal, "I mean that you shall never be sorry for this day. I would rather cut off my right hand, than that you should ever, on any account, be sorry that you gave yourself to me."

Cad thought he was a dear, good fellow; and

told him so in laughing, but at the same time, in grateful, tearful words.

When she thought of it the next morning, however, she reflected, that, although he *was* a dear, good fellow, a better fellow, ten times, than she deserved, his feeling, after all, was like that of her father and all the rest of the men—except uncle Henry; she didn't believe uncle Henry would have it, the moment one promised oneself to him, that the woman was his; that she had given herself to him; and he, if he loved her ever so well, and promised ever so much, had not given himself to her. She believed without a shade of doubt, that young Warren loved her even more than she, as yet, loved him. Her head was so full of all that had been doing there at Haverhill lately; while, to him, Haverhill life and Haverhill people were old affairs, so that there was nothing to keep him from the absorption in herself, that she saw was complete as she could desire.

She would watch him, she thought. Before she married him, she would be sure of his tendencies as a husband, in these respects. And, if she had reason to believe that he would one day lord it over her, like other men, she wouldn't marry him, if in everything else he was perfect; if he and her parents desired it ever so strenuously. She would be too angry to marry him, she felt. And, moreover, she reasoned that marriage could not be happy for either, if he was disposed to "use authority." Their life would be too often and too violently ruffled. She would, therefore, watch his dispositions.

CHAPTER VII.

"Oh, Cad! don't go there! don't break the flower!" said young Warren, one day to Cad. She was eagerly climbing a little declivity to reach a hare-bell that "had its blue eye on them," as Mary Harnden said of it. Mary and several others were of the company. They were walking in the large cemetery, where to break a flower was forbidden; and Warren, of course, thought of the prohibition, when he spoke. But Cad did not, when she heard. So the warm blood rushed in an instant over her face; the warm thought came—"Yes, I see! *He* shall see that I do what I please!" Her bonnet concealed her face, turned away as it was to break the flower; and, when that was broken, to hunt for other flowers: not that she really wanted to find others, or to climb farther; but she was willing that her lover should believe that she did. And, besides, she wanted to settle her disturbed features, her disturbed thoughts, before turning to him and the company.

Young Warren, when he saw that she broke the flower, wondered whether she heard him; tried to satisfy himself that she did not; but, upon her rejoining them, something in the half-averted eye, the restricted tone and manner, made him feel that possibly she did. He was several times on the point of saying to her as they walked on, "The flower is a beauty, I hardly dared to have you break it, though, the company and those who own lots, take such pains in cherishing flowers." But he looked in her face each time; and, after that, could not well bring himself to introduce the subject under any form he could devise. He was done trying to introduce it, when his cousin, Harry Callinsford, who, as he knew, overheard what he said to Cad, brought little sprays of myrtle in bloom and box to give to her.

Although no explanations came afterward between the lovers, time, in passing, wiped out the little asperity, and made them as fond and as happy as before. Nearly, and at times, that is. There were traces left that could be found upon looking for them—as there always are traces left of everything that has been.

One day there was a riding party, but as Albert did not come punctually, Cad, a little vexed, went without him.

"But could you not trust, Cad, dear, that I would come for you at the earliest possible moment?" he said, the next morning, gently expostulating, "I had several of the directors in my office on important business. I couldn't possibly get away. But I thought you would all wait patiently. Or that, if the rest didn't, if they started, you would wait; and my swift Upton would soon bring us to the rear."

"Yes; that is what *you* thought," replied Cad, without allowing herself to look up into the manly, persuasive face. "*I* thought, as your cousin did, that something had happened, so that you wouldn't come at all, and that I had better go with him. Harriet had a bad headache and was glad to get out and stay here with ma." She spoke with impatient tones. She rose, and, with impatient steps, went to a table, where she began to hunt for something.

"I didn't mean to censure," said Warren, after a few moments silence. "I didn't once think of blaming you. I only meant to give my reasons for my lack of punctuality; and perhaps," added he, looking up with a good smile, "to let you see that I was disappointed—as I truly was. I had a dull evening of it in my chamber alone."

Cad—in reality as exacting as the most arbitrary husband could, in decency, be—was pleased to hear him say this. She let her smile mingle

with his, therefore; coming back with slow steps to her seat at his side.

"The fact is," pursued Warren, after a little pause, after he had taken Cad's hand to him, "I don't exactly like cousin Harry. I don't like his principles, got in that great city where vice is seen too often to make any of her aspects but her grimmest, very repulsive. Not that Harry is bad, in any respect," disclaimed he, earnestly. "I haven't the least idea that he is; I only find fault with his sentiments. I really wish these were better. My Cad mustn't believe that I am jealous of handsome cousin Harry; and, on this account, ill-natured toward him. I think I am not jealous of him this morning—although I fear I may, last evening, have been."

Cad kissed his hand and called him her darling. She gave him lively accounts of the ride the evening before; of the rich milk and the brown bread and cheese they bought at a farm house, over somewhere; and that they ate, all drawn up into a company under a prodigious great elm; some of them sitting in their carriages, some of them standing or sauntering. This was a little after sunset, Cad said, when it was cool and splendid. Her lover sighed a little at her glowing description of the beauty and all the vivid enjoyment of the thing. But he blamed the regret, in the same moment, inwardly calling it "boyish." He would not allow himself to change the subject, strongly as he was inclined to. She went on, therefore, telling him as intelligibly as she could, for excessive laughter, what fun it was for her and for them all, as they ate their luncheon, to see Harry pick up some green pumpkins that the children had been playing with on the side of the road, and stick them on the long, sharp horns of a pair of oxen, yoked, chewing their cuds in a philosophical way at the great gate near; telling him how the oxen tipped their head slowly, on one side and on the other, as if studying how it was; then looked at Harry (who stood before them enjoying their grave pantomime) as if they said, "Er! you don't use us very politely, you don't. We wouldn't use you in this fashion. We assure you we wouldn't."

After Warren was gone, when Cad thought of what he had said at his first coming in, and of his looks and manner in saying it, she persuaded herself that he did, in his heart, find fault with her for going without him.

This made her very sober, very much out of tune; inasmuch, that, when Mrs. Warren called, as she did soon after, to rest a little after her walk down, and especially to get Cad to go out shopping with her, "to give her the benefit of her young eyes, as well as the pleasure of her

very agreeable company," the polite old lady said, Cad would not go. She made some lame excuses about not feeling exactly well. Nor did she join in the conversation. Only, now and then, as Mrs. Warren and her mother talked, she interposed a remark, or an inquiry, without once smiling brightly though, as she was accustomed to do in her better moods, or once looking up brightly from her book.

"Cad was rather nervous, to-day, I should think," thoughtfully remarked Mrs. Warren, as she gathered up her purchases after having shown them to the family. And Harry Callinsford, who was bending low over his flute, doing something to one of the keys, raised his eyes quickly to send them out in his cousin's direction. Young Warren was standing by his mother, holding the cord that was to tie one of her packages. "She wasn't very well," Mrs. Warren added. "She didn't look very well. No, Albert, don't tie it quite so tight. It—the cord cuts the paper, you see, and will crumple the muslin, I am afraid. There, that is it. That is right. Albert always does things right the second time, if not the first," added she, showing the nicely-folded parcel to Mrs. Callinsford."

"And he is always willing to be told *how* to do a thing right," replied Mrs. Callinsford. "I've always noticed this in him. I wish, Harry, that you were a little more like your cousin in this respect."

"Ah, dear me! I don't. What can be the matter with Cad, this morning, aunty Warren! She was the merriest thing, last evening! merrier than the crickets! I must go down and see her. Come, Albert! Will you go? No? Dinner-time, is it? Oh, no, it isn't, cousin Albert!" looking at his watch. "Now, mother, Mrs. Callinsford, remember, after this, that cousin Albert does sometimes tell 'wrong stories.' I don't believe I have ever told a lie yet, that you haven't said this self-same thing, 'your cousin Albert never does so. I never *knew* him tell a wrong story.' *Au revoir*, aunty respected mother, cousin Albert, Harriet, and little Nancy down there," coming back to walk over the beautiful child's head. This made them all laugh; except Albert.

This was in September; the last of the month. Next week the Callinsfords all returned to New York, except Harry. He wouldn't go, though the Warrens did not one of them ask him to stay. But he stayed; and, the evening after his family left, went down with his flute, under the plea of accompanying Cad's piano. He did not play any though. On the contrary, he talked nonsense all the evening, dragging Cad and her parents too, down. After this, it was so, somehow, that he

was always between Cad and Albert; either physically, sitting, standing, or crossing the way between them, and talking in so rattling a manner, or on such poor themes, that Albert had no chance; else psychologically, through the degenerating influences of his conversation and manners, that lingered on and on, after he was gone.

"Cousin Albert will make a first-rate husband; of course he will," he said to Cad, one time. "But you'll find he'll keep you pretty strait. He'll be grimmer than any of the old giants in their castles, if you don't do just as he thinks you ought to. And, what is worse, he'll have his deaconish father and his deaconish mother to help him. Unless you look out, that is, beforehand, to keep a will of your own."

So poor Cad, all her good, high qualities misdirected still and turned only to evil, looked out beforehand to keep the will of her own; her father and mother, jealous of the old suffering from "deaconly restriction"—as the squire called it—helping her. They wanted their daughter to marry Albert Warren. They never doubted that she would, in the end, if she did let him see, now and then, that she would *not* bear fetters of his, or any man's forging. Cad herself wished to marry Albert. He was great and good. She understood it better and better every day that she had chances of contrasting him and his light-brained cousin Harry, *how* great and good he was. If she could marry him, standing by his side then, and at all times, afterward, as his equal, she would love it dearly standing there; love it dearly going forward with him improving herself, finding out, as uncle Henry had done, what there was in life that was worth living for. But she wouldn't bear anything in the shape of control from him, she determined, in the morbid hatred of restraint, begotten of all she had seen her parents suffer, of all she had suffered herself. She had already had enough of this. She had had it all her life-time. So had her parents. Their lives had been made wretched; and their tempers and dispositions—as she began to see—had been spoiled by it.

Not she'd be free to do as she had a mind to, after that; if she lost Albert in letting him see that she would do as she had a mind to; if her heart was broken so that she would die, loving him; seeing him go by, the cheerful husband of another.

CHAPTER VIII.

NOVEMBER had come in with "surlly blasts," with long, loved-sounding storms, as most Novemberers do. As the wretched know that they do.

The happy do not mind it so much. Cad minded it this year; and so did all her family, save John; and even John, although lightly heeding the times and seasons, felt that his home was not pleasant. He was out gunning oftener than ever; he had keener pleasure in getting what little fun he could, in catching aunt Molly out and vexing her with his near discharges. The Warrens heard all the heavy sounds of the year that was dying. It was very still within their great house now; for, in the first wintry day, noisy Harry, shaking himself from head to foot, like a tiger, said, "Ugh! I shan't stand this! I'm off!" And in less than an hour, without waiting to say his adieus to his uncle and cousin Albert, he was on his way to Boston. In less than a day, he was in New York, on Broadway, holding a cigar between his fingers, while he boasted to an acquaintance of having "smashed up his cousin Albert's love affairs pretty well," adding with his exquisite head tipped a little closer, "She's a splendid thing! You never *saw* such eyes! or such teeth! or such anything! Only she's—why, she's too much as that old-fashioned dame, Nature, set her up, you know. I *didn't* want 'er. You don't catch me!" And, laughing in a senseless way, on he went, gracefully bringing his cigar up again to his mouth.

It was pleasant that Henry Faxon came back to Haverhill, in that rare November time; pleasant that still he carried himself with an air, as if, with him, rich as his inward life was, "all seasons and their changes, all pleased alike." He looked at one and another, with kindly questioning eyes, and soon they told him all; how, again and again, Albert Warren took offence at something Cad said, or did, until, at last, he was done coming to the house; how the deacon and Mrs. Warren held on for awhile, seemingly desirous of being friends still—although they, the Faxons, that is, doubted if all their soft words were genuine—how, after that, they too were done coming. Were done coming often, that was; and in the familiar way they used to. They still called occasionally. Mrs. Warren called only the day before, and seemed *really* kind; but, as Mrs. Faxon said, "They had had too much of this trying to *seem* kind in deacon's and in deacon's wives, to trust all they saw. So they did not trust Deacon Warren, or Mrs. Deacon Warren. When, the day before Mrs. Deacon Warren urged them to go up, when, with something that *looked* like tears, in her eyes, she said—'I *do* wish you would come up!' She, Mrs. Faxon, that is, had only thanked her coolly and told her that she didn't go out much of late; that Cad didn't."

"Ah! that is too bad!" said Henry, at this stage of her story. "I haven't a doubt that Mrs. Warren feels every word that she says. She is too sincere, too good a woman to say, or look one thing, when she feels another. Whatever young Warren may have done, I don't know why this was not trouble enough. I don't know why you should have this additional pain of breaking with the deacon and his wife. Cad," said he, with brightening looks, "come over here and sit by me in the warmth of this good fire." For Cad sat blue and shivering—as much of her agitation, as of the cold though—at a far-off, north window. "I want to understand how this is. I presume I shall find that it is really nothing at all."

Cad came, brightened up a little and warmed, even on the way, seeing how bright and kind he looked.

"What was it now?" Henry asked, sitting close to Cad, facing her. "What had young Warren said and done, excellent, well-bred fellow as he was, that should bring things to this poor pass?"

Cad told him about the first offence, during their walk in the cemetery; about the second, the morning after she and others rode to West Bradford, leaving him at home; about many other, graver offences, that came oftener and oftener, as, according to her own honest confession, she grew more and more indifferent, *how* much, or how often she did things to displease him; but it was so that all the way, as she recounted his offences, she felt, in spite of herself, half-ashamed; in fact, wholly ashamed of her own part in all she related. Especially when Henry said, as he did many times, speaking with cheerfulest looks and tones—"Ah, *that* was nothing, Cad, I wonder that you should be troubled at that. He no doubt meant——" so, and so, giving such possible interpretation of Albert's words, as to make indifferent, perhaps even manly and right, what before seemed exacting in him and too heavy and aggravating to be borne. While they still talked about it, while the burden, lightened more and more by every good word of Henry's, was fairly slipping away from poor Cad's shoulders, and her parents', as well, the bell rang; and the squire, who answered it, came back, talking in the old, friendly way, with some visitors, Deacon Warren and Albert.

"We heard that you had come!" said the deacon, holding Henry's hand, giving it one little shaking after another. "And I've been thinking about coming in, more than a week. I've been wanting to see you all," turning his best, friendliest face and hand-shaking to Mrs. Faxon, and—

no, not to Cad. He meant to turn them to her; but Cad was out by the door, where she had met Albert when he came. She was clinging with both hands to one of his. Her face was turned up like a suppliant, as she was indeed, out of her very soul; and she was saying in touching tones—"I've been a fool, Albert; I don't believe there was ever such a fool as I've been!" Then she wept and was mightily shaken by her strong contrition. But the good Albert held her in his arm, and with his other hand laid her head against his shoulder, in so tender a way that she knew she was forgiven.

"What a fool I *was* then!" said Cad, with bright eyes, years after. They had been married years. We don't know how many years; but, at any rate, a bright-haired little creature looked up from her doll, and the tiny tea-cup she held, just then, and said, "Mamma!"

"What, dear?"

"Her won't drink. Aren't her naughty?"

"Ah, no, dear. She don't know any better."

"No, her don't. Her dood," speaking in the dearest tones, and closely hugging her doll.

With her persuasive—"She don't know any better, dear," or her—"She couldn't help it; never mind it, darling," or her—"That is nothing. Mamma's precious must try it again," does Cad, out of the welling fountains of love and patience in her own soul, as well as out of her contrite remembrances of the past, turn into love and patience whatever resentment and ill-will come to enter the tender heart of their child.

"I was most to be blamed, though, Deacon Clapp," said Squire Faxon, sitting close to the deacon, and earnestly facing him. He had rode over to Malton, on purpose to see the deacon; to tell him, in so many words, that he loved him; that he loved him more and more as the years, in passing, brought them both nearer and nearer to the grave.

"No you wasn't," replied the deacon, slowly shaking his head. "I was too apt to meddle and find fault. The fact is, I warn't a bit well there, for years. I had dyspepsia, you know, awfully; and I know, now I'm rid of it, that it used to make me cross. That minister warn't so queer, after all, perhaps, Mr. Faxon, when he gave this advice to a parishioner—"Fear the Lord, and keep your stomach in order." Both laughed heartily. Both laughed anew, "as the deacon never used to laugh, in the world," said Esquire Faxon, when he was telling his wife about it, at the squire's recitation of Hood's—

"No solemn, sanctimonious face I pull,
And think I'm pious when I'm only bilious."

"BROKEN UP."

BY THETA.

"You'll tell me your *nom de plume*, won't you, Till, when the society is broken up?" said one member of an interesting ladies literary society to another, somewhat entreatingly.

"Maybe so," was the only reply vouchsafed by Till, as with a merry laugh she bounded to salute another friend, and for awhile to forget that the world contained any such things as literary societies or *noms de plume*.

"Broken up," sighed I, as I turned sadly and musingly away. Yes, pleasant as are your meetings, sometime or other they will be "broken up." Sooner or later they will end, and, like the councils of the red-men, exist only in memory. Then, however cherished their remembrance, the pleasure will be lost—the joys will be gone—"broken up."

Thus has it been ever in my own life-dreams.

Oh, school-days, school-days, how have ye flown, and how has your gladness been "broken up!" Oh, how I have sat and gazed at the twinkling stars, and the far-off mountains, gleaming with snow in the moonlight. And how I have thought and looked, and looked and thought of their beauty till my heart would swell, and my eyes would swim—though why, I knew not. And then my day-dreams—how I used to picture this wide, wide world, and wonder when I became a man what kind of a great man I should be. Should I be a soldier like Napoleon, or a patriot like Wallace, or an author like Cicero, or should I not stand in the pulpit and preach "just like our minister?"

Ah, childish dreams! "Broken up!"

And you, ye college-days, with your strivings, and your strugglings, with your manly sports, and your frolic-gee, ye, too, have departed—"Broken up."

How often, tired of study, have I rowed my boat up the winding Don and the classic Dee. How often have I stopped my boat under the "brig o' Ballyonnies" and hummed over the weird prophecy, so dreaded, yet so oft repeated, and so oft essayed by the boy George Gordon Byron. And how often, laying down my oars, have I suffered my boat to drift with the stream, while I—I read the last letter from the pen of her—that smart cousin of mine, who now filled all my thoughts.

And my poor classmate, Seymour, so oft companion of these excursions. Born under the sunny sky of the West Indies, how he did yearn for the sympathy our northern hearts so deeply felt, but which we could so ill express.

"Theta," said he to me one day, as our light skiff drifted out to sea, "it was three years, yesterday, since I left home, and I have felt to-day as if some terrible calamity were about to befall. It may be foolish, but to me it seems certain that my fears are true."

And they *were* true. A bridal party, in which were two sisters and a brother, had gone out for pleasure on the glancing waters of the southern sea. They went, but returned no more. A rapid fever soon after swept away poor Seymour. He sleeps in the "auld kirk yard."

How was that household "broken up."

It seems just like a dream to me how there came our last examinations, and our prizes, and our partings. And some went to the army, and some to the pulpit, and some to the bar, and I to my own sweet cousin, but all to have our pictures of life "broken up."

It was a glorious ride, over mountain and moor, and along the coast of the stormy ocean. It was glorious to see the waves dash into foam against the rocks—the very screech of the sea-gull had music in its sound.

And wherefore not? Am I not about to press to my bosom, her who now sways its every thought? Shall I not receive her gentle—oh, how gentle—kiss, and show her, as I display my college laurels, that I am not all unworthy even of such love as hers?

But yonder rises the village church, and there, on the lawn, beyond the church-yard, is the cottage where I have spent my happiest hours. How glad they will be to see me! I leap from the carriage—scale the high wall of the church-yard—but hie!—here comes a funeral procession. Listen to the sepulchral tones of the clergyman,

"Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and hath but a short time to live. He is full of misery. He cometh up as a flower and is cut down. He fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay."

But who came here? Uncle, aunt, cousins, all weeping, but she is not there. Can it be?

I read the name upon the coffin. Oh, horror—
she is dead.

“Broken up.”

And they gave me a letter she had written:
“I am sick, dear cousin, and they tell me I may
die. It would be very hard to die and leave
this bright world, but very, very hard to die
without seeing you. I hope you may return
before I am gone, but I shall not send this till
your session is over. You love me so well, and
it would disturb you. If you do not come, we
shall meet in heaven. Farewell!”

“Broken up.”

And I have lived till now, and still I find that

the more we worship them, the more surely are
our earthly idols “broken up.”

“’Twas ever thus. From childhood’s hour,
I’ve seen my fondest hopes decay,
I never loved a tree nor flower,
But ’twas the first to fade away.

I never loved a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft, black eye,
But when it came to know me well
And love me, it was sure to die.”

God help thee, Till, and me, when the things
of time have been lost in the vastness of eternity,
to gain an entrance into that land where the
weary are at rest, and the joys of which are
never “BROKEN UP.”

A SKETCH "BELOW BLEECKER."

BY MISS ALICE GRAY.

"DIED, on the eight instant, of consumption, Francisco Padrilla, aged sixty, a native of Venice." How often does such a notice meet your careless eye as you run over the list of deaths in the evening paper! The fifth act of another life tragedy has just closed in your midst, and surely there is enough on the surface of this brief announcement to form material for imagining the foregoing scenes. It is worded with all possible conciseness—the last clause might perhaps have been omitted, but in that did not the pen follow the home-turnings of the heart that had just ceased to beat? Had not the gliding gondolas of the "silent city" risen before the dying, and the dip of their oars sounded in his ear like echoing music? For sixty years he had buffeted the storms of life, and at least, amid the roar and the rush of the great city whither his steps had strayed, on the eight instant, he died. The fact you read of so coolly is filling some heart with curdling agony.

I used often to watch him go in and out, the poor foreign artist who never seemed to have any orders for the pictures that succeeded each other on his easel. His black velvet coat grew every day more rusty, his step more spiritless. How lonely he looked amid the jostling crowd in Broadway, and what a lingering, melancholy glance would he cast upon it as he reached his own corner, and turned down into the chill shadow of the lofty hotel! Once I saw him pause by a stand of oranges, in whose golden gleam he caught a look of sunny Italy—three cents was too much—he shook his head and passed on. With the exercise of a little Yankee guessing I soon learned much about the family. There was a boy with a Murillo head, and large, deep eyes, who, as winter advanced, went and came with the packages of law-papers which had been his father's burden. And day by day, in rain and shine, a girl of eighteen wrapped her thin shawl about her, and went to her round of

music lessons. I knew her errand by her well-worn port-folio.

But after awhile the daughter's splendid voice attracted the attention of an "artist Lyrique," and she received an offer for an opera engagement. The terms proposed would fail to pay for the wear and tear of voice and strength in a most laborious occupation, but the eye of the employe had glanced around the bare room, and rested upon the pale, pinched cheek of Filippa. With a coarse jest about rouging for the stage, he took his leave, and now the lamps of a rickety hack glare at midnight upon the bed-room ceilings of the neighbors. Filippa still returned at dusk from her music lessons, however, alone and hurriedly, patiently enduring the street impertinences which assail the "shabby-genteel" more than the laboring and even ragged poor.

But one night, while Filippa was singing at the opera, her father died. Did stupified misery keep dry the eyes of those lovely Italian orphans as they bent above the silent lips, or busied themselves in vain endeavors to throw around the rough coffin something of the grace and tenderness of their own loved land? Poverty's iron cuts deep into the soul at such a time. There were all the repulsive accompaniments of death, there was the unmarked grave in Potter's-field staring them in the face.

But what is all this to thee, fair dweller in Fourteenth street, stretched on thy velvet lounge, planning a costume for Mrs. T——'s next reception? The remains of poor Francisco Padrilla lie in a low, dreary house far "below Bleeker." It is but a few steps from laughing, glittering Broadway, but your little feet never stumbled over its uneven pavement. There the roar of the near tide of gayety and bustle is a weariness and a mockery, and to you, perhaps, this recital seems the same. What is it all to you? Let me tell you. You were at the opera last night. From your luxurious box you saw and listened

to the impersonation of genius, and lent a laughing ear to presumptuous comments on the "fine points" of the fair girl before you. Did you follow her home in imagination? That voice that thrilled through your being, might it not have caught its pathos from some scene of suffering you may never hear of? that look, the wildness of whose grief was "finely done," you said, was it all acting? It was poor Filippa Padrilla who enchanted you last night. What sight is flashing before the eye she raises to light and splendor and wreathing smiles? the white, cold forehead of her unburied father. What sound is ringing in her ear, low, but having power to drown the orchestra accompaniment? the wail of her little brother, watching alone by the corpse. For the sake of his bread as well as her own, she dare not be absent on a benefit night. And yet the words of mimic grief almost choke her who has its quivering, bleeding reality in her heart. Oh! lift the veil, and the rose-

wreath on her brow will show forth a crown of thorns, and the trinkets, and gauze, and tinsel, the mockery and misery they are. And all this so near, so near to you, fair lady; you can even hear her breath that gaspingly comes from the depth of her heroic conflict. A few steps, and she, a maiden like yourself, might stand by your side. But no thought of the *possible* truth disturbs, for a moment, your care of your lorgnette and ermined mantle, or changes your cold, criticising gaze. She smiles—she sparkles—you look no farther.

Ah, lady! were the girl to come and tell you her story, I know your eyes would fill. Were I to lead you to that death chamber with its lone child-mourner, though you might shudder and shrink, I know you would pity, but the veil is not lifted—the barrier is not broken down between Fifth Avenue and the purlieus of Church street, and so on goes the current of refined selfishness. You never think.

THE AWKWARD MISTAKE.

BY E. W. DEWEES.

CORA B—— was something of a flirt—there is no denying it, though I do not like to admit anything to her disadvantage, for she was a great favorite of mine.

She was a pretty, little brown thing, with cheeks that the rich blood mantled freely through, as though it came from a warm, generous heart. Cherry-ripe lips, often parted to reveal two rows of pearly teeth, as the merry laughter burst gushingly out—figure rather petite, but full and graceful—a foot and hand of fairy-like symmetry, and hair dark, and glossy as satin—such were some of her outward attractions. Add a pretty, gay, coquettish manner, and a temper unspoilably sweet, and you will have some idea of Cora B——.

Cora was only eighteen, but her lovers were already so numerous, that, had she cared to keep count of them, she must have had a notched stick like Robinson Crusoe, for surely her giddy little head could never have remembered them all without that, or some similar aid.

Everybody petted, admired and flattered her; and to make love to one so loveable, seemed as easy and natural as to inhale the fragrance of a flower.

Among the newest, and consequently the most favored of her admirers, was Horace Henderson, of P——, who had recently come to Springfield, Cora's native place.

Besides being the novelty of the season, he was a decidedly clever and agreeable fellow—handsome and talented; therefore Cora, without wishing to make a serious conquest, would have been mortified at her lack of skill, if she had not succeeded in adding so distinguished an *attache* to her train.

It cost her an effort greater than usual to do so, however, and even when she had so far conquered as to find him her obedient servant to command, she saw, or fancied she saw, that his assiduities were less the result of love than gallantry and admiration.

She was quite content, however, and the intimacy between them daily increased. Cora flirted with no one so much. Horace carried her bouquets more than she did herself—she hardly ever allowed any one else to fan her after dancing, and when he asked her to ride with him, she consented—marks all of high favor.

A beautiful, cool, summer afternoon was selected for the first ride; and Cora, mounted on a gentle but spirited animal, exhilarated by the exercise, and excited by the lively nonsense her companion was talking to her, had never been in better spirits, or looked more lovely.

Their way led them along by the romantic banks of the Connecticut, in the direction of Ames' famous establishment—then, and I suppose now, a favorite ride with the people of Springfield, on account of the excellence of the road, and the beauty of the scenery.

The country was looking most enchantingly. The river gleamed blue and sparkling on their right, and on the left, a very full and complete orchestra of road-side choristers chanted bewitchingly behind their vernal screen. Cora's heart, as well as her ears, was filled with music, and her bright cheeks glowed, and her black eyes sparkled with pleasure.

The sun was still high when they turned homeward, and after a lively canter, they slackened their pace, to enjoy the quiet loveliness of nature. Coming to an alluring little side-road, which led into a wood, they were tempted by curiosity, and the earliness of the hour, to leave the main road to explore it.

It was an enchanting little fairy causeway, carpeted with turf, and canopied with green; Cora was wild with delight. Horace seemed either less pleased, or more occupied with other thoughts, for he was unusually silent. Cora, observing his absent mood, laughingly inquired the reason.

Horace rallied himself, and replied with gayety, a little forced,

"Ah, Miss Cora, has not a man in love the sanction of Shakspeare, and all the poets, to be merry or sad—absent or whimsical, at his own capricious will? I claim immunity under the laws enacted by the poets in favor of distressed lovers—for do you know, Miss Cora, you see before you a man very much in love?"

"It is coming!" said Cora to herself. "Well I'm sorry—perhaps I can laugh it off," and she answered aloud, "Indeed! let me take a good look then, for I should like to see the symptoms of a state, come to be regarded now-a-days as problematical."

"Pray be serious, dear Cora, for my sake," replied Horace, in an earnest voice. "I cannot jest on this subject—it is one too deeply involving my happiness. We have not known each other long, Cora, but I am not one of those who believe that the growth of friendship must always be counted by days and weeks. I think I know you well, as if I had been acquainted with you all my life—and I am sure you will not think I claim too much in asking you to listen to me. The love I feel is so deep and earnest that it demands and must have expression. May I speak freely, Cora?"

"Oh, no, no!" cried Cora, in a tone of distress—for though something of a flirt, as I have admitted, she was incapable of a coquettish pleasure in witnessing her victim's pain, or keeping him in suspense. "Do not tell me any more—I am very, very sorry if I have done wrong, but I do not, and cannot return your affection."

Mr. Henderson looked up in astonishment; he appeared for a moment not to understand her, and then for a few minutes to feel some embarrassment, but he said at last, with a half-smile,

"You have made a very natural mistake, Miss Cora, and one it would, perhaps, be more politic, or at least, polite, to leave uncorrected—but my policy is always a straightforward one, and I will confess it was not to yourself I had allusion just now, but to Miss C——, of Boston. The kind friendship you have shown me, induced me to hope you would allow me the luxury of talking to you of what constantly occupies my thoughts. I trust you will permit me to do so still, will you not?"

Cora's face was scarlet—she had made the awkwardest of feminine mistakes. She dropped her horse's reins, and hid her face in her hands, overwhelmed with confusion, and unable to utter a word.

Horace caught the bridle, and led her horse for her, while he strove by saying the kindest things in the world—by treating the whole thing as a trifling jest, and by skilfully presenting to Cora the only consoling feature in the case—that her reply had been a refusal—to banish her annoyance and mortification.

After a time she was induced to join rather shyly in his laugh, and then followed his promised confession. It consisted simply of a lover's raptures over a fair divinity, whom, notwithstanding his secret adoration, his poverty forbade him to address.

Cora proved a very sympathizing and interested listener; and though she had no advice to offer, Mr. Henderson was charmed with the

absorbed attention she gave his story, and they parted better friends than ever, notwithstanding the blunder she had made.

A few days after this conversation, an opening presented itself to young Henderson, in another city, and he left Springfield to avail himself of it. He was absent for about two years, and having succeeded beyond his utmost hopes in his business, he treated himself, one summer, to the pleasure of returning to Springfield to spend his vacation.

As a matter of course, he renewed his acquaintance with Cora. He found her still unmarried, and unengaged; but quite as pretty, and he thought, far more fascinating than ever before.

The fact is, that having been entirely cured of the youthful fancy he had entertained for Miss C——, by the unexpected marriage of that lady before his circumstances had so far improved as to justify him in declaring his attachment, he met Cora with a heart free, instead of fettered, and he could not but see how very attractive, and lovably sweet she was.

His attentions were renewed, but in a very different spirit from that in which they had been tendered of old.

Cora, however, quite unaware of this change of circumstances and feelings, received them quite on the former friendly footing. Indeed she was far more friendly and secure, than then, for she fancied she knew exactly the state of Horace's affections, and her intimacy with him could not therefore possibly lead to misunderstandings either on his part or her's.

She felt thus quite free and easy to ride, walk, or talk with him without scruple. Sometimes, it is true, she had a feeling that there was something in his manner she did not quite understand—a something more of reserve, and at the same time warmth, than formerly, which puzzled her, but she decided she must be mistaken, and tried to banish such fancies.

One day it chanced that they rode out in the very same direction they had taken on the occasion of their first ride. Coming to the shady lane, they turned aside, as before, to explore its cool recesses, and see if two years had brought any changes to so retired a spot.

As they slowly pursued their way, Horace said smilingly,

"Do you remember, Cora——"

"My awkward mistake?" interrupted she, with a quick blush. "I was just thinking of it; but don't talk about it."

"I was thinking," said Horace, quietly, "that it was my mistake, not yours."

"How so?"

"Because I have since found that the confession of love I then made was but a mistake and a falsity—in short, my profession should have been to you, Cora, and I cannot imagine where my wits were not to know it. Dearest Cora, let me correct my error by telling you how dearly—better than I can tell, or you can imagine, I love you."

He looked at her, perhaps for encouragement, but not meeting the responsive glance he doubtless expected, he added in alarm,

"Surely, surely, Cora, you will not repeat the same cruel answer?"

"I can hardly tell," said Cora, hesitatingly. "You take me by surprise—you must give me time to consider. But," she added, with a blush and a shy smile, "I will make a confession. I was thinking just now, that if I had felt toward you *then*, as I do *now*, I might, possibly, have made my blunder still more awkward, by saying yes, instead of no."

COUSIN REESY.

BY F. H. STAUFFER

A BEAUTIFUL place was the Bellevue Farm—with its waving fields, its low meadow lands, its secluded copses, and its antiquated spring-house—the tiles dilapidated, one every now and then having started off from the common brotherhood to go through the world on its own individual responsibility. The farm-house was an old-fashioned, two story stone building, with a porch roof on all sides but one. Against the latter was built a small modern brick kitchen, that looked in the contrast like a martin's nest against a factory chimney. The barn was of the old Swiss style, with a small over-shot, and a thatched roof. There was a large yard in front, in which the cows clustered to talk scandal, probably, or go to sleep under the shadows of the great stacks that flanked the sides. Here there was a little stream that wound as lazily along as a truant school boy, even thinking it irksome to turn the little water-wheel that Jonas, the hired boy, had put up for the amusement of Reesy and I. A trip-hammer, which kept up an incessant clatter, was attached to the wheel. Several cogs were broken off of the smaller one that made it move—and the strokes were, therefore, irregular—sometimes one at a time—then three or four in succession. Often at night, when Reesy and I lay awake telling each other "hatch-up" stories, the little trip-hammer went rap—rap—tap—tap—tap—tap, just for all the world as if it felt itself bound to laugh at anything we said, whether it was witty or not. And the orchard! I had almost forgotten that! with its pippins and red-streaked apples, and juicy pears and delicious peaches! The trees were old and gnarled; a few staid and prim, like prudish aunt Tabitha; others leaning this way and that way, in easy indifference, reminding one of a jolly set of fellows, half seas over, coming home from a fair, surmising how they could best escape a certain-lecture from their respective Xantippes. The hogs strutted about the premises in all the pride of their peculiar privileges, investing every place that could be invested, and looking imperpertinently through cracks in the fence at spots prohibited them. And then, like many biped animals, more intelligent and greater adepts at dissimulation, they would pretend they were not disappointed by grunting in the most provoking

indifference. Some with their voices pitched to C alt, others at a most exorciatingly horrible bass—their whole *Piginanni* concert putting one in mind of Faus' automaton band when the stopples become disarranged. Then there were ducks in the superlative of their quack and waddle-dom, and superannuated turkeys and geese, which if they didn't save Rome, might, for aught I know, have done so had they been there. And chickens—not great, lubberly, overgrown shanghais—looking like balls of carpet chain running round on stilts—with crows illustrative of a Tantalus cup, impossible to be filled; not such awful "institutions" as Burham has written about—but decent, respectable, order-loving Jersey Blues, that cackled with pride when they had laid their quota of eggs.

Cousin Reesy—the feature about the farm—when I first knew her was a clumsy, awkward-looking nondescript of about twelve summers. Her hair was coarse and flaxen—her face sunburnt—her lips thick as an *Ethiope's*—her arms like the arms of a wind-mill deprived of their sails—and her voice and laugh anything but musical. Her eyes were large and grey, and only pretty when they sparkled with mischief; but then her fertile imagination was continually brooding some mischief or other, so they must have been always pretty. What times we did have! What advice was given gratuitously by aunt Tabitha, and gratuitously received by Reesy! What homilies, instructive as those of Hippocrates, were received one moment and forgotten the next! Poor, prim, demure aunt! She might as well have attempted to teach a gooseberry-bush manners, or guage the mental capacity of a statesman on the same principle that she would a barrel of old October ale! It was no matter how grandma's brow darkened, Reesy would steal to her side, and looking lovingly up into her face with her great eyes, would now exorcise the thickening frowns, and even make the old dame say, as she complacently wiped her spectacles, that Reesy, after all said and done, was a very good girl! We played hide and seek on the hay-mow—floated our miniature barks upon the brooklet—laughed till our sides ached at the old house dog running round after his tail, which at best was but a

miserable apology—or tired of watching the yellow grain as it fell before the flashing sickle, and surfeited with the plums that we had thumbed from the pies intended for the reapers, sank into sweet siestas beneath the over-branching trees. Ah! those sweet harvest times! How, as I sit by the window, my dark locks flecked with silver, come to mind the lines of T. B. Read!

"I sigh for the time
When the reapers at morn,
Came down from the hill
At the sound of the horn;
Or when dragging the rake
I follow'd them out,
While they toss'd the light sheaves
With their laughter about.
Through the field, with boy-daring,
Bare-footed I ran;
But the stubbles foreshadow'd
The path of the man;
Now the uplands of life
Lie all barren of sheaves—
While my footsteps are loud
In the withering leaves!"

One pretty morning in June, during a vacation of the academy which I attended, the old lumbering stage from P—— set me down at the Bellevue Farm. I was arrayed in an envious standing collar and dickey, a cloth coat, yes, reader, veritable cloth, and a pair of steel-mixed—oh-we-won't-say-anything-about-ems—that in their excruciating tightness gave me a mincing gait, which I imagined was the superlative of gracefulness. Reesy was soon found. She had grown somewhat taller and somewhat prettier. But she was Reesy still—wild, romping, unsophisticated Reesy! A ride on horseback was proposed for the evening, and at the appointed time Reesy had two horses waiting at the gate. She clambered into the saddle after her own rural style, while I stood observing a complexity about mine that I could not understand.

After awhile I discovered that she had put on the saddle wrong end foremost.

"Why, Reesy," said I, "what does this mean?"

"What is the matter, Fred?" she asked, naively.

"Matter? you little minx! Do you not see that you have the saddle wrong end foremost?"

"Oh! is that all?" with the most provoking coolness, and the most unconscious expression conceivable—"how did I know in which direction we were going to ride?"

I laughed at the mad-cap, and away we went, Reesy swaying in the saddle with the most elastic abandon, and her flaxen hair flying out in the wind; and I bobbing up and down in my city awkwardness and in my huge shirt-collar

like a Chinese mandarin. Rallying me for my stiffness and snail-like progression, she dashed off at full gallop, leaving me to tread at leisure the long, winding lane, with its branching trees and the patches of sunlight lying so sweetly among the relievings of shadow. After I caught up to her, we rode on together, far beyond the old mill, with its shattered water-wheel, dismounted flood-gate and high peaked roof. On the way I lectured Reesy on her romping manners and boisterous air—and then repeated Homer and Virgil to her until my heart swelled with pride in the same ratio that her eyes dilated with astonishment. I imagined myself a Sydney Smith—and told her that Iliad would never have come down to us if Agamemnon had tweaked the nose of Achilles, and that the Æneid would have met a similar fate if any Tyrian autocrat had kicked Æneas in the fourth book! When she asked me if I knew Æneas and Achilles, and whether they lived in the city, I made fun of her and taunted her for her ignorance. But the little vixen had her revenge! Sometimes she would reply,

"Oh, Fred! you do wrong to mock me! I cannot help it that I am ignorant!" and the trembling lips and the low, mournful, reproving tone would make my very heart flutter.

At others she would turn up her large eyes with a deep look of regret and inferiority, and in a voice both despondent and envious, say,

"Oh, Fred! If I only knew as much as you do!"

At such times I would stroke my chin, where I expected a beard in time, by dint of cultivation—put on a ridiculous air of pomposity, straighten out my dickey and give my pantaloons a desperate hitch.

After an absence of three years, I met Reesy again. I was almost thunderstruck. I could hardly believe the evidence of my senses—so beautiful, so peerless, so superb was she in the crowning of her womanhood. Her eyes had become invested with a beauty unknown to them before. They were not cold, calculating, avacious, grey eyes—but soft, bewitching eyes, "like brown birds flying straightway to the light"—eyes in their beauty set apart for softness and for sighs—such eyes as Moore says may have looked from heaven but were never raised to them before! Her hair had turned to a darker hue, and curtained as fair, as high, and as intellectual a brow as ever I beheld. Her bust had expanded to fulness—her arms were round and beautiful—and all was fascination and gracefulness where all had been awkwardness and ungainliness before.

"I have gazed on many a brighter face,
But on ne'er a one for years,
Where beauty left so soft a trace,
As it had left on her's."

Her cheeks tinged with the garmine of the sunset, were plump, and exquisitely relieved the fine and expressive mouth that once had seemed to me so large. Her features were softened by the refinement of a spirit that felt highly and thought much. Her intellectual powers had been favored with as rapid and captivating a development as her physical. During the interval of my absence she had been to school—and having imbibed a desire for knowledge, and partly because she wished to repay her "tantalizing cousin Fred," she went into the improvement of her intellect with her whole soul. So she stood before me peerless in her beauty—mighty in her educational powers—fascinating in her manners, yet a young, loving, impassionate, impulsive creature still. Her voice seemed daily to grow more rich, more soft and penetrating than any sounds my ear had ever before received. It was so clear, so gentle—the intonations breaking out into rich melody as they were formed—trembling with susceptibility and delicate passion. I learnt to love her ere long, fondly, devotedly, with all the warmth, the ardor and the power of my soul. My looks, my words, my actions, aside from the hundred other betrayals that the keen eye of love alone can detect, revealed the fact to her. But to all my remonstrances, and my pleadings for her to become my wife, she would respond with novel gayety, call up unpleasant reminiscences, and repeat the compliments of days ago about "pug noses," and "carrotty hair," and "uncouth physiognomy." She loved me

with all the fervency her fluttering heart was capable of, but was schooling it until she thought I had been sufficiently punished. For six months I was her companion at the Bellevue Farm—and eventually was forced to confess that Reesy did not love me, and that life would then be forever an aching void. At last I concluded that a trip to Europe would be beneficial to my health! With my countenance the very image of hopelessness and despair, and a low, tremulous voice, I took her hand to say farewell—*forever!*

She looked up into my face—and it was all up with cousin Reesy then! Sweet, impulsive girl! The tell-tale blood mounted to her cheeks, suffusing her very temples—her eyes beamed with a love and tenderness that a lifetime could not exhaust—her heart beat wildly, and her soft, white arms fell around me like the wings of an angel, while her sweet lips softly murmured,

"Oh, Fred! I do love you so! Better than anybody in the wide, wide world! You shan't go, Fred!"

And, reader, *Fred didn't go!* In about two weeks afterward—

At this juncture I was called out of the room. When I returned I found that Reesy had been reading over this little episode in my life, and had finished it after her own way by adding the following verses:

"I saw her and I lov'd her,
I sought her and I won;
A dozen pleasant Summers
And more since then have run;
And half as many voices,
Now prattling by my side,
Remind me of the Autumn
When she became my bride."

WALTER BENSON'S SCHOOL.

BY A. L. OTIS.

"If it were only a boy's school, Ned! I should feel some pleasure in knocking the little rascals about, and getting as much Latin into them as mischief out. I should feel like a carpenter with his own tools in his hands. But with girls, I shall resemble said carpenter, with a dentist's delicate implements. What can I do when I am in a rage at some feminine piece of stupidity? I can't frown, nor storm, nor threaten—I can't even swear to relieve my feelings!"

"You are in an awful fix, Walter. Can't you get off? Try something else. Anything is better than being surrounded by a set of malignant girls."

"Malignant, eh!"

"Yes, malignant. I maintain it. They will naturally hate you, because you are their school-master, and it will be the delight of their feminine hearts to torment you—as cats do mice."

"I don't apprehend anything of that kind."

"You are sanguine. But can't you get off?"

"No. I answered my uncle's letter, promising to take charge of his school for him, before I knew it was a girl's school, and he has made preparations for a trip to Cuba for his health. So I can't back out. It will put at least one hundred dollars in my pocket, and that consoles me for the anticipated misery."

"Well, let me light my cigar, and good-bye, old fellow. I pity you. Teaching little girls—pah!"

He sauntered away, and left Walter Benson reassuring himself by thinking he should at least have easy work, and a quiet time during his college vacation, with a replenished purse at the end of it. He arrived at his destination, an ambitious village in New York, which boasted its academy; and this academy was to be his charge, with its one hundred maiden pupils, and two lady under-teachers.

School had commenced, and as Walter, accompanied by his uncle, entered, and passed to the principal's desk which faced the pupils, the buzz and stir dropped into deepest silence. Walter glanced over the room, and saw the many-hued assemblage wear but one expression—every eye was fixed on him with eager curiosity, which his gravity, however, supported. Presently his uncle, laying his hand upon his shoulder, and

giving a sonorous—hem—which seemed to render the curiosity breathless, said,

"Young ladies—this, till my return, is your teacher. I trust you will so conduct yourselves, as to give him the same affectionate and respectful regard for you which you have won from me. Some of you have been in my school from your earliest childhood, and I love you as my children; some are new scholars, and have just begun to obtain my good opinion, but in all I feel pride—too much pride and confidence to suppose that everything will not be done during my absence as well as now. I beg of you as a favor to your old teacher, to do credit to my instructions, and let the world see what honor and principle reign here. I shall teach you to-day for the last time for some weeks. But I cannot now say farewell. After school, such as care for me, may come to my desk and shake hands."

Walter was quite touched by the good old man's emotion, and its effect was enhanced, more perhaps than he knew of, by a few low sobs among the scholars.

He sat quietly by his uncle, observing the manner of recitations, &c., and gradually beginning to notice individuals. The first class, he was pleased to see, was composed of girls generally over fifteen years of age, several of them very pretty. They were, moreover, so far advanced in algebra, geometry, Latin, &c., that he hoped to find pleasure in conducting their studies. This class was to be his peculiar charge. To the under-teachers fell the drudgery of beginners.

After school was dismissed, each pupil passed before the desk, and received a few words of farewell from their beloved teacher, till all were gone but the first class, who then clustered around him, and with less restraint talked about the journey to Cuba, gave good wishes and hopes of a return in good health. Mr. Benson admonished some, encouraged others, and then said to all, turning to Walter, who sat gravely silent,

"Now, young ladies, respect my young representative, and do your best. Arrange yourselves in class order. Walter this is Sarah Brown, always head of her class. The next is Miss White."

He went thus through the class introducing

each separately, but Walter was not yet enough to gaze coolly, and with discrimination at each blushing girl as her name was mentioned. On the contrary, he was so embarrassed that though his natural dignity and gravity served him well, he did not know a single young lady's name when it was all over.

The pupils then shook hands with their old teacher, bowed to the new, and departed.

But two had made any impression. The first attracted his gaze by the brilliancy and transparency of her complexion, which fairly flickered with changes. Her bright golden curls, and merry blue eyes, her white, small teeth, never hid by her laughing, rosy lips, and her tall, lithe figure, in incessant, though gentle motion, made a striking picture. His uncle called her by her first name, Caroline.

The other young lady would have remained entirely unnoticed, had it not been that Mr. Benson did not release her timidly given hand; he only transferred it to his left, and so detained her till the others had gone. Then caressingly smoothing her soft, brown hair, he dismissed her also with an affectionate

"Good-bye, Louisa, my dear. I will write to you."

Walter had time to note her well. She was by no means handsome, but her delicate, lady-like features, large, dark eyes, and soft, though not bright complexion, above all her sweet expression and deepening blush, which seemed as if it would never reach its culmination, made her very, very lovely.

"Is she your favorite?" asked Walter.

"She is one of my oldest scholars. Caroline being the only one who came before she did—and she is a good girl. I detained her that you might observe her closely, else you would have been long without discovering her fine qualities. She is so silent, modest, and gentle that others push her aside. Her diffidence makes her answers hesitating, and you might not have had sufficient patience to give her time to rally. Encourage her, Walter, and be gentle in reproach."

"She looks as if she would never need reproach."

"She is a school-girl, and you will soon find out what that means. Keep a steady countenance, Walter, no matter what pranks are played. Above all, you must obtain respect and good-will, or you might as well be delivered over to witches. You can do absolutely nothing with girls unless you have the good opinion of the school. Unruly exceptions are thus quelled, or held in check by the general voice. Ask my daughter to tell you

how that poor Mr. C—— was served last winter, when he took my school for a few weeks. At the end of two he had to be placed in a lunatic asylum."

"Unlucky dog! I begin to think, uncle, I had better not attempt this. You know I am the hottest tempered fellow alive."

"I think you will do. Here, Ellen," he said, as his daughter joined them, "tell Walter about Mr. C——."

"Oh," she said, "if you set me talking of my school days I shall never be ready to stop. How I miss the fun!"

"But Mr. C——," said Walter.

"Well, Mr. C—— was a tall, middle-aged, very ugly person, besides not being very cleanly. His hands and long nails were really displeasing. He had a quick, nervous way of speaking too, that we did not like. It was too much like impatience and want of self-command, a fault which always excites as much contempt in us girls as dignity does admiration. His nervousness also made him jerk about in a very ungainly fashion. To crown all, he took snuff, and wore his hair parted in the middle."

"Ah, that accounts. No wonder with such a piece of absurdity."

"Yes, but don't be too complacent till you are sure you have no little peculiarity of your own. If you have the smallest, the girls will discover and ridicule it."

"Well, what did the elves do to him?"

"The first day we shyly observed. After school our queen of mischief, Carrie, who was our dictator, went whispering round, making fun of his oddness. But the second day passed tolerably, though Carrie's merry pertness brought her a sharp, injudiciously administered rebuke. There began his troubles, because we all resented it."

"Serves him right!"

"Ha, Walter, you are under the spell of beauty too, eh?" said his uncle. "Well, so is the whole school. That girl holds her power by a good use of her pretty face and manners. Yes, it was amusing to see how every girl considered the affront personal, and burned with indignation at the man who could rebuke such charms. It was an insult to them all, or to their dearest prerogative. Go on, Ellen."

"At the next recitation, when Miss Caroline should have answered, she only giggled. She pretended to be amused at the grave, ominous stare of the teacher, and held her book before her face, and gave a little, low, merry laugh, that began to spread through the class—for we girls laugh easily from sympathy, and often

indeed at nothing. Mr. C—— glanced round, and commanded silence, and you could have heard a pin drop—but it was broken again by a mischievous little ebullition of mirth from Caroline. It was irresistible. The whole school went off again, and every time Mr. C—— thundered ‘silence!’ there was precisely the same result. So he dismissed the class, and kept us in till dark. We declared him too spiteful for anything.

“The next morning when we came to school, every girl had her hair parted to one side, to show that we wouldn’t be like him for anything, even in the slightest way. As Mr. C——’s eye glanced over us all at our desks he changed color, and gave his long hair a nervous push behind his ears.

“The next torment we invented was in ridicule of his dirty paws. We each brought a little towel and a wet sponge, and when he had corrected our sums began to scrub away at our slate-frames and pencils which he had touched. We each had a sum to do on the black-board. Carrie went up first, and he handed her the chalk. We all smothered our laugh as she took it with roguish superciliousness, and when she had done her sum and put down the chalk—held her hand off carefully, and demurely asked permission to wash it. He said nothing, but gave us such hard sums, and kept us in so long to do them, that we hated him more than ever. He got so pettish too, and scolded so severely and intemperately that we were worn out for that day.

“But the next morning before school, Caroline busily circulated little hook and eye boxes, on which was written ‘open in rhetoric class.’ We took a peep beforehand, but when class was assembled, we each slyly opened our box and took a pinch of snuff as Mr. C—— gave the first question. Instead of answering, Sarah Brown kept her eyebrows raised, her eyes half open, threw back her head, and brought it forward suddenly with a loud sneeze. It went round the class and began again—some loud, some smothered, some repeated naturally, some feigned dozens of times. The whole astonished school stared at our class, and we could not help laughing and sneezing, and sneezing and laughing, while Mr. C—— was white and choking with rage.”

Walter raised his hands and eyebrows. “What umps!—what shall save me?”

“The next moment we were terrified into utter breathlessness, for Mr. C—— really looked frightfully angry, as he rose and cried in an overwhelming voice, ‘Silence! Stop that.’

“It was our turn to grow pale. I never shall

forget how scared I was when I had to give a little sneeze! But just think of that indomitable Caroline! She had started and trembled too when he spoke, but when after an awful silence of a minute, he said, peremptorily,

“‘What is the meaning of all this?’ She answered meek as a mouse,

“‘We have all begun to take snuff, sir. It is the fashion in school now, and not being used to it—atcheu!’

“Mr. C—— was at a loss for a minute, but he recovered and said,

“‘I shall allow no snuff-taking till I have written to ask each young lady’s parents whether they approve of it. Put away your snuff-boxes, young ladies.’

“We were blank with dismay. But when we found out it was only a threat we were as bad as ever. But I can’t tell you any more. Our tricks must be kept in reserve for you. Oh, I wish I were at school yet!”

“I am glad there is one mad-cap the less. Heaven preserve me from that Caroline!”

“Caroline! She is the pet and delight of all the teachers. They always favor her. Why, even Mr. C—— liked her so much that when he dismissed school for the last time, he requested her to stay a moment, and then begged her pardon for his harshness to her, and humbly tried to kiss her hand. We were peeping in from the dressing-room, and she knew it, so she gave the motion of a little box on the ear as she snatched away her hand, and then ran laughing out to us.”

“The cruel puss. Has she no remorse?”

“Don’t expect mercy from her if she gets you into her power, but take the command yourself, Walter, and if you do it well she will submit and like you.”

“Thank you, Ellen. Upon my word I have undertaken a rash thing!”

“No, no, Walter, you are young and handsome. Your dark eyes and white teeth will do much for you.”

“I am glad I shall have some help beside my own authority.”

The next morning saw Walter installed with an appearance of self-reliant dignity that gave no hint of his fears. After opening school, the first class was called up to recite. Sarah Brown, head girl, answered respectfully and promptly. So the next, and the next. Then came Louise. His voice took a gentler tone as he gave her the question, but she could not answer it. In vain she tried to remember. She looked down musingly, then threw a distressed glance around, then an appealing one to him, pressed her finger

to her lip, and her blush grew deeper every instant. Even after a little prompting she could not go on, and Walter was obliged to say reluctantly, "The next!"

Caroline lifted up her bluest of eyes, rested them innocently upon his lips, and unfalteringly began some nonsense, having only enough resemblance to what was in the book to show, either that she had glanced over without comprehending the lesson, or that she was not thinking of what she was saying. Walter looked at her severely, and as she met his frowning glance her color flashed up—she paused—paled—blushed again, and said honestly,

"Please excuse me! I do not know my lesson this morning."

"Had you any good reason for not learning it?"

Again lifting her eyes, she scanned his face to know what reply she might dare to give, and meeting an unrelenting, steady gaze, which showed that even of *her* a reasonable and respectful answer was expected, she looked away abashed and did not reply.

"Miss Caroline will please go to her desk," he said, with displeasure, "and study while the class recites. She may remain after school and do herself justice by a good recitation."

Humbled and astonished, she turned slowly, and taking her seat lay her head upon her arms, and began to cry violently.

Walter was secretly discomposed, so much so that he hardly knew what he was about. He impatiently gave the question to the next, when Louise again faltered, and then blushed at his haste when he saw her pale, humbled face.

When the lesson was over, Louise lingered before his desk.

"What does Miss Louise want?" he asked.

"May I do justice to myself by a good recitation after school?"

"If you wish it," he replied, much pleased.

"Thank you, sir," she said, and retired.

After the other scholars had gone, Caroline, who had recovered her spirits, and Louise, were summoned to the desk. Louise stood first. With a clear, low voice she began the lesson and recited perfectly.

"I commend Miss Louise's perseverance," her teacher said, with a smile and bow. "If she will only have a little more confidence in herself she will do excellently."

As she stood blushing with delight before him, Walter could not help feeling the strangeness of his new position. He, who lately had been an equal of just such girls, chatting and flirting with them, to meet now that reverent glance thankful for his praise!

He dismissed Louise, and turned his admiring gaze from her to calm it into sufficient coldness before he should let it rest upon Caroline.

When he did look at her, he saw her slender form trembling, but a look of mischief in her face that said *she* was not going to be good, and "do excellently."

"Begin, Miss Caroline," he said, relentlessly.

She looked up archly, and said, "I don't know it a bit better than I did in the morning."

"Have you studied it?"

"No sir."

"Why not?" No answer. He felt that she was braving him, and said coldly, "I am ashamed for you, Miss Caroline. You may go."

His tone was so reprehensive, yet so gentlemanly, that she was subdued.

"Do you mean to my desk, to learn it?" she asked, hoping she had a chance to redeem herself.

"No. I mean you may go home. I never try to help those who will not help themselves. I do not wish my own time trespassed upon longer."

Proud and angry, she was gone in a moment. From that day she was refractory. To be sure, she never failed in her lessons—she would not again trespass upon his "own time," but in a thousand ways she annoyed him, by inciting to disobedience, by loud whispering, by answers so contrived as to raise a laugh without giving him occasion to reprove them.

Meanwhile Louise stole gently into his goodwill. She was so confiding, so abashed in the classes, so fond of staying after school to prove to him that she *did* know her lessons. The girls generally called upon each other for assistance in doing difficult sums—she brought them directly to him, and by her strict attention gratified him. It was a refreshment to teach her.

There was inscribed upon one corner of the black-board the words, "The most worthy," and upon the other, "The most unworthy." Under the first of these a name was placed every Monday morning, before school commenced, showing who had been most commendable during the past week. It remained until the next Monday, and was seen by all visitors. No name was ever put under the other words unless there had been some very great delinquency. The first glance of the scholars as they entered on Monday was to see who bore off the highest honor.

Walter, in his extreme annoyance at Caroline's conduct, and in his desire to make some impression on her thoughtless nature, formed a plan that he thought would answer. Accordingly, when on Monday morning, he threw open the

school-room door to admit the pupils, he watched its effect.

It should have been said before, that even among the scholars Caroline lost favor. In a girl's school there is always one exalted above the rest, a unanimously elected queen, whom the others delight to honor, and Louise now stepped into this place, whence Caroline had been deposed. Louise, and admiration of the new teacher succeeded Caroline, rebellion and merry mischief. This change was very marked, and Louise felt her ascendancy with pride and exultation. She became scornful in her treatment of one whom formerly she dared not even try to rival, while Caroline, though grieved to lose her hitherto unconsciously enjoyed popularity, seemed glad Louise had come to be appreciated. She looked upon her not with envy, but with admiration.

As Walter watched, he saw Caroline whisper joyously to Louise, "Oh, Louise, there you are up for most worthy. Ain't you glad?" and her own face showed genuine pleasure.

Louise blushed with delight, but when her glance fell upon the opposite name, that blush only deepened, while a look of triumph stole into her face.

"See, see," she said, maliciously touching Caroline's arm, and pointing out to her, her name in the long, unoccupied place, under the words "most unworthy." Caroline saw, and a look of deepest wounded feeling overwhelmed her joyous countenance. She cast a reproachful glance at Walter, and left the room.

He bit his lip. Disappointment in Louise, and regret at the severity of his punishment of what was only youthful frolic and love of mischief, made him very much disconcerted with himself. He waited anxiously for Caroline's return, and at last sent one of the young ladies for her, who returned saying she had gone home. He was afraid he should not see her again.

He had an absent air all day, and when Louise softly applied for some help in her sums, almost scornfully referred her to Sarah Brown.

It gave him great satisfaction to see Caroline enter the room the next morning. She left on his desk an excuse from her father, for her yesterday's absence, resumed her seat, and readily applied herself to her studies.

When school was about being dismissed, Walter arose and said, "Young ladies, this name was not put here for the week, but only for a single day, that she who bears it may see how her conduct appears to others; how very unworthy of her great gifts and good heart, such trifling and childishness is."

The solemnity erased the name, amid a silence only broken by Caroline's almost inaudible sobs. As he glanced over his class, he thought Louise's face wore a look of disappointment. School was dismissed, but those sunshiny curls were still flung over the desk, while the weeping girl hid her face in her arms.

Walter pitied her, and thinking it would be better now, when her feelings were at last touched and softened, to give her some friendly counsel, he approached, and said, in a low voice,

"Miss Caroline, will you permit me to say a few words to you?" She lifted her head as if to listen, but her face was still buried in her handkerchief. Walter's advice, given very kindly and gently, procured for him an apology for misconduct, sobbed out from the very bottom of her heart, and when he said,

"Now do not distress yourself farther, Miss Caroline, or I shall think myself a cruel tyrant for having so used my power to wound you. Dry your tears, and smile again for my comfort." She turned away, sobbing afresh, murmuring, "But I deserve it all!"

After she had gone, Walter spent his noon hours in self-reproach, and regret. But it was in vain to wish now, that he had had more patience, that he had discriminated better, between good-natured frolic, and smooth goodness, assumed to curry favor. Yet when Louise again stood before him that afternoon, listening with earnest attention to his explanations of the lesson, when her color stole up as he spoke to her, or looked at her, he believed he had only ascribed ill-feeling where it had no place.

Before the school-house, was a mill-pond, frozen over, so as to make excellent sliding or skating. Between morning and afternoon sessions the girls enjoyed the opportunity for the favorite exercise. Walter often gazed from the window upon the gay, flitting forms, laughing and screaming with glee, and longed to be where his dignity forbade him to go. He was boy enough yet to have his heart bound at the sight of the sport, and also to feel disappointment at being merely a spectator. If a very merry laugh reached him, he could not help joining in it, and he held his breath while the girls skimmed in succession down the long slide. If he only had his skates and liberty!

With a sigh he left the window one day, and went down to his dinner, in a wing of the building. He was about to return to the school-room, when he was met by a crowd of scholars, who began to speak all at once, in great excitement. He could only make out—

"Carrie—fainted—slipped on the ice!" and

several of her companions entered, bearing in her slight form. She was not insensible, but mutely enduring the severest pain, which took from her all power of movement. As she was brought to Walter, she gazed imploringly at him, and her pale lips moved to say, "my arm."

It was cold down stairs, and as the place was used only as a lecture room, there was nothing in it but piled up benches. She must go up stairs, therefore, where there was a sofa, and fire, in the dressing-room.

Taking her gently in his arms from her trembling companions, Walter carried her up, her fair head lying on his shoulder, in total unconsciousness of everything but intense pain. He sent instantly for her parents, and a physician, but meanwhile she opened her eyes, and said,

"My arm is broken, sir. Can you straighten it?"

Walter dared only give relief by cutting open the tight, blue, merino sleeve of her dress, and gently bathing the swelling arm in cold water. Every touch hurt her severely, but when he expressed his regret, she smiled sweetly, and reassured him.

"Little heroine!" he said, admiringly, and he was aware that one among the numerous scholars who had been standing around moved away and went to the school-room. Soon he heard the girls whispering among themselves.

"Louise crying! What for?"

"Because Carrie is suffering, I suppose."

"I didn't know she cared so much for her."

Walter felt the words echo in his own heart with the word I in the place of she.

"I will go and comfort her," said the first speaker.

"Is it Louise who cares so much for me?" asked Caroline, faintly.

"We all do," said one of the girls.

"But is poor Louise crying for me? Do tell her I am better, that Mr. Benson has made me much more comfortable. Don't let her cry!" and tears began to flow down her own face.

Her companion who went with her message returned, and a still lower whispering began. Caroline was again suffering acutely from the awakened feeling caused by her tears, and she did not hear it, but Walter caught the words, "She says she's artful and did it on purpose to make Mr. Benson pity her."

"Ridiculous! I always thought that Louise a mean thing," was the reply.

"Yes, she's jealous. That's what she's crying for. I declare I can hardly help telling Mr. Benson. There he is, thinking her the pink of perfection!"

The doctor arrived, and the arm was set without forcing a cry from the patient girl. Her parents had also come in a carriage to take her home. Her father approached to lift her, but she whispered that she wished to thank Mr. Benson. Walter bent over her, and through her tears she sobbed, "I am so sorry I cannot come to school again before you leave. I wanted so much to make you think better of me. I was the most unworthy, but if I could only let you see what I can be!" She broke into a smile, and Walter, to whom her tears had been almost irresistibly infectious, found her smile entirely so. As she looked into his beaming face, she for the first time seemed to see that her teacher was almost as young as herself.

"Good-bye, Mr. Benson. Thank you for your kindness to my poor arm," she said, holding out her hand frankly.

He clasped it gently, and longed to dare to kiss it, but with fifty scholars, the doctor, and parents as spectators, he thought best to forego the pleasure. He fancied she understood his wish so bright a blush sprang up.

The remaining weeks of Walter's teaching were dull enough. Louise's sweetness seemed assumed, and her frequent need of assistance was very irksome to him. The happy part of his day was the few minutes he spent in the parlor, when Caroline generally sat reading by her mother's side. He never failed to call to ask how she was, and snatch a few moments gaze at that bright face becoming so very dear to him.

His last day at the academy arrived. Walter was so abstracted he scarce knew what he was doing, and he thought with displeasure of the leave-taking. He made it general, and did not invite any particular adieus after school. Therefore the scholars departed as usual, and Walter was left alone. Even the teachers had gone, and he sat at his desk, thinking how long these weeks had been, and how full of import to him. Raising his eyes, a girlish form stood before him, with head bent and hands clasped, while the deathly pale and downcast features wore an expression of grief.

"Well, Miss Louise?" he said, freezingly.

She started slightly, and placing her clasped hands over her heart, lifted her full, dark eyes, and said beseechingly, "Do you hate me?"

He felt irritated enough to say "Yes," but answered with assumed gravity and sententiousness,

"Deserve regard and you will be sure to obtain it. Good-bye—I wish you well." She did not move.

"Will you tell me how I have forfeited your good opinion?" she asked.

"I cannot!" he said, impatiently. "Do not ask me. I am your teacher no longer. My opinion is of no consequence to you now."

"No," she said, her face pale, but her eyes glowing angrily, "for it is only that of an easily deluded, self-important boy!"

Astonished, after enjoying for so long the respect belonging to his late dignity, he found the severity of his look melting in embarrassment, while Louise regarded him fixedly.

"Yes," she said, "we meet now on equal terms, Mr. Benson, and I can reply to you as to any other presumptuous young gentleman who takes too much upon himself. Caroline and I have often laughed at your boyish assumption of authority."

Walter thought of the black-board and changed color. Louise still regarded him with eyes eager in revenge. He did not care to be braved farther, and rose, saying,

"My presumption never went so far as to ask any favor of Miss Louise. If Caroline has laughed at me she shall have an opportunity of explaining herself. Allow me!" and he stepped past her as she stood in his way.

His good heart could not bear her look of disappointment and grief. Turning quickly, and taking her passive hand, he said, "Forget my hasty words. I do not believe you came here to say what would make us part angrily, and I am sorry I did not perceive at once your kindness in thus giving me an opportunity to ask pardon for my frequent impatience. You forgive me?"

She scornfully turned away, and Walter hesitated no longer, but left the room. He was touched, however, as he returned to the ante-room to leave the key, to see her sitting at his desk weeping bitterly.

He was asked to tea that evening by Caroline's parents, and went, accompanied by his cousin Ellen.

Caroline received him laughingly, and they passed a merry evening notwithstanding Walter's occasional preoccupation, and some sudden changes of mood which made Caroline's face like an April day.

Walter watched an opportunity, and while the others clustered around the piano listening to Ellen's singing, he asked, by way of introducing a more intimate and personal conversation than she seemed willing to allow, whether Louise had spoken truly in saying they had laughed together at his boyishness.

Caroline's eyes flew wide open, and she stammered,

"No, never! I mean we never laughed," and unwilling to expose her schoolmate's want of truth, she said no more.

Walter rejoined.

"I am very glad! I would not have you laugh at me. There is a feeling incompatible with ridicule that I hope may——"

Caroline's quick blush and suddenly drooped head betrayed her consciousness. In broken whispered sentences Walter told her how she had won his heart, and though she did not volunteer a similar confession, he guessed too well not to risk asking her father's consent to a long engagement the next day.

It was denied him then, but when after three years he again presented himself, having prospects sufficiently bright to warrant a careful father in consenting.

Caroline pledged him her faith, and so they walked together in the pleasant summer starlight, talking over old school days. Caroline often sighed in the midst of her happiness, and said,

"Poor Louise!"

THE ROSE OF NORWICH.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

IN beautiful Norwich, Connecticut, where rich woodland alternates with rocky heights too stern to encourage the young grass that now and then peeps from its brown, sterile sides, stood a little cottage, inhabited only by a young girl. She was the rose of the village, the good and gifted one, whom the tongue of scandal never sullied, although there was a sad story connected with her life.

One night, in the sweet June month, a tall female figure emerged from the turnpike road into a solitary lane, bordered by bright, sweet-smelling hedges, behind which apple-trees flung the delicate scents of their blossoms upon the soft air. The figure was tall and somewhat gaunt. Pausing as if from extreme weariness, the traveller threw back the veil that fell thickly over her face, and the moon revealed features of no ordinary beauty, though they were cold, white, and chiselled like marble.

She threw about her an uncertain yet eager look, clasped her hands, and cried in a hollow, yet suppressed voice, "If it were only a night of storm! If the thunder might roll, and the lightning bolt, unloosing the gates of heaven, let forth the armies of the tempest, then might my heart breathe out its life with exultant joy. But the scene softens me. Fragrant airs kiss my temples. A thousand sights of beauty meet my eyes. Innocent thoughts come trooping to my bosom, as my little children used to.

"But I can't fold them here," she muttered, with a gesture of despair. "They don't look up to me with soft eyes and dewy lips. They are torture to me, as to Dives the glance of paradise—for there is heaven in them, but no answer of heaven in my soul."

It was evident from the stranger's language, that she had received no common mental culture; that her words, impassioned as they were, proceeded from a soul familiar with the imagery, the language of poetry. Sinking under a huge tree, by the wayside, she muttered,

"I am weary, weary. My pulse leaps; fire burns in my throbbing brain. The moon, welcome to flower and field, is too holy for my gaze. A rim of silver belts the forest, and the forest leans on the sky—so peacefully I leaned on a true heart once, but, holy heaven! I broke it.

"Could I but reach that mass of moonlight! Yet shadow is best for me; for me upon whose soul shadows lie; whose life has been one black, monstrous shadow—never a spot of sunshine has joy felt here, since *that day*."

It was evident that some crime weighed heavily upon the woman's heart. She sank closer to the tree. She laid her cheek against it, murmuring something about its coolness, the heat of her brain, the grave sward. She uprooted a bit of fresh earth, and laid it against her forehead. She cried out that now there was no one to live for; that she was cast off—even by God.

The moon wove its frolic beams in and out through the hedgy flowers. The burning stars shone gloriously down as if there were nought sinful beneath them. The hilly hollows, the shimmering stream, the white mill-wings, were still as the hush of death; the sombre, low-roofed homes, stood modestly in their sheltered nooks.

Hark! music! Voices came mingling together like the sounds of sweet bells. Beautiful vision! Three young girls, close clasped together. She, with the white mantle—what an angel! So soft her eyes, her voice, her fair tresses; so white her brow. Hear the poor outcast mutter, "They must not near me—away! Ye are too pure to look on such as I. Leave me alone to die."

Half leaning on her elbow, that gaunt form, eyes large, hollow and glittering, arm white and shrunken, ghastly face, and shrill voice, frightened the trio. With shrieks, they fled, all save one. She, after a little hesitancy, moved cautiously forward—bent over the prostrate form, touched the hot forehead, and then knelt, as she whispered, "Are you sick, poor creature?"

"Leave me; leave me; I am sinful," cried the woman. "Take your pure hands away. Go to your home of love and peace. Leave me to perish; leave me to God."

Genevra, the young girl who had lived so long alone in the little cottage I have spoken of, paused for a moment, scanning the pale features, then she said, timidly,

"Perhaps you have done wrong, poor woman; but we are all sinful. You are sick, suffering. Do let me lead you to my home. I know some one loves you—you are, you must have been in

great trouble. Come! My dear father, who is dead now, told me never to desert even the out-cast—but such, you cannot be.”

“Your father,” murmured the woman, slowly.

“Yes, my dear, dead father. He sleeps not far from here. If you look just on tip-toe over the hedge, you will see the glimmer of his white tomb-stone. Ah! you have caught it; such a father as he was you cannot think; so gentle! so good.”

“And your mother!” whispered the hollow voice—“*she* is living, and you are very happy together;” and the wild eyes seemed fastened to the girl’s innocent face.

A look of anguish flitted over the sweet features; she shook her head, that bright, Madonna head, as she answered,

“I cannot speak of her—do not ask me—don’t, please, repeat that word again.”

Her lip quivered: her voice lost its smoothness. She raised her eyes to the clear sky, and a prayer looked forth from them.

Following a sudden impulse, the wanderer lifted herself from the dew-sprinkled grass, and followed the young girl along the winding road.

“Is this your house?” she asked, and started back from the threshold.

It was a white cottage with vines folding over, and flowers trained against the wall. It stood at the foot of a solid, rocky wall, whose top overlooked the beautiful Connecticut river, with its snowy sails and swift steamers. On one side of the porch sat a rustic arm-chair, made of sapling oak; on the other an old-fashioned, green painted settee. The leaves of the vines trembled with the white light flashing all over them; the shadow of the house was black and sharp; but the white walls stood forth, fashioned with ancient symmetry, glowing in the moonbeams.

Apparently collecting all her strength, the woman entered, and glared wildly about her. Smothering her groans she sank on the parlor couch, holding both hands over her burning eyeballs. In another moment, springing unsteadily to her feet, she uttered one wild exclamation, “God forgive me,” and fell back senseless.

Evening had waned into midnight before she looked again upon those tender child-eyes, full of tears for her sorrow.

“Yes,” she said, rising with an effort, and throwing back the mass of hair whose curls were streaked with grey, from her pallid face, “all is the same. The round table where we studied, the portrait, how like him. He praised me, and called me his poet wife;” her voice grew harder, as if she would fain stamp the anguish of recollection upon her heart. “There

is the screen he gave me—there the velvet arm-chair—the same boxes filled with flowers. Here hangs my first piece—there—”

“Yours, *yours!* what do you say? What do you mean?” cried Genevieve.

Pale as a statue she stood, her lips ashy and tremulous, the pink quite gone from her cheeks.

“Child!” shrieked the woman, now fearfully excited, “curse me—curse me. I am your mother. I deserted you, basely—broke your father’s heart. Now let me go; this is no place for me.”

What! this confession, and white arms about her neck? sobs, upon her shoulder, warm lips close to her very cheek? That form banished in infancy lying upon her bosom, that voice sobbing, “My mother—I have found my mother!”

For joy, for shame, her heart was nigh breaking. Close, closer she held that new-found treasure, and rocked her wan body to and fro.

“Why do you curse me not? I thought I was lost to earth, to virtue, to God; and here comes my child—she, I have wronged the deepest, to bless me, even me.”

Genevieve sat down by her mother’s side.

“Mother,” she whispered, “I have so longed for this time, I knew I should see you. My heart has felt hollow, wanting a love that never filled it. But sometimes it seemed as if an angel said you *shall* see her yet. Other eyes have looked on me with affection, but they wanted the mother-light. Other arms have twined about me, but not with the mother-clasp; I never felt that till now.”

“Genevieve—do you think I forget your name? the day you laid in my bosom looking at me with your baby-eyes, and your bright, light locks flecking your cheeks—do you think I forget that outstretching of dimpled arms, that last frantic embrace?—but oh! Genevieve, you know, you must know, how once your mother fell. How has she expiated, bitterly expiated that terrible sin! Yet can you forgive?”

The young girl opened a door, and took her mother by the hand. Shuddering, she passively followed her into the little chamber, and sank on her knees at the bedside.

“Don’t sob so, mother, but listen,” said the beautiful girl. “Here my father died; from here he went with smiles to heaven. I knelt where you kneel. He blessed me, and blessing, said, ‘Genevieve, your mother may yet return—she may, she will see her sin; nay, poor soul, my heart tells me has long since seen it. Forget all that has passed as I do. Love her—for living I have loved, dying I love her still. If she comes—and something tells me she will—if she comes

penniless, homeless, forsaken by all the world, forgive both my wrongs and yours. Love her, comfort her loneliness, stay her failing strength, heal her broken heart. Tell her I forgave her all, everything."

There was a holy hush. Genevra glided to her mother's side. The calm moonlight fell about her like a glory. Sinking on her knees she threw one arm about her neck, and laid her head upon her bosom.

The woman wept as she had never wept before. The hot tears rained on Genevra's forehead, but she did not wipe them away.

"And you *do* love me?" she asked, stilling her sobs for one brief moment.

"Yes, mother," said Genevra, quietly, and the innocent head nestled so confidently. The golden locks fell all over bosom and arm.

"Genevra you are an angel," with another burst of emotion.

"No, dear mother, only your child that loves you—oh! so dearly. And I shall take such good care of you. I have learned to work, and you shall sit down and rest. Your hair is still beautiful, mother, oh! you are all very beautiful. You shall rest and grow happy, and by-and-bye you will grow young again, and look like that dear picture that I used to hold in my little hands, kiss its cheek and call it, 'pretty mamma.'"

"But your friends—will they not desert you when they know——"

A white hand sealed her lips.

"Hush! my mother. You are everything to me—I will never leave nor forsake you. Your love—my *mother's* love is worth ten thousand friends. How I have longed for this moment!" and she gazed with calm, full delight in that older face already losing half its haggard woe.

Hours passed. Genevra slept. On that bosom that had known so much guilt, passion, remorse, purity trustingly reposed. Long lashes swept a cheek fairer than leaf of rose. The gentle lips unlooked, and showing a line of white beneath their crimson, seemed the very portal of beauty.

Joy for the wearied mother!

Little by little that overburdened heart was confessing. She bent low and pressed a first kiss on the sweet forehead. Genevra murmured in her sleep, "dear mother."

What emotions leaped up in that cast-off heart! A ray from the olden life rifted the clouds of sorrow. The crusted earth of sin was broken. A river of love flashed between its dismal borders. Down over all came that broad, clear sunlight of forgiveness which some have felt; but who, who can express its deep, abiding joy?

The prodigal mother was safe. In her child's love the weeping Magdalene had found a haven. Hands glittering with gems had cast her off; marble portals closed upon her, splendor had mocked her desolation. But beneath the roof she had desecrated, kisses and tears and winding arms and love words welcomed her.

Look to-day, dear reader, in that pleasant cottage. Wheat fields drop their gold on the borders of the little gardens. Sleek kine stand lowing at the gate. Within, a vision of beauty moves about the little room. In her hands every thing seems whiter, purer, more beautiful. By the window—a look of peace given not by the world resting on her fine features—sits a woman much advanced in years. Every little while she answers to the music of a young, sweet voice.

That other is Genevra—the sweet flower of Norwich.

HERBERT MOLEEN.

BY JENNIE WEST.

CHAPTER I.

"WHERE do you spend this evening, Herbert? As usual though, I suppose, with the beautiful Annie Stewart," said Dr. Moleen to his nephew, as they arose from the tea-table. "I had no idea the little creature could charm you so completely. Well she is a very pretty girl, but nothing to compare with one I saw this morning."

"Now, uncle, you know that Miss Stewart is acknowledged to be the most beautiful female in the city."

"Oh yes, and the wealthiest, too; but still I say she will not compare with that splendid-looking girl I saw to-day."

"Do tell me her name, uncle, you have really excited my curiosity to know who she is. I never heard you speak so flatteringly of any female before."

"I suppose that because I am near forty, and not like my worthy nephew, 'a lady's man,' you think me no judge, or admirer of beauty," answered Dr. Moleen, good-humoredly.

"But you have not told me who she is, nor where you saw her, uncle."

"I do not know that I can tell you who she is. She was not born in the station she now occupies, or born to fill it either, I know by her looks, and by her gentle yet dignified manners. But for the cloud of sadness and care upon her fair brow, I could have fancied that she had sat for the noble heroine in your last piece, you have given such an accurate description of her, as your lady—somebody—who was it?" Had the doctor looked at his nephew, he would have discovered something very much like a blush pass rapidly over his countenance, but he did not notice it, as he was lighting his cigar, and without waiting for an answer he continued, "I always imagined that you had a penchant for sparkling, black eyes, raven tresses, and queen-like form, and I am now much surprised to see the little fairy blonde, Annie Stewart, so alter your former tastes. Now, Herbert, my boy, you need not look so disconcerted, I am reading you no lecture, nor am I opposing your choice. Far from it, you have my consent to woo and wed the pretty Annie, and I dare say I shall help to pet and spoil her as much as you or our good old housekeeper, Mrs. Reese."

"Stop, stop, my dear sir, do wait until I have been guilty of love before you hang me with the matrimonial noose."

"Why, Herbert, you do not deny being in love, do you? I am sure I saw decided symptoms sometime ago, and though not so good a judge of that as of other diseases, I really thought you pretty far gone. I suppose you will also deny spending four evenings of every week with her, and deny, too, stealing Mrs. Reese's moss rose-bud, which was a little too bad, Herbert, to take the very first bud, after all the watching and watering the old lady had bestowed upon it."

"Oh no, I deny neither of these charges——"

"And why should you spend so much of your time in her society, unless it is more pleasant to you than any other, and what more expressive gift could a gentleman give a lady than a sweet rose-bud? A confession of love, is it not, in the language of flowers?"

"Why, uncle, you quite surprise me, conversing of maidens fair, and love, and flowers, subjects on which I never heard you descant so eloquently before this evening. But are you not going to tell me where you met this beautiful unknown?"

"As I called at an old, tumble-down-looking house, in — street, to see a sick child, this morning, I saw the lady whose appearance pleased and surprised me, contrasting as it did, with the wretched-looking apartment and its other occupants. They were miserably poor. I never inquire the names of such poor people, as I do not send in my bill to them—but I did ask the name of the lady, after she had left the room. 'Oh that was Miss Helen Loraine,' replied the woman." Here the doctor could but notice the evident uneasiness of Herbert, who arose hastily from his seat, and commenced pacing the room, but he proceeded. "'She lives up stairs,' said the woman, 'and often comes in to sit by little Willie; sometimes she brings him something nice to eat, although I know, poor things, they have little enough to eat themselves. They sit up there day after day, and night after night, stitching away. It makes my heart bleed, to see them growing paler every day. Miss Helen don't look like she did when she came here."

She had almost as much color then as Louise, but Helen says that poor Louise is quite ill to-day, 'tis a great pity for her pretty cheeks to turn as white as Helen's. Poverty bears hard on those who have known better times. I asked if she knew their early history, but she said she did not, as she seldom heard them speak of their parents or early circumstances."

Here Dr. Moleen was interrupted by Mrs. Reese, who told him that a little boy was in the hall, and wished to see him. "Ah, my little man, what will you have?" said he, addressing the ragged little urchin ushered in by Mrs. Reese.

"Please, sir, bub's wasser——"

"What did you say?" inquired Dr. Moleen.

"Bub, sir—Willie—is wasser," stammered the child.

"Oh, you are Willie's brother, are you—and Willie is worse, is he? Well, I will go with you and see what I can do for him. Mrs. Reese, be so good, will you, as to put a loaf of bread and some wine into a basket for this little boy to take home with him?"

CHAPTER II.

As Dr. Moleen followed his little ragged conductor through the many streets that led to the dilapidated building he had visited before, he could not help wondering at the conduct of his nephew. "Can it be that the boy is afraid of losing his fortune by my marrying this pretty seamstress? He seemed so disturbed as I spoke of her—but he never was mercenary—he cannot be thinking either—no—no, Herbert never could be so mean—he is only afraid of my being the dupe of some artful creature. I fall in love indeed! there is no danger of that, I have lived too long to be caught by a pretty face. Oh, no, I am heart-whole yet"—and the worthy doctor complacently patted the left side of his portly person, as if congratulating himself on retaining that which some old bachelors are deemed doubtful of ever possessing.

He little thought that his nephew had months before met the beautiful girl he had described—ah! and more, had loved her too with all the fervor and enthusiasm of a young and noble heart. Herbert was an author of considerable talent, and it seemed to him as if all he had ever written or dreamed of female loveliness was realized when he first beheld Helen Loraine. He had indeed her image in his mind when he wrote the piece of which his uncle spoke.

Though the spring had hardly come, receding winter had granted such a pleasant day, that old

Mrs. Reese set all her house-plants out, as she said, "to take an airing—they had been housed up so long, poor things." They looked very beautiful, those delicate flowers on the portico, smiling on the busy passers-by. As Herbert returned to his dinner that day, he noticed a female stop and lean over the gate before he reached it. As he drew nearer he could but admire her slender, graceful figure, though clad in the coarse garb of the poorer class, but still greater was his admiration when he beheld her countenance. She stood gazing intently, almost sorrowfully at the flowers on the portico. Herbert had time after he had gained her side to note her pale, noble brow, and beautiful dark eyes and tresses, and even her delicate hands, before she became aware of his proximity. There was no affectation in the slight start she gave, or the blush that sprang to her cheek as she moved back from the gate for him to enter. The fascinated young man would have given worlds to have known who she was, and awkwardly opening the gate, he bowed and asked her if she would walk in. She thanked him in the softest, sweetest tones he had ever heard, adding, as an apology, "Your beautiful flowers reminded me so much of my early home, I could not help pausing to look at them," and she moved away. "But stop, let me get you one," said Herbert—and breaking the first he came to, which was a beautiful moss rose-bud, he placed it in her hand. Her eyes were full of tears as she murmured her thanks and hurried away. Had the good Mrs. Reese seen Herbert's conduct and the loss of her favorite flower, she would not have felt such concern at his lack of appetite at dinner. "Mr. Herbert studies too hard, doctor," said she to his uncle, "you must see to it. He didn't eat dinner enough for a bird, and I do believe he has a fever." But Herbert insisted that he was quite well, and mused all the while on the fair stranger. Several weeks afterward he saw her again on the street, and by following at a distance her fleet steps, he saw her enter a large, old building in one of the poorest streets in the city, and he sighed as he thought it might be the home of such a beautiful and intelligent being, he knew her to be intelligent, for one glance of her eye showed that a superior mind dwelt within.

Two or three times afterward, he had seen her emerge from that old building with a small parcel in her hand, and take her way to a fashionable shop where fancy articles were kept for sale. Then he would follow her back again, though without attracting her notice, and one day on asking a little boy that was playing on the

doorstep, who the young lady was that had just passed in, he answered, "Miss Loraine, she lives way up stairs, and works lots of pretty things for the store." Herbert longed to offer some assistance, but he knew she would not receive it from him, and thus loving and dreaming of her continually, the months had slipped away, and Herbert was indeed startled at his uncle's sudden discovery of the fair girl, and his openly expressed admiration. Struck as he had been with her charms, he doubted not but his uncle had been also. Deeply did he regret now that he had not taken him into his confidence, for the doctor was strongly attached to him, whom he educated and treated as a son.

CHAPTER III.

DR. MOLEEN found the sick child much worse, but after doing all in his power for it, he was about to leave the room when the door was thrown open, and the young seamstress rushed in, and seizing the astonished doctor by the arm, exclaimed frantically, "Oh, for heaven's sake, sir, come and see Louise, come—quick—quick," he followed her hastily, and ascended the rickety stairs. Helen, in her anxious haste, would sometimes be as far before him, as to be lost to his view in the old halls and winding stairways, which were only lighted here and there by the half-opened door of some of the tenant's rooms. At length Helen paused at a door, and awaiting for the doctor to regain her side, she hurriedly ushered him into a small and scantily furnished room.

Dr. Moleen advanced to the bed, and could scarcely suppress an exclamation of surprise and admiration as he beheld the beautiful creature, who lay restlessly throwing her arms about and talking deliriously in a high fever. Her long, flaxen ringlets were scattered over the pillow, while her dark blue eyes appeared still darker above her burning cheeks, that were almost purple with the intense fever. She had not noticed their approach until the doctor laid his hand upon her wrist to feel her pulse, then with a hysterical laugh she suddenly raised herself in the bed, and throwing her arms around his neck, exclaimed, "Oh, uncle, you have come—oh, I am so glad—you have come to take us back to France—dear France—back to our home—have you not, uncle? Oh, Helen, are you not rejoiced?—and you will give us the old home where we were so happy—dear uncle, we have suffered so much—but it is all over now you have come," and she pressed her hot cheek against the doctor's breast still closer, and raised

her lovely eyes confidingly to his. He stood as if in a trance, gazing down into her beautiful face, unwilling to withdraw from her embrace, yet not returning it. His admiration was intense, he felt that his heart, that had so long resisted the attacks of *Love*, was wholly enchained by the young and artless being now before him. She aroused him by repeating, "You will take us back, will you not, dear uncle?" He felt that he must reply, and with a glance at the weeping Helen, he answered soothingly, "Yes, yes—but you must take something now to cool your fever." She sank back on her pillow, and submitted with child-like confidence to his directions. Assisted by Helen he hastily resorted to the usual means to try and reduce the fever. He saw that she was very ill indeed, and that what could be done must be immediately, but he, who had seen so much suffering, for the first time lost his self-possession, and hurried tremblingly about in almost as much trepidation and distress as the charmed Helen. He humored the delusion of the sick girl, and answered her many questions about France as well as he could. He learned from her words that they had been wronged out of their estate, on the death of their parents by an uncle, brother to the one she supposed him to be; that they had left for the New World with some intimate friends, who were all swept off by the cholera soon after reaching our shores; that what little funds they brought with them were soon expended, and that among strangers, by their own labor, they had earned a scanty livelihood. How his generous heart was pained at the recital. An old woman living in the house, whom the doctor had attended once in sickness, at his request now came to watch with Helen through the night, but such was his anxiety that he remained until near morning, and his patient had fallen into a calm slumber. He then made his way down out of the old house, scarcely heeding the many rakes and thumps he received in the dark.

When he visited them next, he found her some better and quite rational, giving him a very different reception from the night before, but not lessening the interest excited in his bosom at all. Indeed it increased with every visit, and need we tell how many were made, or how every little comfort valued by an invalid found its way into that sick room, or how the orphans expressed their gratitude to him, who like a guardian angel now watched over them, providing for all their wants. Nor need we tell of the coldness—no, we will not say coldness, but reserve and restraint growing up between the doctor and his nephew. Each felt that he had a secret attachment in his

bosom, confessed to none but himself. Oh, had either one but told his feelings, how much suffering they would have escaped. But no—the doctor had so long laughed at Cupid's darts, that now he felt himself a victim, he shrank from the ridicule and jests which he feared an acknowledgment of it would bring upon him—so merry had he always been at his unfortunate companion, so sure he would never be taken captive.

He felt the power of this new passion so plainly, he thought that Herbert must see and know it too, and no love-sick youth of twenty could have felt more embarrassed than did the worthy doctor. He expected to be accused of it every day by his nephew or Mrs. Reene; but days and weeks passed away, and Herbert made no allusion to it. How could he? He saw that his uncle loved from his manners, and he supposed it was with her whom he worshipped at a distance, it is true, and in secret, but nevertheless with an ardent and enduring love. He could not bear the idea of appearing as a rival to his uncle. He felt deep regret that he had not told him at the time of the interest awakened in his heart, but now it was too late! He was nerving himself up to hear that she was to become another's, and that other his nearest relative, his second father, for whom he felt the deepest affection. He was fearful when alone with his uncle, that the mention of her name would send the tell-tale blood to his face, and make known the secret which he now determined to lock within his own breast forever. Thus, as I have said, a restraint grew up between them—and widened, imperceptibly to them, but surely, this first breach between two loving hearts.

CHAPTER IV.

A MONTH had passed away, and Louise Lorraine sat, a convalescent, in the little room alone. Her sister had left her a little while to take some work she had just finished to the shop. Very beautiful was the young girl, as she sat trying to finish some light needlework which she had insisted upon performing, but her delicate hands would sink into her lap every now and then, and her lovely eyes assume a dreamy expression. Suddenly she started and listening to footsteps ascending the stairs, her pale cheek slightly flushed, and her lips parted as though in pleasant anticipation. A well-known rap upon the door, a low "Walk in," and Dr. Moleen entered, holding a beautiful bouquet in his hand. Louise gave him her hand frankly with a smile, and requested him to be seated. He drew a chair near hers, and after inquiring how she felt, and where

Helen was, with some hesitation he handed her the flowers, saying, "I have brought something you will like better than pills and powders, I trust."

"How very, very beautiful," murmured Louise, admiringly.

"Will you not do more than admire them?" asked the doctor, in a low tone.

"I thank the giver very much," said Louise, "and I——"

"I thought you would read them," murmured he—"I thought that they would speak for me—express better than I can the emotions of my soul."

He gazed anxiously at her, but Louise only bent lower over the flowers, almost hiding her blushing face with her beautiful curls. After a few moments silence, he again spoke, "Louise, I have felt a fervent love for you ever since I first saw you, which has, if possible, increased every day. Oh, say, dear Louise, may I hope to call you mine? Can you love me?"

Still Louise spoke not—her head sank lower on her bosom, and the color on her cheek deepened almost to purple.

"Louise?" asked he, suddenly, "I pain you, do I not? What shall I think from your silence?"

He leaned eagerly forward and looked in her face.

"I see," said he, with a sigh, sinking back in his chair, "I have grieved you with this avowal, 'twas unexpected to you. Yes, yes, I ought to have remembered the disparity of our ages—and the difference of character, person, and all—forgive me, Louise—it was presumption in me to love you, to think of your returning it. Forgive me, dear Louise," he noticed her tears falling on the flowers, "I will not pain you again by alluding to the subject. Let me at least retain your friendship." He arose to leave. "I hear your sister coming, you can tell her what has occurred. Farewell, Louise, I will leave you now."

"Oh, no—no—no," cried Louise, starting up, "not till I have told you how happy you have made me. How much I love you."

He caught her to his bosom, and she wept upon it regardless of the entrance of Helen, to whom the doctor related what had passed.

"Oh, doctor," said Helen, tremulously, "you forget our station. I feel that the dear girl is worthy of you, but the difference now existing in our position and yours is too great. It would be felt by both—do not think of it more."

"No, we must not," murmured Louise, as she endeavored to leave his embrace.

"Only say that you love me," said he, holding her fast, and putting back her curls. "Enough,

I proclaim myself your protector, and I defy the world to say who has a better right."

CHAPTER V.

DR. MOLEEN went home that evening, feeling all the importance of being "engaged," and as if he could, without embarrassment, inform his household immediately of his intention of taking unto himself a wife. But when he reached home, and met Mrs. Reene, he began to reflect that telling a respectable woman of forty, who had kept house for him a number of years, that he was going to bring a young mistress home, might not be such very good news after all. He passed on to Herbert's room, thinking he would tell him first, and get him to break it to Mrs. Reene. Not finding Herbert in his room, he sat down to await his coming. He mused on the events of the day—his proposal—his fears lest it might be rejected—his delight on finding it otherwise—and last began to think how he should begin to tell Herbert, and he wondered what he would say—would he be glad or sorry—not many young men would feel any pleasure on being told by a rich uncle, whose heir they had been considered for some ten years, that he was about to marry—still, Herbert was not a common young man—he had raised him better—but still—the doctor mused a good while on it, and when his nephew came in at last, he felt some reluctance in telling him, and spoke in a confused manner. "Herbert, I want to tell you something—will you hear it now—I—I—"

"Yes, uncle," said Herbert, sitting down, his cheek growing paler.

"I am—I wanted you to know it first of all—I—I am engaged to be married." He had got it out at last, and sat staring at Herbert, who felt that he must say something, though it required a great effort to say, "I thought as much, uncle. Is it to the pretty seamstress?"

"Yes, she is a seamstress, and I don't care who knows it. Helen talked about the difference in our station, and told me it would never do, but that is all nonsense, don't you think so?"

Herbert tried to reply, but her name had banished all command of his voice. His uncle looked at him with a surprised air, and then continued, "I thought you would agree with me, Herbert, that it is not wealth or rank that makes a woman lovely or agreeable, and as to this world's goods—why, Herbert, what is the matter? You look as pale as a ghost. Are you sick?"

"Yes, uncle, I feel faint. I have not been well to-day. I will lie down on the couch here—

go on with what you were saying. I will feel better in a minute." But the doctor did not go on; a suspicion had entered his mind that this sudden indisposition was caused by disappointment relative to his property. He felt hurt, he had supposed his nephew more noble, more attached to him than to think of such a thing seriously where his happiness was concerned. Oh! had he but known the truth, how much trouble it would have saved him. Yet his trouble of spirit was not to be compared to that of Herbert's.

CHAPTER VI.

SOME two weeks after the conversation narrated, Herbert entered the drawing-room of the wealthy Mr. Stewart. He had been a frequent visitor there. Annie, the beautiful little blonde, was an old schoolmate of his when both families resided in the country, before Annie started to the boarding-school, and Herbert's mother died, leaving him to the care of his uncle, Dr. Moleen. They had met every vacation, and now Annie had graduated, and been at home some six months, and among her many visitors, none were more welcome than her old friend Herbert. He felt a brother's love for the gay young creature, and often spent the evening with her, little dreaming of awaking in her bosom more than a sisterly love.

"Why, Herbert, have you been absent from the city? I have not seen you for more than two weeks," were the words of Annie, as she arose hastily to greet him, a smile of pleasure lighting up her beautiful countenance. "Ah, no—you have been ill—I see you have."

"Yes," said he, sinking into a seat beside her, "I have been rather unwell—yet 'tis not much. I'll soon be well," he added, trying to evade the earnest look with which she regarded him.

"Herbert," said Annie, seriously, "something is the matter with you that you strive to conceal. I have noticed for some time that something weighs upon your spirits. Now why not tell me what it is—perhaps"—she hesitated a moment, then resumed—"it may be that I could be of some little service—at least you might, I think, share your troubles with me. You always help me out of mine, you know. Has your last work been rejected by the publishers?"

"Oh, no—"

"Has your uncle refused to advance you the funds, you think proper for a young gentleman of your style of living?" asked Annie, trying to call a smile to the sad countenance of her companion.

"Oh, no, none of these; but come, Annie, what have you been doing? How many new knights enlisted in your train at the——"

"Come, come, Herbert, you shall not put me off. Don't you know that I am a spoiled child, and must have all I want? Now I wish to know, as you are not in debt, if you are not in love. The only two things I can think of that would trouble a young man like you. Come, confess."

"Annie, listen to me, and I will tell you what I have told no one else. You will not mention it, I know, if I desire it?"

"Certainly not," said Annie.

"I intend leaving this country——"

Annie started as though struck. "You do not mean it, Herbert?"

"Yes, Annie, I do. I have made all my arrangements to leave for Europe. I am anxious my uncle shall not know it until I am gone."

"But why would you go?" asked Annie, putting up her hand to shade her face from the bright light of the lamp, fearful lest her features would betray the agitation she felt. "And why would you leave your uncle in this manner? Has he been unkind to you?"

"Oh, no—no—and yet he has, though he did not intend it—but I cannot feel dependant on him longer. I cannot live here a day longer. I am old enough now, and I must make my own way in the world—at any rate I must leave this place."

"You are excited, Herbert. What has your uncle done, that you should feel thus toward him?"

"I cannot tell you now, Annie, the wound is too fresh. I have told you more now than I have any one else. But you have always seemed like a sister to me, Annie, and I could not leave the city without seeing you again. I shall leave to-morrow. You are the only one I shall bid farewell. I have had several of my poems bound expressly for you. I would have you keep them as remembrancers. Perhaps some other author would have been preferred; but I was selfish enough to want them to remind you still more of the giver."

"None other would have been half as acceptable," murmured Annie, as she took the handsomely-bound volumes. "What souvenir can I give you half so valuable?"

"You can give me your prayers, Annie." Herbert remained an hour longer, ere he bade her adieu.

"God bless you, Herbert," giving him her hand, and raising her tearful eyes to his face, she added, "remember, Herbert, should the time

ever come when you will need a friend, you will find one as long as I and my father live."

"I know it, Annie. May God bless you also, my dear sister," he touched his lips to her brow, and hurried away. Like a statue stood Annie, just as he had left her, with her slight form bent forward, and her eyes riveted on the door. Starting, at length, from this position, she clasped her hands, and with a low moan sank back on the sofa, where her father found her, an hour afterward, almost insensible.

CHAPTER VII.

THE sudden departure of his nephew caused Dr. Moleen much trouble of mind, such as only a noble, high, and generous mind can feel; and though he strove to forget it, and only think of Herbert as an ungrateful, mercenary character, yet he could not satisfy himself upon being so long deceived in the disposition of one whom he had lived so intimately with, and the wound his kind heart received could not heal in haste.

Other troubles, too, did our bachelor friend have. His quiet home seemed like home no longer. Mrs. Reese had given him notice that she should leave, "as he would soon have another housekeeper, and should not need her," and the old lady now went about the house with an air of injured and offended dignity that was truly distressing to our worthy doctor, who vainly tried to conciliate her, and retain her in his service. After much persuasion, she finally consented to remain long enough to arrange the house for the reception of the bride, the doctor having ordered new furniture. Both Mrs. Reese and Kitty, the maid, engaged places elsewhere, after holding an indignation meeting, and resolving "that they wouldn't stay and wait on one who had been a poor seamstress, who would be sure to feel mighty stuck up, and put on airs over them when she had worked as hard for her bread as they had, and wasn't a mite better—people raised so poor never knew how to treat servants, if they happened to get them anyhow—but they'd stay till she come, just to see what she'd look like," &c. Now neither Mrs. Reese nor Kitty were badly-disposed persons, but they had presided over the doctor's household affairs so long and faithfully, that they felt as though their rights were to be usurped, their dominion invaded, when informed that he was going to bring home a wife.

"Is *this* your house?" exclaimed Helen, as the carriage stopped, and Dr. Moleen sprang out. He answered pleasantly that it was, as he assisted them out, but he was so eager to usher

her blushing bride into her new home, that she did not notice the sudden paleness of Helen's cheek, nor how she trembled as they passed in. How well she remembered leaning over that same gate through which she now passed—and the young stranger, how vividly her imagination brought him before her, with his kind manner and dark eyes that gazed so earnestly upon her, how he had haunted her memory ever since. The idea now occurred to her that Herbert Moleen, of whom she had heard the doctor speak so often, and the interesting stranger might be the same person. She had always felt as if they would meet again, but her heart sank as she now thought over what she had heard his uncle say of his departure.

Dr. Moleen had wished to invite some of his friends to be at his house to receive his pretty bride, but Louise had pleaded to pass the first day quietly in her home. He had hoped, however, that Mrs. Reese's presence would keep them from feeling alone and like strangers: but instead of advancing to receive them and show them to their rooms, this worthy lady had retreated to her own.

We need not tell how many pleasant things the doctor said to relieve the sisters and make them feel at ease, nor how delighted Louise was with the appearance of her new home.

Leaving their handsomely-furnished chambers they descended to the parlor. Here everything was arranged with an air of elegance and taste. Louise's beautiful eyes swam with tears as they glanced over the books and paintings, the guitar in one corner, the splendid piano in another, and from them to the noble and happy husband beside her.

"Come, my birdie, do you not like your cage well enough to give me one of your sweet songs? You can now have an accompaniment, though your voice never needed any for my ear. Come sing me a song before we are called to dinner."

"You must remember how long it has been since I touched one," said Louise, as she ran her fingers over the fine-toned instrument. Oh,

Helen, do come and play some of your pieces for him! Is it not rich-toned?"

Helen obeyed, for its sweet tones aroused her from her painful reflections. It seemed like an old friend as she played piece after piece.

"But where are you going?" said the doctor, as his young wife arose and passed out into the hall.

She only answered with a merry laugh as she pushed open the door of the dining-room and entered, almost causing the startled Kitty to let fall the waiter of tumblers she was bringing in. The sudden appearance of the beautiful bride in her simple, yet becoming dress, her graceful figure, delicate hands, and above all, the pleasant smile with which she greeted the surprised girl, and her sweet voice as she inquired for Mrs. Reese, convinced Kitty that she had been altogether mistaken in her estimate of what the future mistress would be. "She is in her room," said the now humbled Kitty. I will tell her you want her," and she hurried out, but Louise followed her, saying, "I have heard the good Mrs. Reese spoken of so often by the doctor, that I cannot stay any longer in the house without seeing her." The old lady was as much surprised as Kitty had been, but succeeded in hiding it a little better as Louise enthusiastically praised her geraniums and tea-roses, and went into raptures over her japonica. Even the old cat was petted and praised, and the old lady's heart swelled with honest pride as Louise proclaimed everything so nice and pleasant!

Dr. Moleen was surprised when his wife entered the parlor again with a beautiful bouquet composed of Mrs. Reese's choicest flowers, and heard how well she had got acquainted with Mrs. Reese, Kitty, and even old Tabby, the cat.

No more was said about leaving by house-keeper or maid. Like a joyous sunbeam, bright and gladdening, Louise glided about the house; and save when the thoughts of Herbert would cross his mind, Dr. Moleen was now a very happy man.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

THE YOUNG MISER'S DREAM.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

"Come, Sam, you really must subscribe. Here are all of us going to give something, and you can afford to give a trifle as well as we."

"I have already told you I had no money to spare."

"Poh! you *must* spare it. How can you refuse? You know poor Jones well: think of his family left destitute by his shocking death—we are all liable to the same fate, and should be charitable. Come, now, sign your name—don't be so selfish and miserly."

"What good will my name do your list without money? and once more I tell you I have none of that to give," and Sam Lee turned angrily from his tormenting companions, and walked quickly down the street.

The subscription to which he was urged to contribute was for the widow and children of a carpenter, who had been crushed to death by the falling of a wall belonging to the house on which he was at work. His associates, feeling deeply for the bereaved and destitute family, interested themselves in their behalf, and all contributed something from their humble means, all except Sam Lee, to whom, as we have seen, they appealed in vain. Disappointed and chagrined by his refusal, the men looked scornfully after him, as with hurried steps he passed from their view.

"What does that stingy fellow do with his money? he earns more than any of us, and never spends anything," was the remark that passed from one to another of the group.

What does he do with his money? That had long been the standing wonder of his associates. Lee was a first-rate mechanic; had always employment and good wages; boarded at a cheap house, had no expensive habits, and yet he never seemed to be in possession of a dollar. His fellow-workmen strove in vain to unravel the mystery. Lively and talkative as he was in general, an allusion to the subject always made him suddenly silent, so that they were forced to content themselves with their own vague speculations, and at last concluded that he must send all his savings home to his people. But was this surmise a correct one?

Seven years previous to this time, Lee had come to the city from his far-off home. He was

one of a large family, for whose support the little farm on which they dwelt but poorly provided; and when he first began his labors as a carpenter, Sam proposed to himself to do all he could toward helping the old folks at home. During the first year he so far adhered to his purpose as to send a small remittance in each of his letters to the homestead, and at Christmas made a brief visit thither, on which occasion he took pains in purchasing for each member of the family what he thought would prove a useful and acceptable present. Very happy did his boyish heart feel in witnessing the delight he was able to confer on those he so well loved, and very firm was his mental determination to repeat his visit and his gifts the next Christmas.

But on the return of the time-hallowed festival his feelings underwent a change, and instead of paying the contemplated visit he sent a letter, pleading the impossibility of his doing so, and inclosing *ten dollars* as a Christmas-gift to the whole family. And five years had passed since then, and not once during that long period had he revisited the home of his childhood. "'Twas too expensive," he would sometimes mutter to himself, as if in answer to some invisible rebuker; so he contented himself with sending a letter of good-wishes, with the same large sum as a Christmas-gift, on each recurrence of the season.

The secret of the matter was Sam had become miserly and grasping to a degree marvellous in one of his age and originally generous disposition. Carefully hoarding his weekly gains, he found no pleasure equal to that of counting over and feasting his eyes on the gradually increasing sum; but then his pleasure was alloyed by the continual dread of losing his treasure. He had deposited it at different institutions, from each one withdrawing it as his tormenting fears prompted, till he finally resolved to get it in his own hands, and trust to his own ingenuity in keeping it safe and unsuspected. This he had done only a few hours before the subscription was set afoot for the poor family of Jones; and wondering at the pertinacity with which he was importuned to subscribe, the more strange as he had ever steadily resisted all attempts they had made on his purse, whether for charity or amusement, Sam came to the conclusion, which none

but a miser's brain could conceive, that his comrades were aware of his secret riches, and were meditating how to gain possession thereof.

With this idea he hastened to his boarding-house, and having carefully secured the door of his chamber, lighted a candle, and drew from the secret repository he had himself designed a small, strong box. He unfastened it with trembling fingers, but the sight of its golden contents reassured him. With dilated eyes, he counted over the bright coins, for he had taken care to put away only hard, genuine gold and silver; he played noiselessly with the glittering heap, turning now and then an apprehensive glance around, as if afraid that from some of the gloomy corners of the dimly-lighted apartment some one would emerge to snatch his prize.

At length he closed the box, and was about returning it to its hiding-place, when he suddenly paused, and his countenance began to work with contending emotions. He thought of the poor widow whose sudden and terrible bereavement had appealed to his native generosity, till the promptings of that covetousness which was fast becoming his ruling passion silenced the whispers of his better nature. He paused irresolute, took a half-eagle from the pile before him, turning it over and over in his hand, debating with himself if he should not appropriate to it the relief of poor Jones' family. But as usual avarice gained the mastery, and returning the half-eagle to the box, he rested his arm on the table by which he sat and fell into a reverie, his eyes still riveted on the precious box beside him. His reflections did not seem to be of a very pleasant nature, and it was with a gesture of vexation that he finally drew a letter from the drawer of the little table, and proceeded to read it carefully through, pausing now and then in apparent perplexity. The letter was from his father, urging him to return to his native place, as the town near which they lived was now thriving and growing fast, and offered inducements to a good, steady carpenter, as the only one at present there was rather indolent and dissipated. Moreover, if Sam had laid by a little sum, as was likely, there was a capital chance for investing it in a good business in the same town, as Mr. B——, the grocer, was anxious to start for California, and would sell his large stock at a bargain, for two or three hundred dollars in cash, and the remainder to be paid to his wife in small sums at stated periods. James Lee, Sam's younger brother, had been employed in the store for several years, so that if Sam could become the purchaser James could carry on the business for

him. Such was the purport of Mr. Lee's letter, and on first receiving it, Sam had almost decided to act upon its suggestions; but unwilling to part with his beloved money, though conscious that it would tend to his ultimate advantage, deferred from day to day his decision.

Now as he read it again, he thought more anxiously on the subject. He knew that his father was correct in surmising that a skilful and industrious mechanic such as he was, could do well in a thriving young town as the one indicated. Then as to the grocery store, he had ample means to close with Mr. B——'s offer, and by taking James into partnership with himself, could at the same time advance the interests of himself, and the whole family, since James lived at the old home, and was regarded as the mainstay of the house. Thus Sam reflected, and began to see the folly of losing two such rare chances.

While he sat thus absorbed in thought, the evening wore away, all grew quiet in the house, and with his head resting on his hand, Sam fell asleep. He was startled by a slight noise at the door of his room, and listening attentively, soon became aware that the door had been cautiously opened, admitting a tall, dark figure, though the light was too dim to enable him to distinguish the features of the intruder, who glanced around, and then, as if observing the little box, advanced quickly to the table. Sam had only waited to feel certain that his instinctive apprehension was correct, and springing forward dealt the robber a blow with his clenched hand on the temple, which prostrated him on the floor. In falling, a faint cry escaped him, and Sam started with dismay, for the voice somehow sounded familiarly on his ear. He trimmed the candle, and kneeling beside the unconscious victim of his blow, put aside with trembling fingers the hair that shrouded the stranger's face, and beheld with horror—his own father.

Agony and terror held him motionless for a time, during which, with harrowing distinctness the truth revealed itself to his mind. His father had several times spoken of his yearning desire to see his long-absent boy; he had at last come the long, dangerous journey, had sought him in his room, and the light not being sufficient to show if he whom he sought was in the room, had advanced to trim it, when the hand of that eagerly-sought son stretched him senseless and bleeding on the floor. As all this darted with lightning speed across his tortured brain, Sam sprang to his feet with a deep groan of anguish and—awoke.

So vividly was the fearful dream impressed

upon his imagination, it was long before he could shake off the terrible feelings it had aroused, and regard it only as the result of his fevered thoughts, and constant solicitude for his treasure, or as a warning against the soul-blighting influence of the passion he was indulging. The latter interpretation Sam chose to give his dream, and he resolved not to harden himself against it. He

gave a *gold eagle* as his contribution to the widow's fund the following day, and very soon after was in his early home, where both his enterprises succeeded to his satisfaction, and he ultimately became a wealthy man; but never again did he yield to the suggestions of avarice, or forget the claims that his kindred and those in distress had upon him.

WHAT S LOVE?

BY JANE WEAVER.

"It seems to me," said Miss Newton, "that people, who marry for love, are never as happy as those who marry without it."

"My dear," said her mother, that's a strange opinion."

The young lady colored.

"Not, mamma, with the experience of some of our friends before us. There's my old school-mate, Julia, who made such a romantic marriage; and who is now miserable."

"I am glad you mentioned her, Emily, for now I know how you fell into your error. For instance, I do not admit that Julia married for love, in the true sense of that term. In other words, she was not in love with Lieut. Carter, but an ideal officer, who was perfection in all things."

"Oh! mamma."

"I am not a bit too severe. Most of the marriages, which school-girls call love-matches, are of this character. Between the young couple there is really no love at all, but each loves an ideal being, which the curls of the lady, and the moustache of the gentleman, have respectively suggested. Of course, when, after marriage, the two become intimately acquainted, the delusion fades. The husband soon discovers that the wife, who comes down to breakfast in curl-papers, who is often out of temper, and who now thinks of her own comfort quite as much as of his, is anything but an angel. On her part, the wife finds that the lover, who was miserable, before marriage, if he could not spend the evening with her, is now frequently *ennued* when he remains at home, is always selfish, and often capricious. In this way, the scales fall from the eyes of both; and disgust succeeds to infatuation. Nay! by a natural law of the mind, the reaction leads to injustice; and each thinks too little of the other now, because they thought too much before."

"What a picture you have drawn, mamma! Never, never will I marry, if I am to be thus deceived."

The mother smiled.

"But, my dear," she answered, "I have not said that all marriages ended thus. My remarks were confined to those, in which there was no true love on either side, but in its place a

romantic fancy for an impossible bit of perfection. It is only those, who are foolish enough to marry, under this delusion, who live unhappily; for they only are disappointed."

"But, mamma," said the daughter, hesitatingly, "how can you call that love, which admits even the possibility of a fault in the one beloved?"

"True love, my dear, loves in spite of faults. Or rather, it is founded on a just appreciation of character, which teaches him or her who loves, that the one beloved, even with her or his faults, is better adapted than any other to render the lover happy."

"What a cold, calculating thing you make love to be!"

"Not at all, my child. Providence wisely gives to most, if not all, an instinct, as it were, by which to know whom to love. This instinct, however, comes into play, not when we are still children, but only when we have grown up: and it is as distinct from the infatuation of the school-girl, or the sophomore, as day is from darkness. We fall into love, even the wisest of us, and do not reason ourselves into it. We cannot analyze why we love, but we feel that such or such a one will make us happy."

"But isn't that what Julia did?"

"No, my dear. The instinct I speak of is one of a matured person, and Julia was a mere child. Indeed some never grow mature, no matter how old they become."

Emily looked puzzled.

"I seem to be too metaphysical for you," said the mother, with a smile. "Let me see if I can make my meaning plain, by the use of an illustration."

The daughter's face cleared off.

"You liked well enough," said the mother, with another smile, "to amuse yourself with your doll, when you were a child, didn't you? You found pleasure in playing with broken bits of china, which you had no difficulty in fancying to be dishes. Yet you could not deceive yourself now in this way? You could not amuse yourself with a doll?"

"No, no," replied Emily.

"And why? I will answer for you. It is because your tastes have altered. Nor do you

stop to reason about it, when I ask you if you could still play with broken china. You feel, instantly, that you could not. Well, in like manner, a matured woman, or a matured man, who has learned to think and to feel, is instinctively drawn toward, or repelled from, persons of the other sex. This magnetism, if I may call it such, often leads, when it is one of attraction, to love."

"Why not always?"

"Because, my dear, matured men, or women, hold their feelings under more or less control; and are not willing to bestow their hearts, unless they can also give their esteem. An acquaintance, formed under these circumstances, ripens into love, only when the sum of the good qualities, in the beloved object, exceeds the sum of the bad ones: and when, besides, the adaptability of character, each to each, becomes more and more apparent. This is real love, Emily, and

nothing else is worthy of the name. When persons marry, with this sort of feeling on both sides, there is no danger of unhappiness, because there is no danger of deception. The husband does not, to his chagrin, discover that he has married quite a different creature to what he imagined he had, nor does the wife, fancying she had secured an Apollo, find out, to her horror, that she has wedded a Pan."

"I see now what you mean," said the daughter, thoughtfully, "and acknowledge that I was foolish. I had not thought enough about the matter, when I said that Julia married for love."

The conversation ceased at this point. We have only to add that it was not lost on Emily, who, two years after, married the man of her choice: not, indeed, such a one as she would have selected, when a school-girl, but one whom she could, through all her life, look up to and love.

MRS. BENTLEY'S LESSONS.

A SKETCH OF SUMMER BOARDING.

BY MRS. FROTH.

"WHERE are you going this summer, Anna?"

"Oh, I am sure I don't know. There's an end put to our pleasant summer tour, now that I have two children, for I am sure I could never travel with such a tribe after me, nurses and all. I found one *enough* goodness knows. Charles wants to take country board somewhere—near enough for him to come out every night."

"Then you'll go to Rocklandtown, of course."

"I hate Rocklandtown."

"So do I; but you know the old adage, 'beggars mustn't be choosers,' and after all Parker's is really a capital place."

"Parker's! yes, a capital place for gossip and slander—I have always heard that."

"It is no more of a place for gossip than all boarding-houses are. There are always some who *will talk*, and some who *will listen*, and some who *will repeat*, and of course at a large boarding-house like Parker's, you will no doubt come across specimens of each. But that is no reason why you should deprive yourself of the conveniences which that farm-house possess over all of which I have any knowledge."

"The greatest inducement to me would be your society, for of course you go there. You are a regular fixture, are you not?"

"To be sure we have taken rooms. We always do from year to year, but this summer I do not know but that we shall give them up. I have no young children to keep me there, and I have a great fancy for spending the summer at the sea-shore. In fact, I came here to offer you my rooms, for you must know every room in the house has been rented since February. There are plenty who will be glad of them. Mrs. Parker turns scores away every spring. I only want to give you the first choice."

"You are very kind, Nelly—just like your own dear self to think of me with my noisy little troop. Not a very pleasant exchange to the boarders, I fancy, if they were to take the place of your all but grown up children."

"You will find plenty of company—it is a regular nursery; and there could not be a safer place for children than that broad, green lawn, with its graveled walks; and back, the meadow

land with its orchard trees, and the avenue of altheas that affords such a shaded path even at noonday. I tell you what, Anna, you drive out, and look at the rooms, and if you don't like them don't think of going. Emily Turner is very anxious to get board there, but she does not dream of my giving up my rooms, or she would have been after them long ago."

Mrs. Bentley began to think that Parker's must be a very desirable place. That evening the charms with which her friend, Mrs. Haydon, had invested the spot, were pourtrayed to her husband in the same glowing colors, and resulted in a drive out to Rocklandtown the following morning.

The rooms did indeed seem very inferior and small, but the air of cleanliness about them, and the genial good-humor glowing in the faces of Mr. and Mrs. Parker attracted Mrs. Bentley; and as she stood on the broad, stone piazza that extended across the back of the house, and looked out through the cloister-like arches upon the charming grounds beyond, she made her decision, and forthwith completed her arrangements.

"So you are going to Parker's to board," said Mrs. Grassdell, the wife of a brother of Mrs. Bentley. "I am glad of it. If you are not taught some lessons there, that you need to learn, then I am mistaken."

"What lessons do you mean, Ellen?"

"Never mind. It is my opinion though, that you will learn something beyond nominative I, possessive my or mine, objective me."

"What *do* you mean, Ellen? Do you think I am egotistical?"

"Not exactly, but you have lived so exclusively amongst your friends, and they have so flattered, and petted, and spoiled you, that you know no more of the world than a baby."

"I do," answered Mrs. Bentley, the color mounting to her face, "I know enough about the world. It is only because I prefer imputing good motives to persons instead of bad ones, that makes you think me ignorant."

"Now answer me honestly, Anna, who is more frequently in the right in the estimate formed of

our mutual friends—you or I? If I had been deceived as many times as *you* have, I warrant no one would have the opportunity of deceiving me again; but each new face *you* see you put your trust in, and are fool enough to believe every smooth word spoken to you. *If you don't learn some lessons this summer then I am mistaken.* I only hope and pray that your eyes will be opened to see who your true friends are."

"I do not want my eyes opened any wider," said Mrs. Bentley, pettishly. "I see enough that is disagreeable now."

After such a conversation, it would have been singular if Mrs. Bentley had not felt some distrust of the strange faces amongst whom she was soon thrown; but it lasted not long. A slight acquaintance with the 'goodlie companie,' which assembled around the well-filled board, or gathered in the old stone piazza of a morning, or in the large, cool parlor at eventide, convinced her that the grievous lessons her sister-in-law had predicted would be postponed for that season. Never since her removal from her Southern home had she been thrown amidst so charming, and so congenial a set.

First in her admiration stood Mrs. Nolen, a lady whose brilliant conversational powers engrossed her attention. The ease and affability of her manner was tempered by a certain dignity, which while it attracted Mrs. Bentley, prevented her from forming the intimacy toward which she felt so much inclination. A Mrs. Moodie, for whom Mrs. Bentley at first felt an aversion, became at length her great favorite; and indeed her sparkling vivacity, and very many winning ways, made her the life of the household. Another great attraction was her exceeding truthfulness of manner. Mrs. Bentley fully appreciated this truth, for she had often been condemned by her own family for her excessive candor. She loved her friends devotedly, never suffering them to be attacked in her presence without defending them to the best of her ability. She told them pleasant things said of them, because it gave her pleasure to do so. Of persons to whom she was indifferent, she was quite as apt to gossip as are the majority of her sex; and those whom she disliked, she disliked with a hearty fervor, until she discovered some redeeming trait in them, and then not unfrequently did her impressible nature cause her to unsay the unkind things that she felt guilty in having said. Her undeveloped and undisciplined character was the occasion of her being often misunderstood, and only in the hearts of those who had known her well and long could she win a lasting place.

One morning, when Mrs. Bentley was in Mrs. Moodie's room, the conversation turned upon Mrs. Nolen.

"I do not know how I have incurred her displeasure," said Mrs. Moodie, "but she has not been in my room this season, and previous summers we have been very intimate. I am sorry, for I admire her exceedingly."

"Why is she angry with you?" said Mrs. Bentley, curious to know particulars. "I am sure I did not know it. She always speaks of you as though you were on the best terms."

"Oh, we have had no quarrel—some stories that had got about this spring, and that I thought I had traced to her, but after all I believe Miss Somers is at the root of it. I mentioned them to Mrs. Nolen's sister, and that has been the cause of the coolness, I fancy. Mrs. Nolen is one who would take no pains to defend herself if she was falsely accused."

"How unlike she is to me. I could never rest until I had confronted my accuser—but if I had her dignity to fall back upon I should be content. I wish I was like her."

"You need not wish to be. It is all very well in Mrs. Nolen, whose experience of life has been such as to make her so, but I should be sorry to see you so artificial."

"Oh, she is not artificial. It is just as natural to her to be dignified as it is for me to talk and eat in my 'harum scarum' way."

"You have not known her so long as I have. She was wild and wayward enough before that unfortunate affair of hers."

"What unfortunate affair?"

"Is it possible that you have never heard of it? Well, I shall not be the one to enlighten you."

"Now that is really unkind. You know how much curiosity I have, and I shall always be imagining something dreadful until I hear the tale."

"Indeed, I shall not tell you. Miss Somers knows more about it than I do. Ask her if you want the particulars."

The next morning Mrs. Bentley joined Miss Somers as she started for a morning walk. The one subject uppermost in her mind she could hardly help referring to, but Miss Somers was busily recounting the story of her troubles with Mrs. Moodie, who she thought was treating her very cruelly this season.

"I do not think I shall stay here all summer," said Miss Somers, "it makes it so unpleasant for me. I have most cried myself sick about it, for Mrs. Moodie and I have always been so intimate."

"Why don't you tell her that you never said these things? She would surely believe so old and so intimate a friend. She knows that she has been mistaken once in her suppositions, and of course she is as liable to have made another error. I'll tell her for you."

"No, no, that wouldn't do. I don't want her to know that I have said anything about it to you. There is always some fuss here. I advise you to be careful. Speaking out what you think, as you do, will very likely be the means of getting you into some scrape before the summer is over."

"Never fear for me. 'I like every one in the house too well to quarrel with them.'"

"There is one lady in this house that a person of your disposition ought to be careful of. I shall not tell you who it is, but I will put you on your guard. She is 'all things to all men,' and if I am not mistaken you have already formed a very incorrect estimate of her character. She is a very dangerous, insincere woman."

"Why, Miss Somers, do you know what you are doing? You are saying that which will by turns make me suspicious of every lady in the house, for I should never find out who it was. Now that you have told me so much you ought to, in justice to me, and to the other ladies, let me know which one it is. I am sure it is very kind in you to take such an interest in me, and I appreciate your kindness. You need not be afraid of my making an improper use of your confidence. Is it that funny-looking lady who came last?—oh, what's her name, she has such restless-looking eyes, and talks so much about her principles? I have not spoken half a dozen words to her."

"Mrs. Grimshaw you mean—oh, no. This is the first time I ever saw her, but the lady I refer to I have known for years, and I was as much captivated with her once as you are now."

"Who can it be? not Mrs. Moodie, for she is truth herself, nor those lovely sisters, Mrs. Percival and Mrs. Stanley, for they are the most religiously conscientious people that I ever came across, nor Mrs. Nolen, who would never stoop to any evil, nor——"

"Stop, stop—you need not go on with the list—Mrs. Nolen is the one, and you can admire her talents and her beauty as much as you choose, but never trust her."

Mrs. Bentley drew a long breath. "How very kind of Miss Somers," thought she. "I never should have distrusted her," she said, aloud.

"The ladies in the parlor were speaking of you last evening after you went up stairs,"

continued Mrs. Somers, "and one of them said that she admired your simplicity of manner and your naturalness. 'It is an affected simplicity, I imagine,' said Mrs. Nolen, 'and her naturalness is nothing but art.'"

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Mrs. Bentley, her cheeks all in a glow. "How could she think so meanly of me? I'm sure I have always wished to be different, and tried to be, but it was of no use. Many a lesson my sister, Mrs. Grassdell, has read me about my thoughtless, impulsive ways. Ah, Ellen was not so far from right after all! I think my eyes will be opened this summer, as she said they would be."

"Mind you don't say a word about it to any one—only watch for yourself."

"Very well. Oh, Miss Somers, Mrs. Moodie commenced telling me something about Mrs. Nolen's early life, or rather, she made an allusion to some unpleasant occurrence, which, when she found I had not heard of, she would not continue, but told me that you knew more of the particulars than she did. What was it?"

"That happened long ago, and ought not to be revived, for no one can accuse Mrs. Nolen of the least indiscretion since. Mrs. Moodie, on the contrary, is always committing some imprudent act, and she need not talk about Mrs. Nolen."

"She did *not* talk about her. I want you to understand me. She positively refused to tell me of the circumstance, to which she had accidentally alluded, and sent me to you for information."

"It was only an old love affair, or rather a want of love in an affair she had on hand. Her husband was her first choice, but through the instrumentality of friends she became betrothed to another. Frightened at the near approach of the day fixed upon for the wedding, she retracted her promise, and subsequently married Mr. Nolen. There have been many versions of this affair, but this I know to be the true one."

"Well, she did *just* right," said Mrs. Bentley. "If I had known her, I would have upheld her through the whole. I think more of her than ever—to have sufficient independence to break off an alliance so near completion, when her heart was with another. Yet, I wish she had not said that of me, and I am so sorry to think her insincere; but perhaps her experience of life may have caused her to appear more so than she really is. I am sure from things I have heard her say, that underneath the cold exterior which she sometimes assumes, she has a warm heart that throbs right nobly. I was reading a poem to her, not long ago, wherein was narrated

some act of heroism, and I saw the tears gather in her eyes, and her lips quiver. Oh, Miss Somers, I am sure you must be wrong."

"You are welcome to think so, if you chose. I am sure it makes no difference to me," replied Miss Somers, plainly showing her pique by her tones.

They had retraced their steps, and were now sauntering slowly through the grounds. Mrs. Moodie came toward them, and Miss Somers fell back.

"I know all now," said Mrs. Bentley. "It was not at all what I expected—but quite romantic, wasn't it? Mrs. Marston ought to hear it—it would furnish her with materials for her next story."

"Yes, they say that *that* Mrs. Marston writes. Mrs. Percival and Mrs. Stanley have taken a great fancy to her. I must say it is more than I have."

"She seems clever enough, but nothing remarkable. When do the Cannings arrive?"

"They are expected next week, I think. Ah, here we have come upon Mrs. Marston, botanizing."

"Not botanizing," said Mrs. Marston, "only gathering a few wild flowers for Willie, who is not well to-day, and he does so dearly love flowers."

"But the Cannings," continued Mrs. Bentley, "do tell me about them. I have heard Mrs. Canning was perfectly beautiful."

"She is very handsome—do you know her, Mrs. Marston?"

"No—yes—that is, I am not acquainted with her, but I have frequently met her, and we have several mutual friends. I am very anxious to know more of her, for I hear she is a lovely, warm-hearted woman, and such a character I should value more than all the beauty in the world. Combined as they are in her, they must make her very attractive."

"You will soon have an opportunity of judging for yourself; she is a great favorite of Mrs. Haydon, Mrs. Bentley."

"Yes, I know that. Isn't Nelly Haydon a lovely creature?"

"Well—yes, I like her very well," was Mrs. Moodie's disjointed answer. "She did not want to come here this summer, but her husband engaged the rooms last year, and Mr. Parker would not let them off. She was in a great way when I saw her last, because she could not get them off from her hands, for she was determined not to spend another summer in the same house with Mrs. Whilton and her unruly boy."

Mrs. Bentley looked amazed. Mrs. Haydon's

apparently disinterested motives dawned upon her in a new light.

"Did you ever see that black lace breakfast-cap, and faded green silk wrapper of her's? I declare they nearly killed me—but what a shame for me to make fun of so dear a friend of your's. If she only had a little more taste in dress, she would be quite endurable. Of course you would never think of repeating what I have said."

"You are right, Mrs. Moodie. I never should think of repeating it, for I would not have Nelly's feelings so hurt for the world."

Mrs. Bentley left Mrs. Moodie and Mrs. Marston, and retraced her steps to the house. After that morning's conversation, she did not fraternize quite as well as formerly with Mrs. Moodie. Feeling a little distrust both of her, and of Mrs. Nolen, who did not avail herself as frequently as formerly of the opportunities for enjoying their society; but her acquaintance with the two sisters, Mrs. Percival and Mrs. Stanley, and their friend, Mrs. Marston, increased rapidly. Mrs. Grimshaw also attached herself to this party, and Mrs. Bentley felt conscience-stricken that she could not bring herself to like better one whose good principles, were so frequently brought forward as her guide and rule of conduct.

The summer days, despite the heat, passed pleasantly away. Beneath the shade of some wide-spreading elm or chesnut, the ladies gathered, and while one read aloud some poem of rare beauty—now Mrs. Browning's, and again our own grand Edith May's—the others bent busily over dainty bits of embroidery, or pieces of worsted work, whose brilliant colors contrasted finely with their white morning dresses, and the greensward beneath and the green branches above them.

The evenings, then, what merry times! In lively sallies, in mirthful games, and in bewildering music the hours lost themselves. The Cannings were great favorites, and contributed vastly to the enjoyment of the party. Only poor Mrs. Marston kept aloof. Some unfortunate misunderstanding between herself and Mrs. Canning had effectually alienated them, notwithstanding Mrs. Marston's earnest desire to make her acquaintance. Now and then, through Mrs. Percival's persuasions, she would make her appearance in the drawing-room for an evening, but her own sensitive, rather suspicious nature, caused her not unfrequently to fancy slights, when none were intended, and consequently these evenings were anything but pleasant to her. Finally, she withdrew herself entirely to her own apartment, and as her room was

large—and pleasantly furnished, some of the ladies were almost always to be found there during the evening.

Mrs. Stanley, Mrs. Percival, Mrs. Grimshaw and Mrs. Bentley met there on one occasion. Some of the boarders were in the parlor, and others watching the gentlemen at their games in the ten-pin alley.

"How sweetly Mrs. Hunter dresses," said Mrs. Stanley.

"Um!" said Mrs. Grimshaw. "It is plain enough to see what she makes so much display for. I advise you to look after your husband, Mrs. Percival."

"Oh, no danger," laughed Mrs. Percival. "Mrs. Hunter is an old friend of mine, and of my husband's, too. I could not trust him in safer keeping."

"Well, I am opposed to such extravagance in dress, and principled against it too. Besides, you can't make me believe that she does not flirt. She may be an old friend of the Percivals, but I am sure she never knew Mr. Marston before this summer—eh, Mrs. Marston?"

Mrs. Marston colored slightly. "It never entered my head to ask my husband," she answered, seemingly embarrassed.

"It is my advice to you to interest yourself a little in the matter. Mrs. Hunter is a dangerous woman," continued Mrs. Grimshaw.

"I do not see any occasion for interfering with my husband," answered Mrs. Marston, proudly.

"Others may, if you do not," said Mrs. Grimshaw, with emphatic nods of the head.

Mrs. Stanley and Mrs. Percival exchanged glances, and Mrs. Bentley's face was more flushed than Mrs. Marston's. It required the memory of her sister-in-law's precepts to keep her quiet.

"Oh, I see you don't think there is any occasion for anxiety, but I know better than to excite needless fears. It is from a sense of duty that I have used my eyes and my ears, too, and I know what is going on," continued Mrs. Grimshaw.

"I must insist upon an explanation," said Mrs. Marston, with dignity. "I do not understand such accusations."

"If I have put you on your guard, that is all that is sufficient, for I am no busy-body, telling tales backward and forward for the purpose of making mischief. I considered it to be my duty to say what I have said, but I shall not tell anything more."

Mrs. Bentley, fully aroused, answered, "I should not take any notice of reports coming in

such a way, Mrs. Marston. For my part, I never believe those fancy statements. If one can tell me what was said, and who said it, it may be worth while to pay some attention."

"So you mean to convey the idea, Mrs. Bentley, that I have not heard any reports concerning——"

"I mean to convey the idea, that if you had heard any, I should have had a much better opinion of your principles if you had kept them to yourself," interrupted Mrs. Bentley, her cheeks aglow with the indignation which she felt.

"You are very kind, Mrs. Bentley," interrupted Mrs. Marston; "but indeed, I would rather you would not incur Mrs. Grimshaw's displeasure, by——" Mrs. Marston hesitated, and Mrs. Grimshaw finished for her.

"By your interference, I'll give you a piece of advice, Mrs. Bentley, attend to your own affairs, your husband's and your children's, but leave your friends to take care of themselves. You will have quite enough to keep you busy with the first, I imagine, and at any rate, you will never get any thanks from the latter."

Mrs. Bentley thought little of this speech at the time, but she remembered it afterward.

Mrs. Marston had become a great favorite with Mrs. Bentley, since her distrust of Mrs. Nolen, and she now espoused her cause against Mrs. Grimshaw with valor. She discussed the matter with the other ladies, in eager warmth, without realizing that she was thus giving greater publicity to the disagreeable rumor, and consequently increasing Mrs. Marston's annoyance.

Not long after this, Mrs. Moodie came into Mrs. Bentley's room, and closing the door after her with an air of secrecy, said,

"I have come to ask you a question, Mrs. Bentley—not that I believe you have ever said such a thing, but it will be a satisfaction to hear from your own lips that there was no foundation for the story. Miss Somers tells me that you came to her, and told her that I had given you the whole history of Mrs. Nolen's early life, and in that way threw her off her guard, until you had gained your point in ascertaining from her all you wished to know."

"Oh, Mrs. Moodie, how can people be so wicked? But this is a falsehood that carries its refutation along with it."

"Of course it does. Miss Somers is too shrewd a person to be taken in that way. It only confirms the opinion I had already formed of her."

Mrs. Bentley felt sick at heart. She recalled what Miss Somers had told her of Mrs. Nolen's

speech about herself, and she was not long in coming to the conclusion that that also was a falsehood. From that day she sought Mrs. Nolen's society with renewed avidity, and the more she saw of her the better was she convinced that she was well worthy of the high esteem in which her friends held her. Mrs. Nolen treated her with exceeding coolness, and both Mrs. Moodie and Mrs. Bentley were led to infer that Miss Somers had told her own story to Mrs. Nolen, but the subject was too delicate a one to admit of any explanation to her, and Mrs. Bentley was therefore obliged to let the matter rest, very much regretting that her curiosity had lost her a friendship from which she had promised herself so much pleasure.

But she had not yet learned to be politic, and she treated Miss Somers with all the scorn that in her opinion she merited. Miss Somers revenged herself by insinuations which were not lost by the ears upon which they fell, and gradually Mrs. Bentley found herself avoided by the ladies. Even Mrs. Marston partook of the general feeling that Mrs. Bentley was curious, intermeddling and a gossip. And about this time another of her *mal-apropos* remarks confirmed the unjust opinion in Mrs. Canning's mind.

In conversation with Mrs. Canning, Mrs. Bentley, speaking of the high terms of regard in which she had heard her spoken of by her friends, said, "I believe they were dissatisfied with your marriage, having expected a more advantageous alliance." Mrs. Bentley was quite unaware that Mr. Canning's circumstances had been very inferior previous to his marriage, but had supposed that the friends of Mrs. Canning would not have been satisfied with any "business man," that their ambition demanded some titled foreigner, or some man high in office in our own country, from what she had heard said. But Mrs. Canning construed it differently, and being very spirited, and very devoted as a wife, she resented the affront which she imagined Mrs. Bentley had put upon her husband. Mr. Canning was in reality a great favorite of Mrs. Bentley's, she feeling particularly attracted toward him as he was from the same New England state; but thereafter her attempts at conversation with either of the two were failures, and as she was ignorant of the cause of offence, she was unable to vindicate herself.

Mrs. Bentley began to feel constantly annoyed by the change in the manner of the ladies toward her, and when she recalled her defence of Mr. Marston, and the subsequent coldness of his wife, and the train of circumstances which had caused Mrs. Nolen to repel her advances

toward intimacy, she looked upon herself as an injured woman, and resolved that she would not longer endure the *disagreements* of her situation.

It was no difficult task to persuade her husband that a few weeks at the sea-shore would be a desirable change, and consequently they made their arrangements for departure.

The requisite city shopping fatigued Mrs. Bentley so much as to bring on a severe attack of nervous headache, which deferred their departure for several days; and during this time the kindness of the ladies well nigh obliterated all her unpleasant feelings. Mrs. Percival's small, fair hand seemed to chase away the pain from her head with its magnetic influence. Mrs. Marston reading in her low, dreamy voice would not unfrequently soothe her into slumber when all other means had failed. All volunteered some assistance, and the result was that when at length the Bentleys took their departure, they left with pleasant feelings toward all excepting Miss Somers, whose violation of principle had been too flagrant to entirely overlook; and the good little Mrs. Grimshaw, whose principles in the eyes of Mrs. Bentley stuck out like bars of iron in every direction; and toward whom she still reproached herself for feeling badly.

Upon their arrival at the sea-side they joined the Grassdells and their party at the hotel in which they were boarding. When Mrs. Bentley had last seen her sister-in-law, she had given her a glowing description of the charming society at Parker's, and the delightful summer she was passing there.

Now she felt a little uncomfortable at Mrs. Grassdell's first question, for she detected the lurking smile in her eye.

"Well, how do you like Rocklandtown boarding by this time?"

"Oh, very well," replied Mrs. Bentley, resolving that she would not give her the satisfaction of hearing of her unpleasant experience.

But Mrs. Bentley was one who was apt to speak of what was uppermost in her mind, and had no tact at concealment, and the result was that one afternoon, when they were conversing alone and *privately*, she gave her sister-in-law a full history of the events of the summer.

"And is this all the trouble you have had?" said Mrs. Grassdell, with an elongated face. "Mere moonshine, why from what I had heard I imagined the whole house to have been in an uproar—everything dreadful going on, and you at the bottom of all the fusses?"

"Where did you hear anything about it?" said Mrs. Bentley, her face expressing the amazement which she felt.

"Oh, a friend of Mrs. Canning's told me. You have made yourself a name this summer, my lady, whether you deserve it or not; and I am not one whit sorry. I warned you that you would learn some lessons this summer."

"Well, now, what lessons have I learned? I am sure I don't know. Not to distrust every one certainly, for with the one exception of Miss Somers, I am sure it was more an unfortuitous chain of events that caused the misunderstandings there than anything else."

"Well, begin at the beginning with me, and I will tell you what lessons your experience ought to have taught you, and if you have not learned them now you never will. In the first place you found that Mrs. Haydon's motives were not so purely disinterested as you imagined them to be. Now next time a friend comes to you in great anxiety to do you a kindness, see what motives of her own she has to serve before you are so eager to accept."

"I would rather be deceived by false friends a hundred times than to doubt the kind motives of one real one once. Besides, Nellie Haydon probably thought she was doing me a kindness, as well as accommodating herself," replied Mrs. Bentley.

"There are none so blind as those who will not see," said Mrs. Grassdell, warmly, "and positively you provoke me beyond anything. I suppose Miss Somers was doing you a kindness, in your estimation, in telling these abominable stories."

"No, indeed. I cannot bear Miss Somers, and I was not at all diffident in showing the estimation in which I held her."

"There! another lesson for you! Such things don't answer, Anna. It was no use to increase her ill-will—you must learn policy, and no matter how much you despise a person, so that you don't let them know the opinion in which you hold them. There is two lessons for you to begin with. Now let me see what next. Why, your curiosity to know the past history of people—you must get over that. It is no matter who nor what people were, nor who their grandfathers and grandmothers were, so that they are agreeable and answer your purpose. You only make them suspicious of you if you show any interest in their genealogical tree."

"Well, I am sure I——"

"Don't interrupt me. There's three lessons for you. Now for the fourth. Mrs. Nolen may or she may not have said what Miss Somers told you that she did. Even if she did say it, you have no right to think less of her for it—she thought so, no doubt. You expect people to

think too much of you—but there is more evil than good thought of every one, let me tell you. Then there's that Mrs. Moodie that you think truth itself—I don't if you do. 'Consistency is a jewel.' I suppose it has never entered your head that the first opportunity which she had of ridiculing your peculiarities behind your back she would embrace it. No, I have no faith in her truth; and you were served quite right for interfering between Mrs. Marston and that Mrs. —. What's her name, that woman of *admirable* principles? It is *such* a pity you did not like her. I should place great confidence in a person who brought forward their principles on every occasion," said Mrs. Grassdell, sarcastically.

"Mrs. Grimshaw you mean. Well, now, she really did try to act from duty, but it made her very disagreeable nevertheless."

"I would not give a fig for her '*sense of duty*,' nor '*her principles*,' nor for her either. Yes, I would too, for that was a capital piece of advice she gave you. You never do get any thanks for defending your friends. The truth is, it is humiliating to be placed in a position that requires defence. I don't doubt but that Mrs. Hunter has flirted with Mr. Marston, and every other gentleman, married or single, who will give her an opportunity. I have always heard her spoken of as a flirt—a despicable character for a married woman."

"Ah, indeed I don't think she flirts, Ellen. She is attractive, and the gentlemen like to hear her talk—she has such an interesting way."

"*Interesting way!* hum! I just wish she had tried her interesting ways with *your* husband. How did you like Mrs. Canning?"

"I was very much pleased with her at first, but I know she did not like me. What was that you heard from a friend of hers?"

"I could not begin to tell you all. Do you remember asking her if her husband wasn't of low origin?"

"I never did. I never asked such a question in my life. Why, Anna, it seems to me people are crazy to tell such stories."

"Well, now, you certainly did say something of the kind, for she did not dislike you at first."

"Stop. I do remember asking her once if her friends did not object to her marriage with Mr. Canning, but surely that could not have offended her. I intended it as a compliment, for she is beautiful enough to have been a queen."

"Well, you *are* a strange woman. Don't pay people such equivocal compliments, I beg of you. I suppose you left Parker's on bad terms with every one, didn't you?"

"No, indeed, I did not. Only Miss Somers. All the other ladies were so kind those few days that I was sick, and did everything in their power to help me off."

"I don't doubt it," said Mrs. Grassdell, with a low, merry, little laugh.

Mrs. Bentley felt her cheeks burning, but she could not equal her sister-in-law in retorts, and she wisely kept silence.

Mrs. Grassdell, who was very clear-headed, and took an amazingly common sense view of everything, saw at a glance the estimation in which Mrs. Bentley had been held at Parker's, and the apparent cause she had given them for so holding her. She also knew that her sister-in-law was very far from being a wilful mischief maker; but at the same time she saw her faults in so exaggerated a point of view, that it unfitted her to be of as much use as a less prejudiced person would have been. However, what she said had the effect of causing Mrs. Bentley to reflect upon how far she had been instrumental in producing the unpleasant state of things that existed, and she saw that although her errors had been innocent ones, they had been errors none the less. She knew also from tales of past summers which she had heard at Parker's, that it had not been the first time that disagreeable things had happened; and she saw the necessity of great care and watchfulness in a house where so many dissimilar dispositions were congregated. It had been her first experience in boarding, and fortunately it came at a period

of life when she could not fall to be benefited by it. Thereafter she was somewhat more distrustful of those with whom she was thrown, and not quite so apt to fall into her old enthusiasms. Her undeserved reputation as a mischief-maker amongst the set she had met at Parker's she felt able to live down; and the mortification which she experienced at the time, was fully recompensed by hearing afterward that Mrs. Nolen, whose acquaintance she still kept up, and who continued her particular admiration, had said that it was impossible to form a just estimate of a boarding-house acquaintance, and that never had she been more deceived than in the opinion she had been led to form of Mrs. Bentley upon her first acquaintance with her.

I have finished my sketch. It lays no claims to being a story. In fact, I have been giving a faithful narration of actual occurrences. I have had my object in so doing, and if any one has patience sufficient to read it through, and in future summers to profit from Mrs. Bentley's experience, two objects may be served instead of one.

My husband, Mr. Jeremias Froth, says that I might have saved the paper, pen, ink, and time that I have consumed in writing it. Jeremias is a very clever man, but I shall have my own way this time. If he chooses to give a laughable experience of his own in country boarding, as an atonement for my dull, prosaic sketch, I shall not interfere with him.

ON PURPOSE, AND ACCIDENTALLY.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

SOMEBODY wrote to somebody:

"MY DEAR ADDIE—Bandbox your pink muslin bonnet and come to me without delay. *Francis Enderwood is with me*, and this will, I am sure, explain all. *Au revoir*.

"P. S.—Do not forget your drab tissue."

The young lady to whom this was addressed looked first pleased, then embarrassed, and finally contemptuous. The bonnet which Mrs. Brand mentioned in so common-place a manner as "pink muslin," was set down in *her* vocabulary as "rose colored," without any reference to the material; the "drab tissue" was "a faint grey cloud"—a poetical-looking dress for which words were altogether too heavy.

For Miss Addie Coltney, the object of Mrs. Brand's disinterested solicitude, was very much under the power of certain floating visions, almost as undefined as the figures one traces in summer clouds, which visions often led her into performances that were entirely different from what any one else would have done under the circumstances. When she could forget all this, and act out her natural self, she was a laughter-loving girl, whose mirthful spirit was the especial admiration of invalids and persons of a misanthropic turn—indeed, Addie's conquests among bachelors and widowers of this cast were, like the things in newspapers, too numerous to mention.

Her appearance was as variable as her mood; when her dress was becomingly arranged, with her ringlets just the proper length, and not too much of the corkscrew, she was pretty and interesting—at other times she appeared quite ordinary. To do Addie justice, however, she was very apt to be *becomingly* dressed; and her light curls, which she knew well enough to be her chief attraction, were always arranged with peculiar care. When looking her best, she was said to have "a picture-face;" and she seldom failed to interest travelled men and *bookish* men.

Mrs. Brand was a charming acquaintance for everybody, but *particularly* for young ladies. She lived in quite a poetical-looking cottage, which she called "little" in spite of its elastic qualities where visitors were concerned, kept carriage-horses and saddle-horses, half-a-dozen servants, entertained company by the score, and flattered herself that, because she had not a stone palace

in the city, she was *economical*. Mr. Brand had heard this so often repeated that he wondered why he did not believe it.

Mrs. Brand was the kind of person to whom people confided troubles, love-scrapes, and all sorts of hopes and disappointments. Too mature to be feared as a rival by the young ladies, and yet young enough to sympathize with the repinings of various discontented young gentlemen, she was constantly supplied with enough information to set up several fortune-tellers; and in return for these proofs of friendship, she employed herself quite unconsciously in endeavoring to bring together the proper halves that are generally wandering through the world at a respectful distance apart. Somehow, people that knew Mrs. Brand always seemed to get married, and she certainly knew very delightful people.

Addie Coltney was a decided favorite; and for some time past she had heard a great deal from her friend of a certain Francis Enderwood, who was always travelling in Italy or somewhere on the continent, and who was very fastidious and very charming, somewhat in the style of Mr. Rochester. The two had been often closeted in Mrs. Brand's comfortable dressing-room, and had sat upon the said Francis and canvassed his various traits until Addie knew him perfectly, and had his whole appearance laid out in her own mind. Mrs. Brand had told her that she was the very person whom Francis Enderwood would admire; he had, she said, the passion of the old painters for light colored tresses, and said so many pretty things upon the subject that Addie blushed and felt quite Sampsonish. Mrs. Brand wondered that he did not return—he had been in Italy for two years; and Addie, too, wondered—particularly as her friend had mentioned her to him in one of her last letters; and thus matters stood until the day in question.

All that morning Addie was busy in arranging bows of ribbon, gathering lace-frills, and doing various little nothings so indispensable to a contemplated journey.

Papa came home to dinner; and when Addie requested leave of absence, he smilingly consented—thereby depriving himself of his house-keeper, and appealing to the tender mercies of the three Irish servants who presided in her

absence. For Addie was the "sole daughter of his house and heart"—a dead wife's legacy—and her wishes were always the first to be attended to.

Well, Addie went to Mrs. Brand's, and found Francis Enderwood comfortably established there. To him the lady had said,

"I am sure that you will like my young friend—you are just cut out for each other—and I hope that you will be everlastingly grateful to me for bringing you together."

"I must say," observed her visitor, laughingly, "that I await with much curiosity the arrival of this paragon. She is a blending of all the delightful characters that I ever heard of."

"I did not intend to convey the idea that she was a *paragon*," replied Mrs. Brand, somewhat perplexed, "*you* may not think her even pretty, for she makes no pretensions to the character of a beauty, but she *interests* people. That vest, which you are so fond of wearing, cannot be called *pretty*, and yet it is universally admired."

"Then I am to infer that Miss Coltney is *grotesque-looking*?" said the gentleman, with a most quizzical air.

"You provoking creature!" exclaimed Mrs. Brand, "you really do not deserve that I should interest myself for your benefit."

"I thought it was for *Miss Coltney's* benefit," he remarked, quietly.

"You thought no such thing!" she replied; "for if I did not know that you were free from the least suspicion of puppyism I would not have mentioned you to Addie. To continue what I intended saying when you interrupted me, she is different from others in being *better*—not that she is of a decidedly religious cast—but you will understand what I mean when you see her."

"*Different from others in being better*," repeated Francis Enderwood to himself, "that is saying a great deal."

Mrs. Brand had certainly drawn a character that interested him exceedingly; and he found himself counting the hours until the expected arrival of the new guest.

Poor Addie! She had jumped into the stage in a happy, hopeful frame of mind; but a cross baby, who persisted in wiping a couple of muddy feet upon her neat travelling-dress—an unpleasant neighbor of inexhaustible proportions, who seemed determined to crush her—and a dusty side of an hour in the heat of a warm, summer day, entirely annihilated her equanimity; and when she arrived, she looked cross, disordered, and not over clean.

Francis Enderwood had watched for the clumsy vehicle, and was at the window when she alighted;

but his first impressions were decidedly unfavorable. He felt provoked at Mrs. Brand, and provoked at Addie for being so different from what he had expected; and with very little alacrity he obeyed Mrs. Brand's summons to come forward and be presented.

Addie could scarcely forbear an exclamation of surprise. She had enshrined in her own thoughts a noble-looking individual, with a flashing eye and eloquent mouth, and a cast of face dreamy and refined-looking in the extreme; she saw quite a common-place man in appearance, with no particularly distinguishing traits, and not an inch above the middle height.

She rushed up stairs to change her dress; and when safely closeted with her friend, poor Mrs. Brand was assailed with a torrent of reproaches.

"Oh, Mrs. Brand, how *could* you!" exclaimed Addie, in a state of the greatest excitement. "I could not believe that was Francis Enderwood!"

"What is the matter?" said her puzzled companion, "you do not seem to be pleased with him."

"He is perfectly horrid!" continued our disappointed heroine, "I cannot conceive the possibility of his ever being *endurable*!"

Poor Mrs. Brand was sadly perplexed. Her pet manœuvre was in the greatest danger of being utterly spoiled; for a telegraphic despatch in Enderwood's expression had already informed her that matters with him were in very much the same state. Still, she could not bear to give it up.

"You do not know him yet," she pleaded, "he appears very different to *me*. But Addie, dear," she continued, imploringly, "*don't* put on that green dress—green is his favorite aversion; wear this charming pink organdy—he will like that."

"For that very reason," replied Addie, "I shall avoid wearing it. I should despise myself for endeavoring to conform to *his* taste."

Mrs. Brand sighed, but in vain; the green dress was donned forthwith by her resolute visitor, and the two descended to the parlor.

Addie took particular pains to court the attentions of Master Willie Brand, a young gentleman who had just arrived at the dignity of pantaloons, and Enderwood conversed with Mrs. Brand. Addie did not acquit herself well that evening; her manner was cold and dignified, and seemed to express a perfect contempt for every opinion put forward by her new acquaintance.

Mr. Enderwood spoke of Naples, and the different places he had visited, the different entertainments in which he had figured, and Addie sat and called him names to herself, in

which amused the epithets "fop" and "egotist" were extremely prominent. Even Mrs. Brand was compelled to admit that Francis Enderwood was less *like* Francis Enderwood and more like a very conceited, disagreeable person than she had ever supposed it possible for him to be. "If they would only throw off their masks," thought she, "and stop acting!" But no, her puppets were obstinate and remained perfectly obtuse to all the signs, explanatory, warning, and beseeching, that were so liberally showered upon them.

An almost visible yawn, which Addie scarcely took the trouble to suppress, warned Mrs. Brand to immediate action; and her visitor readily acquiesced in her proposal of retiring.

"You are fatigued after your journey, are you not?" said Mrs. Brand, anxious to give Mr. Enderwood a more favorable view of her protégée's dulness.

"Not particularly with my *journey*," replied Addie, with decided emphasis, "but I feel remarkably stupid to-night."

The gentleman rose and bowed very coldly, and the ladies went up stairs together.

"Oh, Addie!" exclaimed Mrs. Brand, "how dreadfully you do behave! To think of the volumes of eloquence, sprightliness, and sentiment you have wasted on *me*, and now, when I wish you to do your best, you are no more entertaining than a post!"

"I should consider eloquence and all that you have mentioned," replied Addie, "much more wasted upon that conceited ape down stairs."

"But he never acted so *before*," remonstrated Mrs. Brand, "and he really is *not* conceited."

"Then why does he act so *now*?" inquired Addie. "If his natural character is so different," she continued, "let him act *that*, and I shall be ready to tolerate him."

Mrs. Brand wished to give Addie a few hints respecting her own conduct, but she could plainly see that they would not be well received; and with a sigh, she descended to her other subject.

He greeted her entrance with a laugh, and threw himself back upon the sofa in a perfect convulsion of merriment.

"Mrs. Brand," said he, at length, "you are a wicked woman! That wonderful Addie, of whom you have raved to me for the last six months, has not been forthcoming, and you have picked up the first damsel at hand to pass off upon me for your paragon. I could think of nothing, as I looked at her, this evening, but a great, green grasshopper!"

"Addie has a great horror of dressing at gentlemen," replied Mrs. Brand, "and when I

told her that you disliked green, she persisted in wearing that dress."

"Ah?" said Francis Enderwood, "I *like* that." And he really did.

But the next morning, Addie appeared in yellow, and his tortured feelings could scarcely bear the sight. But Addie was as calmly indifferent to the likes and dislikes of Mr. Francis Enderwood as though such a person had never been in existence. The night before, she had been a quiet listener; but, now, having, as she sagely supposed, studied her man thoroughly, she arrived at the conclusion that he was an egotistical fop, and determined to shake him a little in his own esteem. A few sharp retorts soon convinced the gentleman that he had been entirely mistaken in the very moderate opinion he had formed of her acquirements; and he smiled to think this was the paragon whom Mrs. Brand had described to him as being different from other people in being *better*.

Mr. Brand furtively studied the couple from over the top of his newspaper, and thought of two people obstinately persisting in sitting *dos-a-dos* when a glance at each other's faces would set all things right.

"I declare, I am almost resolved not to attempt to do anything more for people!" exclaimed the disappointed match-maker, on the third morning, "Addie acts like one beside herself—and Francis Enderwood has taken the most disagreeable parts of all the disagreeable people I have ever seen. I have tried pic-nics, boating-parties, every sort of excursion on which people have been known to fall in love—but Cupid still keeps at a most respectful distance. What *shall* I do now?"

"Let them alone," was the quiet reply.

At first, Mrs. Brand was disposed to treat the suggestion with contempt; but when she thought the matter over, it had quite a reasonable sound, and she fully resolved to act upon it. The case in question was a perfect anomaly in her line of practice, and, of course, required a new mode of treatment.

Scarcely, however, had she come to this wise determination when Addie received a letter from her father requesting her immediate presence at home. He was ill, but not dangerously so, being quite subject to such attacks: "But I miss your soft hand and gentle footstep, Addie," he wrote, and away went Addie to collect her things; and that very afternoon she was quietly established in her father's sick room.

Francis Enderwood remained with Mrs. Brand. Addie's departure did not shorten *his* visit in the least; but to all the lady's remonstrances he only

answered with a laugh and a declaration that the whole affair had been a most excellent joke.

"Well," said Mrs. Brand, quite warmly, "I have, at least, *one* comfortable reflection, Mr. Indifferent, whatever you may think of Addie, you cannot possibly think *worse* of her than she does of you."

"Ah!" said the gentleman, as though he should never give the subject a second thought. But he did give it a great many; and felt quite provoked that he had made himself repulsive because Miss Coltney did not happen to suit him.

"This is really something like," remarked the invalid, as Addie flitted lightly about his chair, giving little, magic touches here and there, which soon imparted to the room a peculiar air of comfort, "this is really something like—but I am afraid, Addie, that I have been somewhat selfish in recalling you from the gayeties of Mrs. Brand's house to the dulness of a sick-room, because I *could* have done without you."

"Do not let *that* trouble you, papa," replied Addie, "for Mrs. Brand's house was unusually dull. I was the only visitor, except a disagreeable sort of man, the loss of whose society is no deprivation whatever."

"Why, I thought that you expected an unusually pleasant time!" exclaimed Mr. Coltney, in surprise.

Addie just then upset two or three vials—whether on purpose or accidentally she never explained—but it diverted her father's attention from the subject, and he quite forgot to expect an answer.

It was a bright autumn day; and the town of N—, which was a sort of unfortunate mistake between city and country, looked particularly dull.

At least, so thought our friend, Addie, as she sauntered indifferently along, arrayed in the latest Paris fashions, which she always took particular pains to procure, notwithstanding her often-uttered assertion that "there was nobody to see." Not that Addie made any undue display, or looked in the least like the fashion-plate of a magazine, her bonnet was a plain straw, with a blue ribbon simply crossed over the top, but it looked as no bonnet except one fresh from the hands of a Frenchwoman *could* look, with a saucy, jaunty little air of its own that communicated itself to the face of the wearer.

Handsome carriages passed through the principal street of N—, belonging to people who owned country-seats on "the outskirts;" and gentlemen with moustaches stared from the car-

riages at Addie, and pronounced her "quite a passable figure for such a Sahara as N—."

Her father had long since recovered—materially aided, he declared, by her skilful nursing—and, since that chapter at Mrs. Brand's, Addie had become quite desponding and resigned; her bright imagings had been rudely shattered, and she had fully made up her mind always to live "a fair maiden in her father's mansion."

Coming events do *not* cast their shadows before, at least, not always; for our heroine walked mechanically on without the least suspicion of an approaching adventure, and could not have been made to believe that her good genius would have appeared in the shape of an old horse.

Yet so it was; she had left the fashionable promenade and turned into one of the by streets that led into the country. The residences here were quite scattered, and scarcely an individual was to be seen except a group of turbulent boys just let loose from school. They were conducting themselves in the outrageous manner peculiar to boys in general, whooping, yelling, and turning somersets with the activity of practised circus-riders. A poor, old horse, released from drudgery on account of age and infirmity, paced leisurely through the street, until, distracted by the noise, it roved wildly about from one side to the other.

Addie was somewhat frightened, and stood behind the shelter of a tree, waiting for the boys and the horse to proceed; but the sight of the worn-out animal inspired them with fresh activity, and they immediately commenced an attack upon it. One or two climbed upon its back, some pommelled its sides, and one hung on by the tail; while the poor, bewildered creature strove in vain to free itself from its persecutors.

Addie remained quiet until she could bear the sight no longer. It made her feel perfectly sick; and walking toward the noisy crowd, she addressed herself to the foremost boy,

"Do you know," said she, "that you are doing a very wicked thing in tormenting this poor, old horse? Do you think that such cruelty will remain unpunished? Let the poor creature go, instead of adding to its sufferings by such unprovoked barbarity."

It was a novel spectacle, a well-dressed young lady haranguing a crowd of turbulent boys, and so they appeared to think, for they stood gazing upon her with open mouth, while the horse took advantage of their astonishment to trot off. The oldest of the urchins concluded that this might prove better sport; and they pressed so closely around our Quixotic damsel that she wished herself safely at home, and endeavored to draw

down the black lace veil that hung on the back of her bonnet. But it was obstinate and resisted her efforts; and her situation had become embarrassing in the extreme when a gentleman stepped forward to the rescue.

This was Francis Enderwood; he had seen Addie from a carriage-window, but without recognizing her; he thought her an extremely pretty, stylish-looking girl, and was very much surprised to see the same graceful figure standing in the midst of a group of boys. He advanced nearer, and saw that she was annoyed and bewildered; in a moment, his arm had been offered and accepted, the refractory veil was mastered, and without a very clear notion of her destination, Addie walked on with burning cheeks and downcast eyes.

"I was afraid," said the gentleman, "that you might deem me intrusive—but I could not resist the impulse of coming to your assistance."

Addie started at the sound of that voice, and looked more closely in the face of her escort. She was not mistaken; in spite of the missing moustache, and the Americanized look that had superseded his air of foreign travel, she recognized her particular aversion of the preceding summer, and felt more embarrassed than ever.

But one comfort, he had not recognized her; and drawing her veil still more closely over her face, she hastily murmured her thanks, and endeavored to avoid all further conversation.

"I will not trespass upon your politeness any longer," said she, in rather an abrupt manner, "I shall now be quite safe from all annoyance. Good morning."

And she slipped her hand from his arm, bowed distantly and disappeared down the nearest street—leaving Francis Enderwood both disappointed and bewildered.

He was visiting some friends, who were among the great ones of N—, and to them he confided his adventure, with a glowing description of the unknown young lady.

"Haven't the least idea who your inamorata can be," observed Ned Duncan, as he nonchalantly removed his cigar, after listening to what he was very much disposed to pronounce humbug, "unless," he continued, "it is Miss Coltney—she is quite a stylish-looking girl."

He remembered the name, but thought nothing of it—there were, doubtless, plenty of Coltnays in the world.

"Introduce me, will you?" he exclaimed, "I shall be eternally obliged to you!"

"Well, yes—I suppose I cannot escape it," rejoined his companion, "rather ashamed to go there, though—it's long since I've called."

That very evening, as Addie sat meditating in her own particularly cosy room, "Mr. Duncan and a strange gentleman" were announced; and she descended to the drawing-room to be presented to Francis Enderwood for the second time.

Her face seemed familiar, and yet he could not exactly read it; and it was some time before he had fully identified her as Mrs. Brand's protégée. His astonishment at this discovery was extreme; and he began to think that he must have been very blind during these two or three days.

Annie soon discovered her power and determined to use it. She was not a heartless coquette, but just sufficiently spoiled to make the captivation and refusal of Mr. Francis Enderwood a very pleasant thing. Her face was beaming with intelligence and mirthfulness—a quick sense of the ridiculous gave point to every thing she said—and both gentlemen agreed in pronouncing her a very charming creature.

"This really is the Addie Coltney whom Mrs. Brand described," thought Francis Enderwood. "Why did she not show what she really was during that unfortunate visit?"

"This is quite like the Francis Enderwood I used to know before I saw him," soliloquized Addie. "Why did he wear so hideous a mask at Mrs. Brand's?"

"That Mr. Enderwood is a very agreeable person," said Mr. Coltney, who had entered the room some time before the gentlemen left, "how did you become acquainted with him, Addie?"

"Mr. Duncan introduced him," she replied, blushing at the thought that, although this was the truth, it was not the *whole* truth.

"Very agreeable, indeed," continued Mr. Coltney, "I hope that he will call again."

"One, two, three," counted Addie, on the slipper she was working; and she seemed to dismiss Francis Enderwood from her thoughts with the next puncture of her needle.

"I hope that you will not consider me too inquisitive, but I should *very* much like to know how you came to be surrounded by all those boys, and why they were annoying you in that strange manner?"

Addie laughed and blushed, and finally she thought it best to tell the whole story.

There was a sparkle in Francis Enderwood's eye that she could not mistake; and she felt provoked at herself that *his* good opinion should have such an effect upon her. He seemed about to say something; but after a few commonplace remarks, he took up his hat and departed.

Addie sat there and pondered and lectured

himself in vain. Francis Enderwood was now a frequent visitor at the house, and in the whole circle of their acquaintance there was not a more polished gentleman, a more entertaining companion, or one who had displayed nobler traits or higher principles. He was what the world calls "a good match"—he was a decided favorite with her father—and she began to ask herself what he was to the daughter? The question rose up constantly, but she had not decided it at his next visit.

A beautiful bouquet, composed entirely of rose-buds and heliotrope, was laid on the table at which Addie sat working.

"How exquisite!" she exclaimed, with a start, "are they really intended for so unworthy a person as myself?"

"If you will accept them," replied Mr. Enderwood, smiling at her enthusiasm.

"The smallest donations thankfully accepted——" but Addie suddenly stopped, for Francis Enderwood had seized her hand, as he exclaimed,

"I shall understand that *literally*, Addie, and expect you to take *me*, too."

Skeins of worsted and floss silk became mingled together in an irretrievable tangle—the bouquet was hopelessly crushed—and papa, who was walking deliberately into the room, as usual, became fairly frightened out, and made a hasty retreat.

"There is *one* thing," said Addie, as she put back her disordered curls, "which I have entirely forgotten."

He leaned eagerly forward, and said,

"What is that?"

"To refuse you," she replied, "I meant to do it out of pique for your conduct at Mrs. Brand's—and I don't know that it is too late, *now*."

"Oh, yes, it is entirely," he rejoined, "I should not believe you now, if you said it—and, beside, you were not Addie Coltnay at Mrs. Brand's, but a sort of wayward damsel who chose to assume her name. I should have acted very differently to your own charming self."

Addie was standing at the drawing-room window, pondering over these things, when she was startled by the sudden apparition of Mrs. Brand, very much excited and very much fatigued.

"Shopping *as usual*!" she exclaimed, sinking into the depths of a huge arm-chair, "and flying through every shop in this ridiculous N—for things that in any *decent* city would meet you at every turn, and almost cry out to come and buy them. How can *civilized* people live in such a place?"

Addie smiled, for it was one of Mrs. Brand's

chief amusements to abuse N——; and she waited until the tirade was entirely finished.

"But, Addie," continued the lady, "do put me out of suspense, at once, and tell me if that aggravating Francis Enderwood, and that still more aggravating *you* are really going to make a match of it? I heard the news this morning, and, tired as I was, I posted directly up here to have it either contradicted or confirmed.

Addie smiled, blushed, and played with the tassel of the window-curtain.

"Quite a tableau!" exclaimed Mr. Coltnay, "upon one face a never-sufficiently-to-be expressed look of astonishment—upon the other, a decidedly pleased embarrassment. What is the charade, ladies?"

"The charade," replied Mrs. Brand, is this, that I consider myself an extremely injured individual. I brought two charming people together—gave them all sorts of reasonable opportunities to fall in love—and, without the least consideration for *my* feelings, they behaved to each other so outrageously that I wonder they were not enemies for life. They part, as the novels would say. Several months elapse. Addie gets into a street row with a set of little miscreants about an old horse—when, just at the crisis up pops Francis Enderwood, conducts her out of the melee, asks an explanation of her rather singular position, and rewards her heroism by a present of his hand and heart. This is the story as nearly as I can remember it."

Mr. Coltnay was very much amused. "What have you to say for yourself, Addie?"

"Nothing," she replied.

"Nothing?" repeated her father, "a very prudent young lady! Well, I have considerable to say," he continued, "a gentleman called upon me to-day, with a polite offer to deprive me of my housekeeper—but, as I fortunately discovered that he was the 'disagreeable sort of person' whom you met at Mrs. Brand's, I suppose I was quite right in giving him a most decided 'no!'"

Addie turned around in some alarm; but Francis Enderwood made his appearance with an aspect of such intense satisfaction that she was soon reassured.

"My dear Mrs. Brand," said Mr. Coltnay, abandoning the neighborhood of the lovers, "what I can gather from the little comedy that has been enacted is this: take two people entirely suited to each other, and endeavor to lead or drive them into the traces, and they will rebel—*let them alone*, and they will walk in as naturally as possible. If match-makers could only be *convinced* that they hinder more than they help!"

MARRYING A FORTUNE.

BY JANE WEAVER.

"So Ellen Hazehurst is to marry Squire Newton's son?"

"Yes!"

"And to do it has jilted George Brown?"

"It is too true."

"Young Newton's fortune, I suppose, is the reason."

"So they say."

"Well, I hope she may be happy."

"Does she deserve it?"

The speakers were two ladies, and the latter, who was the elder, looked up from her knitting and spoke.

"George is an excellent young man, and, though poor, is certain to succeed in his profession at last," was the evasive response. "But then, however prosperous he may be, he'll hardly become as rich as the Newtons. In point of fortune Ellen couldn't do better."

"Fortune is not everything. Even if the two suitors came before her now, for the first time; even if she was not already pledged to George; I should consider her preference of young Newton a great error."

"You don't say so!"

"I do. Young Newton has been brought up to no profession, is extravagant in his habits, is not of the strictest principles, and has no great qualities, either of mind or heart, to render a wife happy. George, on the contrary, is loved by all who know him. Happy, indeed, will be the woman who becomes his."

"Well, Mrs. Jones, you may be right. But I've seen so much of poverty, that I can't blame Ellen. Many's the hard word I've known to pass between husband and wife, which would never have been said if the husband hadn't been worried for the want of money."

"Such persons, I fear," replied Mrs. Jones, "would have been querulous, even if surrounded with wealth. No station in life is exempt from annoyances and even serious troubles. Things happen even to rich people to try their tempers. Where there is real affection, and common sense to back it, the married have little to fear. But without love, or without forbearance, the wealth of Indies can't secure happiness."

"You think that young Newton will not make Ellen happy?"

"I know he will not. Ellen has a score of excellent qualities, but little patience. She is very sensitive, and he is coarse at heart. Her vanity has led her to sacrifice one eminently fitted for her, one who would have studied her every wish, and soon she will find herself, as a great author has said, a living body tied to a foul corpse. It will be the story of Tennyson's 'Locksley Hall' over again. God help her!"

The conversation was here interrupted, by the entrance of another visitor, nor did the two ladies meet again, until Ellen had consummated her treachery by marrying young Newton. But one day, Mrs. Powell called on Mrs. Jones, and the late nuptials came up for discussion.

"They say George is almost crazy," was the remark of the visitor. "He and Ellen had been engaged for two years."

"It's a great blow. But he will get over it. What will assist him is the conviction that he has been worshipping an ideal, for Ellen, if she had been what he thought her, would never have broken her engagement."

"She looks unhappy already. I met her, the other night, at Mrs. Warren's, and I thought, more than once, that she actually shuddered when her husband drew near: and no wonder, for he looks like a brute alongside of her. I believe you were right in what you said, when we last talked of Ellen."

"Her husband was carried home, within a week of their marriage, intoxicated. Some of his bachelor friends, who had come up to the wedding, staid for a dinner he gave to them at the hotel: and such behavior, it is said, was never seen in the village before. Poor Ellen!"

The forebodings of Mrs. Jones were even more completely fulfilled with the lapse of years. Young Newton went from bad to worse, became a sot and gambler, outraged his wife in the tenderest point, and finally, after dissipating his entire fortune, perished miserably on the highway, during a snow-storm, and was found, the next day, dead in a drift with an empty jug at his side. But, before this, happily for her, Ellen had broken her heart. Her children, two in number, would have had to go to the Alms-house, had not George Brown, now eminent in his profession, stepped forward and adopted them.

For he never married. Some men recover easily from disappointments of the heart; but there are others who never do. The idol, once shattered, no fresh one can win worship. George Brown belonged to this class. He and a maiden sister lived together, and became, after Ellen's death, parents to the orphan children.

It is not always, reader, that marrying merely for fortune ends in a tragedy so deep. But it never leads to happiness. Where it does not break the heart, it degrades the character, so that the wife, who might have been a blessing to herself and others, becomes of "the earth earthy," utterly fails of her mission in life, and dies at last having achieved no more than if she had been of "the brutes that perish."

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THE BOUND GIRL.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 369, VOL. XXVII.

CHAPTER V.

A YOUNG girl, pale and fragile almost as a shadow, came through the side gate of Bellevue. She hesitated a moment, looked up and down the street, and then turning toward the water moved languidly to an angle of the wharf, and placing a little bundle at her feet, glanced drearily down upon the tide as it tossed in and out against the timbers.

It was near sunset, and the March winds, that blew raw and cold from the river, seemed to chill her through and through, for her sweet, pale features became pinched, while she sat sunk in gloomy thought, and a tinge of purple crept around her mouth, which trembled visibly either from chilliness or coming tears. Her eyes seemed fascinated by the water, so dark and turbid that it appeared to hold some mysterious secret of repose in its depths; and once or twice she murmured, "Why not? why not?" in a voice of the most touching misery. Then she relapsed into silence again, broken only by a shiver when the wind rushed sharply over her.

"Where can I go?" she exclaimed at last, her voice breaking forth in a cry of anguish. "To *his* mother—she will turn me away with insults, as she did before. To my aunt!"—she uttered the name with a shudder, and shrunk down beneath her shawl, as if some blow had been threatened, and relapsed into dreary silence again. At last she arose with an effort, and casting a regretful look back upon the water, as if she longed to sleep beneath it, moved up the street again, her frail figure waving to and fro like the stalk of a flower beneath the light weight of her bundle. Thus she disappeared in one of the cross streets that intersect the Second Avenue.

We find her again, just at night fall, panting with fatigue, before a palace-building in the vicinity of Union Park, and there she stood, grasping the iron fence with her hands, afraid to advance, and physically unable to retreat. It was a pitiful sight, that fair young creature, trembling beneath the weight of her little bundle, and kept only from falling to the earth by the fast hold she had clinched on the cold iron.

The brown front of the building loomed above her with forbidding grandeur. The sculptured lions, crouching on the stone pedestals each side the broad entrance steps, seemed frowning her away. But there she stood, breathless and waving, afraid to let go her hold lest she should fall to the earth.

The gas had just been kindled within the house, and a flood of light came peering through the stained sashes of a bay window, and fell like a gorgeous rain around her, illuminating, as it were, her misery.

Catharine Lacy fell back, and slowly retreated from the glare, clutching at the iron fence at every step.

"Oh! that I could get away!—oh that I had not come! I am sinking—they will find me senseless on the pavement. Oh, my God, give me strength—one moment's strength."

There was strong mental energy in that frail creature, and the desperate cry with which she appealed to God seemed to win down life from heaven. She unclenched her hand from the railing, paused an instant, casting her eyes first to the basement entrance and then to the sunken arch guarded by the lions, and moved on with something of firmness, nay, even of pride in the movement.

"No, not there," she said, passing the basement, and mounting the flight of steps hurriedly, as one who felt her strength giving way, "I am her sister's child, and will enter here."

She rang the bell and waited, struggling bravely against her weakness, and sustained by that moral courage which is the only true bravery of womanhood.

"I have done no wrong," she thought, "why should this terror come over me? If poverty and helplessness were a sin, then I might tremble, but not now—not for this—not because I have left a pauper's bed for her stone palace."

The door opened, and a dainty mulatto boy, with livery buttons, and a white handkerchief visible at a side-pocket, presented himself. "Mrs. Judson couldn't say; better go down to the basement. That's the sort of thing for

serving-people, and folks that come with bundles; couldn't take it upon me to answer a single question here," he said.

Catharine advanced quietly into the hall, and sat down, with the light of a tinted lantern overhead falling directly upon her.

In spite of her little straw-bonnet and plaided blanket-shawl, the boy discovered something in her air, and the pure loveliness of her features, that checked his rising impertinence.

"Go tell your mistress that Miss Lacy—no, that her niece, wishes to speak with her."

The boy paused to take a survey of her person, and went down the hall, smiling till his white teeth shone again.

"Perhaps it's a lie, and perhaps it isn't—who knows," he muttered, threading his way up the flight of stairs set aside for menial footsteps. "But won't she catch it for claiming relationship, true or not?—well, I shouldn't wonder."

The greatest trial that can be inflicted on an ardent nature is that of *waiting*. When the mulatto came back, he found Catharine with a flush in her cheeks, eagerly watching his approach.

"You may go up to Mrs. Judson's room," he said, moodily; and muttering to himself, he added, "and much good it'll do you,"

Catharine was about to mount the richly carpeted steps, that swept down between thin, curving rosewood bannisters, like a sloping bed of moss mottled with forest-flowers, but the mulatto interfered, "This way, Miss, this way, Mrs. Judson ordered me to be particular and bring you up these stairs."

Catharine withdrew her foot from the soft carpet and followed the boy in silence. The warmth of the house affected her feeble form pleasantly, and she longed to lie down and sleep before seeing her aunt. The carpets under her feet were so luxuriously pliant, it seemed impossible for her to move. The air was bland, for as she pressed forward, the breath of flowers from a conservatory swept over her, and it seemed, after the atmosphere of Bellevue, like a gale from paradise. Oh! if she could but remain quietly where she was all night, without seeing any one, with that soft carpet to sleep on, the breath of those flowers floating over her. But no, the mulatto kept turning to be sure that she was close behind; for he seemed rather suspicious of her frequent pauses. At last he threw open a chamber door.

"This is Mrs. Judson's room, Miss," and he made a feint as if going back in great haste, but returned the moment Catharine entered the chamber, gliding along the wall, and peeping through the partially closed door, with all the

craft of his race, determined to ascertain by the first words whether the fair girl with her humble garments was really the niece of his mistress or not.

The room which Catharine entered was a spacious bed-chamber, fitted up in a style of grandeur which contrasted strongly with the mournful look and modest garb of the young girl, who should have freely claimed a welcome there.

A spacious bed stood on one side, the pillows overclouded with a light gilded canopy of grape-leaves and fruit, through which the crimson drapery, that swept to the ground on each side, gleamed like flashes of the sunset through a golden cloud. The same rich crimson broke through the open network of rosewood that formed the foot-board and side-pieces of the bedstead; and to this was contrasted the pure whiteness of richly laced pillows, and a counterpane that seemed of quilted snow. On a crimson lounge, severely magnificent, for all this grandeur had an air of rigid coldness hanging over it, sat a tall lady of fifty, or fifty-five, perhaps, with a slight frown upon her forehead, and her keen, black eyes fixed upon the door.

Catharine saw this, as she paused a moment in the shadow before entering; and she saw also, with a sinking heart, that the frown deepened as she made her appearance; while a quick pressure of the lip added to the displeasure of that haughty face.

Mrs. Judson had evidently been disturbed while completing her evening toilet, for though her purple brocade fell in precise and voluminous richness adown her tall figure, her head-dress of purple velvet and golden acorns hung upon a hook of gilded spray attached to the frame of her toilet-glass, while several diamond ornaments glittered upon the marble underneath, and an undersleeve of Brussels point had evidently fallen from her hand upon the carpet before she assumed her present imposing attitude.

"Well, Catharine," said the lady, with frigid dignity, "you have come again, I see; what is the trouble now?"

"I have no home—I am in want," said the poor girl, in a quiet, sad voice. "You are my mother's sister—sister to an angel in heaven—and in her name I ask you to have pity on me!"

"No home? no home? Are you not bound to Madame De Mark, the most fashionable milliner in Broadway. How could I or any one provide for you better? You astonish me, Catharine Lacy, by these complaints!"

"Madame De Mark gave up business almost a year ago," answered Catharine, with a degree

of gentle firmness that imparted dignity even to her tone of supplication, "she had grown very rich with one thing and another."

"Well, but you were bound to her still, she is compelled by law to give you a home."

Catharine smiled a wan smile, but with an expression of some humor in it.

"Madame De Mark's home! Do you know what it is, aunt? A garret-room in the loft of one of her own buildings. The lowest servant in your house would turn from it in disdain; and for food, why, aunt, this rich woman lives absolutely the life of a beggar, and begs refuse scraps of meat in the market for her cat which she devours herself. That was the home and food which Madame De Mark gave to me, after she left off business. Instead of learning a trade, I was compelled to sweep out the offices and scrub the stores for her tenants."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the lady, smoothing the trimming of her sleeve, "Madame De Mark forgot that I bound you to her, it seems to me."

"No, madam, she did not forget it; and because you had abandoned me, because of her knowledge that I was friendless, she made me a drudge. I was not strong, the work broke me down. Oh! aunt, I was heart-broken, and ready to fall down on my knees with gratitude for the least breath of kindness, and—and——"

"Well," said the aunt, looking coldly up, as the poor girl paused, her eyes full of tears, her lips quivering.

"There was one in the house who *was* kind to me, so kind that I loved him, heart and soul," continued Catharine, in a low voice.

"*Him*," cried the aunt, half starting from her lounge, "him, a man! Shameless girl, how dare you talk of a love like that in my presence?"

"Aunt, I have not another creature to love on earth."

"And who told you—who compelled you to love at all? It is an indecorous word."

"And yet 'God is love,'" answered Catharine, lifting her soft eyes, misty with tearfulness, upward, while her lips unconsciously pronounced the quotation.

"Don't quote Scripture here, in this infamous fashion; don't talk to me of love. What right had you to love any one but Madame De Mark herself? Thank heaven, I never found it necessary to love any one."

"But I," answered Catharine, with the most profound humility, "I had no other happiness. I never knew what it was to love myself, till he told me how dear, how beautiful I was to him."

The aunt arose and stood up. Her dress fell in

rustling folds around her, her black eyes flashed fiercely.

"How dare you—infamous girl, how dare you; leave the house."

"No, aunt, I am not infamous. He loved me, and I, oh! how truly I loved him. We were married, aunt; as honorably married as you and my uncle were. Do not call me infamous thus, for I will not endure it."

The aunt sat down again, wondering at the strange beauty that lighted up that young face, almost touched by the passionate speech, for she could understand all the pride that was in it, though pathos and appeal were lost upon her.

"Speak a little more moderately, if you have anything to say, Catharine; and if you are truly married, tell me how, and when. I'm sure it would give me great pleasure to have you well settled and off my hands. Who is the man you are talking about?"

"George, Madame De Mark's son," answered Catharine, drawing close to her aunt, and speaking in a whisper, "but do not tell of it; he said I might tell you, but no one else."

"But where is he? How came you here at this time of night, and in that dress, too? Madame De Mark is a rich woman, and the young man is her only son. Is this the way he keeps his wife, and my sister's child?"

"He is away. I have not seen him in five months. He does not know how miserable I am. Aunt, dear aunt, have pity on me; I have just come from the hospital—my poor baby is dead and buried."

"Hospital! what hospital? Not Bellevue? not the Alms-house?"

"Yes, the Alms-house, aunt. Where else could I go? *He* was away, and if he wrote, I never got the letter. His mother turned me out of doors, with bitter language and coarse abuse. I was afraid to come here."

"But if you were married, how dare Madame De Mark treat you in this way?"

"She pretended not to believe me—though I am sure he told her of our marriage with his own lips. She was angry because I would not let her keep my certificate, and said it was all made up."

"Where did this marriage take place?" inquired the aunt, quickly.

"In Philadelphia. He went there, when madame was away from home a week. She did not know of it."

"Let me read the certificate," said the aunt, extending her hand. "This young man will be rich; I must see to it. The certificate of marriage, girl. What are you waiting for?"

Catharine began to weep bitterly, and wringing her hands, fell upon her knees before the haughty woman.

"Oh! aunt, aunt, don't ask me—I have lost it—I have lost it."

The aunt drew back, and gathering the folds of her dress around her, as if she feared those quivering little hands might impart shame to her person.

"Oh!" she said, with bitter emphasis, "lost, is it? When—where?"

"I don't know. It was in my bosom when I was taken ill; but after that I know nothing about it."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the aunt, and the unpleasant gleam broke fiercely into her eyes, "and as you lost the certificate," she added, "what was the clergyman's name who married you?"

"I don't remember. George told me that the paper was right, and I never troubled myself to read it; but *he* knows, of course."

"Oh! of course, *he* knows," echoed the proud woman, disdainfully. "But the place? In what place was this wonderful marriage performed?"

"In Philadelphia."

"Well, the street—in what street did this clergyman, with the unforgetten name, live?"

"I never knew," answered the weeping girl; "but oh, aunt, do not doubt me, for as honor is my witness, we were married."

"Oh, yes, the proofs are conclusive," answered the lady, with bitter irony in her tone.

"Aunt, aunt, do believe me!" cried the girl, moving forward on her knees, and holding up her clasped hands. "*He* will tell you how true it is—*he* will get another certificate. He cannot be away much longer, let me stay with you till he comes."

"When he comes to own you, in my presence, you shall have shelter here. Till then, never enter my door again. Go now, and live, if you can, on this falsehood and its shamelessness."

"Oh, aunt, aunt," cried the wretched girl, "I am his wife—I am his wife! Look at me, do I blush? Does my eye sink? Aunt, I am innocent of wrong as you are, and as truly a wedded wife as you ever were!"

It was painful to see the cold, stern pride which rose and swelled in that woman's bosom, lifting her form haughtily upward, and quenching the color from her lips on which the last cruel words of that interview were forming.

"Leave the room, leave my house forever!" she cried, pointing to the door. "Go hide your infamy, and tell those romances among your proper associates. Compare yourself with me!"

"No," answered Catharine, standing before her aunt, pale and proud as herself; but with a pride that had a relenting dignity in it, that sprang from the womanliness of her nature so fearfully outraged, "no, aunt, I do not compare myself with you, not for a moment. Let that Great Being make the comparison, who looks upon us both as we stand; you, a rich, proud woman, turning your sister's child with insult into the street; I, a poor, friendless girl, feeble from sickness, tortured with anxiety, without shelter, and without a human being to care for me—let God make the comparison between you and me. Let Him judge us two!"

Catharine turned, as she spoke, and walked from the room, leaving her aunt standing like a statue in the clear gas light. The passion of that young creature had paralyzed her. She, so unused to contradiction, so imperial in her household, had she lived to be thus braved? What right had that miserable wanderer to call upon the God that *she* professed to worship? She would not have been more astonished had a pauper knelt beside her on the velvet-clad steps from which she monthly communed, solely to witness the sanctity of her life. Thus astounded and overwhelmed, she stood, till the quick footsteps of her niece were lost upon the stairs; then, with a deep breath, she sat down to compose herself, and even had resource to an enameled vinaigrette that lay upon the toilet-table, so much had her nerves been shaken. All this had the desired effect, and in a few moments the lady was arranging the golden acorns over her dark tresses, gathering them in clusters where the silver threads lay thickest, and regarding herself with great complacency in the mirror.

Directly a waiting-woman entered in answer to a touch that she had given to the bell. "Rachel, there was a serving-girl come here just now, did you see her? is she gone?"

"No, madam, she fainted in the front-hall—fell down like a dead creature before any one had time to show her out the other way."

"And where is she now?"

"Lying there yet, as white as snow, and as cold as ice; the girls have been doing their best, but they cannot bring her to."

One gentle impulse did arise in the woman's bosom, as she heard this. She seized the flask that had just soothed her own nerves, and moved a step toward the door; but a cold after-thought drew her back. "The girl might speak, might proclaim her relationship before the household if she were brought to consciousness under that roof. Nay, so little did she seem to be ashamed of the past, might proclaim her residence of

Bellevue, her very pauper condition, before the assembled menials." She laid down the flask and turned to the glass, a little paler than before, but with marvelous self-possession.

"Send for a carriage, and have her carried to the nearest station-house, there should be plenty of doctors there; besides, it is their duty to see to such persons."

"But she is insensible, madam," persisted the waiting-woman, who had some feeling.

"That is nothing," was the reply, "we cannot leave a strange girl lying in the hall."

The woman went out muttering to herself, and with angry moisture in her eyes.

The lady seated herself once more, and began to arrange the lace of her undersleeves with considerable nervousness. Something of human feeling was at work in her bosom, and from

time to time she arose and looked out of the window, always with increasing agitation. At last, a carriage drove up: and grasping the silken curtain hard with her hand, she half dragged it over her, as if afraid to be seen watching. She saw, through the dim light, a group of persons carrying a prostrate form down the steps leading to her own door. The carriage lamps flashed upon a pale face as it was lifted upward. The woman caught one glance, and drew back with a faint thrill of dismay. The face gleamed upward so deathly in its whiteness that she crept from the window, and cowered down in her sofa, tormented with the vague fear that the dead was appealing to heaven against her cruelty. For the moment, that proud woman had the sensation of a murderess.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MY UNCLE JOB'S CITY EXPERIENCE.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

AUNT JUDITH bustled about like a woman of consequence, as decidedly she was. First through the kitchen, then the passage way. Finally the old-fashioned parlor had a thorough brushing up. The china dog with a broken head was comfortably adjusted, the Declaration of Independence well dusted, and a flower or two stuck in its wooden frame, uncle Job's chair wheeled about, uncle Job's pipe laid on the mantel, and all things were ready.

Sam stood out by the old brown door, cap in hand, ready to toss it up at sight of the venerable traveller who had been "way off to Bostin." That was a door to speak of, to read of. Of a grey green mosaic, seamed and cracked and battered, it had borne the test of nearly two hundred winters, while the moss itself had turned white on its memorable front.

"There he comes," said aunt Judith, in a tone of subdued delight; and "hurra! here's the old gen'l'man," shouted Sam, tossing his cap in the air, "and I've shelled all the corn in the garret—hurra!"

And now behold uncle Job in his arm-chair, his face displaying a broad grin, his horn cased 'specs fairly laughing as he gazed around with the comfortable idea of being fairly at home.

"Well, home is home, ain't it, and the humbler the better, say I," exclaimed the good old man, with a confident nod, ensconcing himself snugly in his chair. Sam fixed his black eyes on me, the rogue.

"I'm sartain sick of the city, and city folks I was e'en a most going to say," continued the old gentleman, "but I won't, for there might be a few right straight down good people there, though I calculate *they* live a leetle outside, ha, ha. What say you, Sammy, (Sammy was my cousin in training for a farmer) like your place yet?"

"Farmer to the back bone," replied Sam, promptly.

"Specially when that old flail gits thrashing, eh? Well, I do feel uncommon good-natered this morning, and, to tell you the truth, I got flustered over there sometimes. I thought brother Joe's family was a leetle put back when they first see me, reckon they *was* surprised—maybe, and maybe not; I don't perticerlerly care.

"I thought it was funny to hear brother's fashionable wife say, whenever she introduced me to strangers, (p'raps 'twasn't calkilated for my ear) 'he's husband's brother; very wealthy farmer; owns most the whole of H——.' Then they was always askin' me questions about my beautiful, great farm *here*, and my fine lots there; and how many of my housen was *occupied*. 'Praps they didn't know I laughed in my sleeve, even if 'twas too big for the fashions."

"How are all the folks?" asked aunt Judith.

"Well—pretty well," said uncle Job, in his quiet way, "Hester's grown a beauty, and has mighty high ways with her, mighty high. She's like hot-house fruit, unnatural, and in consequence seems a power more than what she is. Jenny (they call her Miss Jane—but I can't pucker my mouth) is as nateral as life, just what she was last summer when she was out here; but Elly, poor girl, looks pale as a water lily. Fact is, she's too good for 'em, any of 'em;" and uncle Job struck the floor with his staff. "They never'll make *that* girl a fashionable doll. They're all down upon the poor girl because she likes a sensible mechanic—I say I hope she'll have him;" down came the cane again. Aunt Judith handed him his pipe.

"Rich," he muttered, "yes, if a man's only rich, it's all folks cares for. If I hadn't a 'bin 'husband's brother, very wealthy farmer—own almost the whole of H——,' do you think I'd a been noticed in that great showy parlor of brother's. No; I wouldn't a ben noticed no more than a beggar."

Uncle Job puffed a few puffs, and then he turned to my cousin, "Sam," his forefinger wagged accompaniment, "Do you bear this in mind, boy—never measure a man by the length of his purse—no matter if it's a pocket-book Money's a plaguey sight more apt to make a man mean. It's a sort of cooper; barrels up the soul and then *heads up the barrel*; and then a great hand writes on the top, something about 'riches,' and a camel, and the 'eye of a needle' in capital letters. Sammy, it's hard work to be rich and good too.'

"When I got to brother's," said uncle Job, "it was pretty late. Well, I'd been a ridin' for the first time in the cars, and my head swum round like a top. Gracious! how them cars do go, hey? beats all nater, I declare! But, Sammy, I've got a little story for you, my boy—oh! the exceeding sinfulness of human nater," and uncle Job heaved a sigh, puffed six times, and then continued, "after I'd bin in 'em an hour or so, and began to git a little used to the lightning, I saw a pale, miniky-looking little fellow, some younger than you, Sam—yes, I guess he was considerably so—sitting all alone by himself. Think I 'that poor child is in trouble,' and the old feeling about the heart came over me so strong, that ses I to the conductor, 'tell that little fellow yonder to come here when the cars stop again.'

"So next station I got the boy down to me, and I saw his clothes was torn dreadful, and his hair looked uncombed and neglected like, so I was bound to help him. So said I to him, 'how far are you going, my boy?'

"'To Boston for work,' he answered.

"Now I thought it was proper sperited for so little a chap to be seekin' a living, and I told him so; encouragement is good, you know, Sammy. Then I asked him if he had any narents: and he shook his head sad-like. and

told me that his mother and father had jest died of the cholery, and left him and his two little sisters, both of 'em babies. I began to feel choking like—but I forgot to ask him where his sisters was.

"'Well, my lad,' says I, 'where will you go when you get to Boston? what'll you do?' Shook his head mornful-like, said he didn't know—spos'd he should have to sleep in the streets with his little sisters, for he hadn't a cent of money. Well, that was awful; I begun to edge my hand into my pocket; I took out two dollars and a quarter. I stopped at a place and bought some gingerbread and crackers; he didn't eat as if he was hungry, because he said he wanted to save 'em for his sisters. I put that two dollar bill in his hand, good Boston money, and then," uncle Job buttoned up his coat, "I felt comfortable.

"By'm by I missed him. Says a gentleman to me, ses he, 'did you give that little rascal money, sir?'

"I could have—looked hard at that man. Says I, 'I gave a poor, depressed orphan child, who has lost his parents by the cholera, and is sup-
porting—'

"'Stop, sir,' said the gentleman, 'and hear my story. That little thief got out at South Boston, with his father and mother and six sisters and four brothers and two first cousins, and heaven knows how many second cousins, and I haven't seen my pocket-handkerchief nor your cane since.'

"Sam, I felt bad, I did," said uncle Job, reflectively.

After a pause, he gave a deep sigh, held his pipe reversed till the ashes fell out, shook his head, scratched it a little, and in a soft, musing way murmured, "I haven't seen that cane since." But I will tell you more of my uncie Job, perhaps, in a future paper.

THE BOUND GIRL.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73.

CHAPTER VI.

AND they carried Catharine Lacy to the station-house, still insensible. A doctor was sent for, but it was a long time before he came, and when he did arrive, the poor girl refused all assistance, but lay upon her couch, which was worse than a beggar's, racked with a sense of her utter desolation, till thought caused fever, and fired her whole system with artificial strength.

She spent the night without sleep, and in profound darkness, tortured with visions of her lost child in his pauper grave, and of its father. For the first time she thought of the latter with doubt and bitterness. Had he deserted her? She had read of these things. And her aunt, how cruelly she had taken up the belief of her unworthiness. What had she done to be thus treated by those who should have protected her? Why was she of all human things selected out for wrong and insult?

These were severe questions for a girl not yet sixteen to ask of her own proud spirit, in the degrading darkness of a station-house; and if her soul was filled with bitterness, when it could make no reply, who will wonder.

It is a terrible thing when a warm, young heart learns to distrust humanity, and is thrown into the world without shield or buckler, to contend with that coarse reality which crushes out all the rich poetry of youth and leaves bitterness in its place. No wonder poor young creatures, like Catharine, sometimes become reckless and sinful against that society which begins by being cruel to them. What Catharine might have done, after that night of fearful trial, if left wholly to herself, I cannot say; but God puts no human soul upon this earth to leave it altogether subject to evil influences. When humanity fails, then comes a sweet, low voice from the throne of God, and those who listen grow calm and strong, as flowers brighten beneath the warm dew which visits them in the night-time.

True, Catharine was an orphan, but who knows that the mother who has carried all her

earthly affections to heaven, that they may become purified, is not a better guardian to the soul of her child than she ever could have been on earth. No, no, Catharine Lacy was not alone in all that night. Two spirits hovered around her, and when the waves of bitterness would have rushed over and filled her soul, they were swept half aside, leaving the young girl more tranquil and strong of heart than she had been for months.

The heavenly love of a mother, which had partaken of divinity, and that earthly love, which draws us closer to the gates of heaven, had watched over the young girl in her deepest humiliation. Toward morning, she fell asleep, with a fragment of the Lord's Prayer upon her lip. It seemed to her in that half dreamy state, as if her parents were both listening as they had done years ago, and smiled to think that she was asking help of God once more. All day the poor girl slept. Once or twice an officer came in to arouse her, but there was something so child-like and happy in her slumber, that he went out again leaving her undisturbed.

Toward nightfall, Catharine awoke, and after partaking of some coarse food, which the head policeman had ordered for her, she took up her little bundle and prepared to go forth into the streets again.

Her plans were no longer in confusion. She would go to Madame De Mark, and ask the protection denied by her own relative; this was a duty which she owed to George De Mark, before throwing herself upon the wide world. She had little hope of conciliating the eccentric old woman, but resolved for his sake to have the interview. Very slowly, for she was still too feeble for much exertion, Catharine made her way down the city, strengthened by her own steady purpose, and saved from the torturous feelings of suspense by the very hopelessness of her project.

It was nightfall before she reached her destination. The dim stair, over which she trod, creaked gloomily beneath her light footsteps, adding to the evil foreboding that crept closer

and closer around her heart, as she entered the shadow of that now half-deserted building.

Her pace grew more rapid as she advanced, for the courage of desperation was upon her; and her knock against the half-closed door of Madame De Mark's room was clear and firm.

"Who is wanting me?" inquired a sharp, snappish voice, and the door was partly opened. "Who is it? you Jane Kelly, come in, my pet, come in. Is it good news, or bad, that you bring me? Come in out of the passage. What keeps you hanging back so? Putting on airs, hey? making believe you are in no hurry for the mate to that ear-ring, the sparkle? All fudge and nonsense, just as if I didn't understand it all. Come in with you—there, there, now lift your veil."

The old woman had drawn Catharine through the door with great eagerness, clutching her arm with those claw-like fingers, till the poor child almost called out with pain. She felt that the old woman was trembling with some emotion, which struck her as intense rage, and when her veil was drawn aside it revealed a face so shrunken and pallid with affright, that for a moment the old woman did not recognize it.

"What? what?" she hissed at last, as the certainty of her presence forced itself upon her, "you alive and here. Oh! ha, she shall pay for this!"

As she spoke, the wretch clutched her hand with a more cruel gripe around the young girl's arm, and gave her a fierce shake."

"Alive!—you alive and here," she repeated, "oh! but some one shall pay for this."

"You hurt me," said Catharine, shrinking with pain, "I come to you for help, do not harm me!"

"Help! to me for help—you, you!" cried the old woman, drawing back and pointing her lean finger almost into Catharine's face, "help certainly you shall have. Help to the house of correction. I'll help you there certainly. You can depend on me. But where is the baby, the dear little infant, what have you done with that, hey?"

"It is dead!" answered Catharine, with simple pathos, "I am all alone."

"So the dear little baby is dead, is it? what a pity! There must have been lots of mourners at the funeral. Why didn't you send for me, I'd a come with pleasure."

"Don't," said Catharine, lifting both her hands, and holding their palms out, as if to ward off a blow, "don't, unless you wish to kill me. It was your son's child."

"My son's child, was it? oh! yes, I remember

now. You were married to my son, as you call him, the last time I saw you. Perhaps you will give me another sight of that precious marriage certificate."

"Don't ask me for it?" murmured Catharine.

"And why not? I must look at it again and again, before the fact will make itself clear. Come, come, let us see the paper."

"It is lost!" said Catharine, in a low voice, "there is nothing left but my word to prove that I am really and truly your son's wife!"

"My son! you will call the young man my son, as if he even had a drop of my blood in his veins. I tell you he was De Mark's son by a first wife, and I ——. Well, yes, I am his step-mother, his father's widow, and his guardian till, till ——. But what's the use of talking? You couldn't understand it."

"But I understand this, George is not your own son, thank God for that!"

"No more my son than he is your husband, honey bird, be sure of that," cried the old woman, with a spiteful laugh.

Catharine's eyes sparkled. It was something to know that the old woman had really no claim on her for respect.

"But you have always looked upon George as a son, and you *know* that I am his wife."

"Indeed, *how* do I know that? Let me read over the certificate, and then——"

"He told you that we were married, I am sure of it."

"But his father never told me that he had ever been married, till he brought this boy home. Oh! they are deceivers all; don't put any faith in the blood, my dear; but just go away like a nice girl and hide your shame in the country. I'll give you a trifle for travelling expenses, and then you might make a nice match, where no one ever heard of you before."

"Hush, madam, I will not listen to this, it degrades me and my husband."

"Your husband, ha! A tender, attentive husband isn't he? Don't you wonder when he will come back?"

"Tell me where he is gone. Oh! tell me that, and I will trouble you no more!"

"Why? what would you do?"

"I would follow him to the uttermost ends of the earth, as a true wife should follow the man she loves."

"Would you, my dear? But that it just what my son does not want. He has left you, girl, and I tell you he will never return, never, never, do you hear?"

"I do not believe it. Sooner or later he will

come back to contradict the wicked slander. He is *not* a bad man!"

"Just as you please to think, my dear, only he is a long time in coming!"

Catharine gave a quick motion of the hand, as if to silence the slander, and, turning fiercely upon the old woman, demanded if she would give her shelter and protection?

"No, no, my dear, the thing is just impossible," answered the old creature, with jeering malice in her look and voice, "that would be owing to the world that I gave some faith to your romance about Philadelphia, the clergyman, and all that."

"It is well!" was the reply, and Catharine was conscious that a sensation of unaccountable relief went with her words. "Now I have nothing but God to trust in, all his creatures have forsaken me."

"Oh!" ejaculated the old woman, kissing her crucifix, "what has God, or the mother of God, to do with heretics but to punish their sins? Go away, dear, go away."

"I will," was the sad reply. "You send me out among men like a wild bird into the woods, but God takes care even of them."

"That's a nice girl, you'll go into the country away west or east, where no one will ever hear of you again. Don't come back to disgrace the poor boy, and I'll pay your passage in the emigrant cars just as far as you will go. Only let it be a long way off, and remember, dear, how much it will cost me."

"No," answered Catharine, "I cannot leave the city till he comes back."

"I tell you he never will come back, never! You hear me, never! never!"

Catharine turned very white, and clenched her little hand hard on the back of a chair.

"How do you know this, madam?" she questioned, in a husky voice.

"He told me so himself, dear; depend on it he never will come back, and never can marry you, it would make him a beggar."

"Why?"

"Why, darling? because his father just left it in his will that George should never marry without my consent; and if he did, that all the property should come to me, so, my dear, you understand how it would turn out if you were really married, he would be a beggar, and I rolling in gold—rolling in gold! Oh, if you only had been married, now wouldn't it have been a run of luck for me? But he won't do it—not fool enough for that—never thought of such a thing."

"Do you mean to say that George has practised a deception on me?"

"Oh, a little cheat, nothing else, of course you understand all about it; the certificate that you made so much of, all fudge and nonsense. Just go away, darling, as I tell you, he'll never come back till you do, and never then, I dare say,"

Catharine held by the chair still trembling from head to foot. In all her trouble she had possessed one source of consolation and strength, deep faith in her husband's love and integrity. Now her very heart seemed uprooted for a moment, she had no faith in anything. She leaned heavily on the chair, grasping it with both hands, but her limbs trembled and gave way, she sunk slowly downward, and bowing her face, cried out in bitter anguish, "Oh, my God, what have I done that all Thy creatures turn against me? Let me die—let me die!"

Madame De Mark turned away. At the head of her cot was a small hen-coop such as farmers use in transporting poultry to market. Through the bars of this coop two or three lank, hungry fowls were protruding their long necks, and set up a low chuckle as if they joined the old woman in mocking at the poor girl.

"Ha, ha, you understand it, dears," said the crone; "here now, my pets, help yourselves." She went to a platter that stood on her deal table, and dividing a cold potato with her fingers thrust half of it through the bars, and began quietly eating the other half, while she eyed the poor girl with a look of malicious cunning, apparently quite unmindful of the anguish that burst from her lips.

At last Catharine lifted her head and looked steadily at the old woman.

"Madam, if you have deceived me in this, if you saw George." She paused, the name almost suffocated her, and goaded with fresh agony she arose to her feet.

"Woman, woman, as you have dealt with us, so will the God of heaven deal with you on your death-bed!"

The next instant Catharine Lacy passed through the door rapidly as one flees from an impending death blow.

Madame De Mark looked after her with a wild, fierce look; then she snatched up her crucifix and kissed it. "A heretic, a heretic—why should I mind the words of a heretic? What right has she to call on God?"

But her grim features worked with fear long after she ceased speaking, and she repeatedly kissed the crucifix in her hand as if striving to bribe protection from it.

Scarcely half an hour had elapsed when there was another knock at the door, and Jane Kelly, the hospital nurse, presented herself.

"Oh, you have come at last!" exclaimed the old woman. "What news this time?"

"I have come for the other ear-ring, it's all right this time!"

"Dead?"

"Yes, dead, I gave him to my favorite nurse. The Irish woman wanted him, but I proved that she lay in a dead sleep from drinking the very night before we sent her home, so my woman got the child."

"And it is dead, ha?"

Jane nodded her head. "Paregoric for breakfast, cordial between whiles, and laudanum at night, that nurse always has quiet babies, can lay 'em down anywhere in a corner as on a shelf. If they wake up and cry, more drops, you know, you can't think how nat'rally they go to the other sleep at last; it's quite beautiful."

"But this one, don't talk of sleep, is it dead?"

"As a door nail!"

"La—a," ejaculated the old woman, with a sort of distrustful exultation, "if I could believe you now!"

Jane fired up in an instant.

"I see—this is to get rid of paying over the other ear-ring, but it won't do, I'm not to be taken in that way. Goodness knows the whole set wouldn't half pay me for the trouble and risk, to say nothing of one's soul. So it's no use putting on airs, I've earned the ear-rings, and I mean to have 'em!"

"There now, dear, there now, what an ado you are making, and all for nothing at all; dear me, who said a word about not giving you the ring, but the mate, just let me see that, and we will put them together; earned them, indeed I think you have, dear, and more than that by a good deal. Certainly, my dear, you shall have more than that."

"Oh, thank you! I deserve it at any rate, though the girl did escape."

"Deserve it, my pet, of course you do, and twice as much, but give me the ring."

"Not exactly!" answered Jane Kelly, "I was not fool enough to bring it here."

"Then you haven't it about you."

"No, why should I?"

"Oh, no, why should you—but you haven't pawned or sold it, have you?"

"Of course I haven't; none of your fine ladies will get a chance to flourish in them diamond ear-rings now, I tell you; they cost too much for that, and what I've earned I can afford to wear as well as the best on 'em."

"But why didn't you put it in your ear to-night, I should just like to see 'em sparkling each side of them rosy cheeks, why it'd be

a treat to see them and your eyes a flashing together. I wish you'd brought 'em, dear."

"Well," answered Jane, smoothing back her hair with great complacency, "it's no use talking about it now, for one ear-ring is safe in my trunk, at the hospital, and the other, you know, is somewhere in the room here, so it stands to reason they can't outshine my two eyes to-night."

"Oh, ho," ejaculated madame, softly, "in your trunk, well, I should a thought it would have been safer in your pocket."

"Not at all. I keep the store-room key myself, and no one gets to my trunk now, I tell you; the matron would give her eyes to see what's in it; but no, close bind, close find is my motto."

"And so you must have the mate to that ring to-night," said Madame De Mark, after a moment's reflection."

"Must have the mate to that ring to-night," repeated Jane, with a self-confident toss of the head.

"Well, now, how sorry I am, dear, but the room isn't safe for things so costly, you know, and it was only yesterday I sent it down to the bank."

"Indeed," drawled Jane Kelly, eyeing her friend distrustfully, "so you are certain there is no mistake about the bank. It don't happen to be under the bed now, in a little, morocco box, inside of one with iron clamps?"

"What, what!" exclaimed the old woman, starting up fiercely, "you know this, you have been peeping and prying about my room, hey? but it isn't there, I sent boxes and all down to the bank, so you can try at your game there, perhaps you've got a skeleton key or something of that sort."

"No," said Jane, rising in a fury, "but I've got the power to make you suffer, and I will, if that ear-ring isn't forthcoming by to-morrow night; my oath is good yet, if I have been in the penitentiary, and one picks up a little law now and then in the institution. It's no joke to bribe a person to murder."

"Ha, you're cute, dear—very cute; so you will make oath to that, hey?"

"Yes, I will make oath to that, if the diamond ear-ring in my trunk hasn't a mate by this time to-morrow night."

"But you forget," cried the old woman, "*that the baby is dead.*"

"Not at all, Madame De Mark, I recommended the nurse, that was all, she has had plenty of children before from the Alms-house."

Madame De Mark moved restlessly in her

seat awhile, and a look of crafty thought stole over her face. At last she began to smile, and winding her fingers softly around each other as if caressing herself for a pleasant idea, she said,

"Oh, very well, to-morrow night you may come again, everything shall be ready. You and I are not going to quarrel, dear; come to-morrow night, that's a dear."

"Yes, I will come," answered Jane, brusquely, "depend on that."

She arose, and folding the shawl around her with a defiant air, went out, muttering, "Yes, yes, we'll settle this business to-morrow night, no mistake about that."

After she was gone, madame stood for a moment listening till the sound of her footsteps died on the stairs, then she dragged out the iron-bound box, took out the odd ear-ring and thrust it in her bosom. Snatching up a queer, old bonnet, with a crown like a muskmellon, and a front like a sugar-scoop, she framed her witch-like face in it, and stole out of the chamber, treading like a cat and in reality appearing to see in the dark like one.

Jane Kelly had proceeded but a few paces from the outer door when madame reached the pavement. Very few persons were in the street at that time of the evening, for, though not very late, the building was deep in the commercial heart of the city, and few persons ever spent the night there.

"Oh, there he is." As the old woman uttered these words she darted across the street and seized a policeman by the arm.

"Burglary—burglary—I have been robbed. The thief has been trying at my door again—I have tracked her now. There the woman goes, seize her, seize her, she has robbed me of a diamond ear-ring; I swear it, I am ready to testify, here is the mate; seize her, or she will be off."

As she spoke, the old woman drew the ear-ring from her bosom and held it up in the light of a street-lamp. The man gave one glance at the sparkling stones and darted forward after Jane Kelly, who was gliding off like a shadow in the distance.

Madame put up her jewel, and followed the policeman, chuckling softly to herself.

"Is this the person?" said the policeman, leading Jane Kelly back, with a strong grasp on her arm.

"Have I caught the right bird?"

"That is the woman," replied the old woman, peering into Jane's face, "I should know her among a thousand. I caught her in my room, not ten minutes ago, robbing my money-box; picked the door-lock when I was out buying

groceries; had this very ring in her hand; you'll find the box open on the floor just as she left it. I trod softly, light as a feather, darted in upon her, snatched this from her hand—she ran—I after her, and here she is!"

Jane Kelly stood before her accuser as she uttered these charges, dumb with astonishment, and pale with dismay. She looked from the policeman to the old woman and back again with a wild stare.

"What is the witch at now?" she said, at last, in a frightened voice, wincing under the grasp fixed on her arm. "Let me go, I haven't done nothing; I'm a hired nurse at Bellevue Hospital—a paid nurse, do you understand?"

"Is she?" inquired the man, turning to Madame De Mark.

"Don't know anything about her, sir, save her hanging about my building about ten days ago, first and last time I ever saw her till now. That night I walked in the streets from twelve o'clock at night till three in the morning, the priest made me do it as a penance, when I got home the mate to this was gone from my money box, to-night she came after another haul!"

Jane Kelly turned upon her fierce and pale. "Woman, you lie!" broke from lips that trembled so with fear and passion that the words came almost in a whisper.

"Of course I do, no one ever told the truth about a thief—of course it's all a story, perhaps the magistrate 'll think so."

"You do not mean to have me really taken up?"

"Of course not; you've committed burglary on my premises, robbed me of diamonds worth five hundred dollars, and tried to do it again, but of course I ain't going to take you up, dear; perhaps I'm tender-hearted, perhaps I love you too much, perhaps you'll be marched off to the police-office without another minute's time for abusing me! Mr. Policeman just move on, I am ready. It isn't too late yet, and I want to get home again!"

"I won't go—I charge that woman with murder, perjury, false imprisonment. She's an imp, a wretch, a wild beast, I tell you take her up, I charge her with something worse than stealing."

Jane struggled fiercely as she hurled these words back upon her accuser, and almost wrenched her arm from the policeman.

"Hush, be quiet, I say!" commanded the man, sternly, "I'll have no more of this; come along, marm, we've held court long enough in the street. If we wait much longer the magistrate will be gone."

"Oh, I'm ready, I'm in a hurry to go," said

madame, with her glittering eyes turned on her victim; "it isn't me that delays you, walk on I'll follow with all the pleasure in the world; perhaps she's got the mate to this about her!"

"No such thing," exclaimed Jane, with another burst of passion, "you know well enough that I told you it was in my trunk."

"Oh!" ejaculated the officer, with a glance at the old woman, who gave back a significant nod, and cast another jeering glance at the woman.

"Did you tell me that? thank you, dear, it's pleasant to find a person so frank. You hear, sir, she confesses. Kind, isn't it?"

Jane was about to speak, and probably in her wrath might have committed herself still further, but the policeman dragged her forward. She made a little resistance at first, but at last moved on more patiently, though still burning with indignation, which was likely to break forth to her disadvantage the moment she was allowed to speak again.

Madame De Mark seemed to be aware of this, for though she appeared to follow the officer and his charge, every few minutes she would glide up to the side of her victim, and whisper some taunt or jeer that stung the woman's wrath into fresh vigor, and in this state she was placed before the magistrate.

The moment she entered the police-office, Madame De Mark changed her whole manner; the glitter of her eyes was subdued, her demeanor became quiet, and notwithstanding her rags and general untidiness, there was something about her which bespoke a knowledge of good society and its usages. Besides her face bore evidence of a keen intellect, the more remarkable from the squalid poverty of her appearance.

She advanced before the judge, and made her charge in a clear, truthful manner, that left no room for doubt, though the magistrate seemed a good deal astonished by the value of the property stolen; and when madame, with her usual boast, spoke of rolling in gold, an incredulous smile stole across his lips.

Madame De Mark saw the smile, and a little of her natural shrewishness broke forth.

"You don't believe me, you think, perhaps, I stole the things first myself," she said, sharply.

"No, I do not trouble myself to think of any thing that has not taken the form of evidence," said the judge, smiling with an expression that madame liked still less than the first; "to-morrow we will look into the case, if you will appear against the woman."

"But you will lock her up—you will not allow her to go home?" cried the old woman, eagerly, "she will hide my diamonds away, and I shall never see them again!"

The magistrate waved his hand as if to silence further speech, and writing on a slip of paper, handed it to the officer.

"Come," said the officer, touching Jane.

The woman turned sharply upon him.

"Where are you taking me?"

"Into another wing of the Tombs: don't make a disturbance now, but come peaceably."

"Not unless this wretch goes with me," cried the woman, furiously. "I tell you she is ten thousand times worse than a thief, she wanted me to commit murder, to let one of the sweetest creatures that ever lived starve on her sick bed, she tried to bribe me with that very ear-ring. I tell you, gentlemen, she is more of a murderer than I am a thief ten thousand times over!"

She was interrupted by a laugh, low and quiet, but which shook madame's meagre form from head to foot.

"Pleasant charges, very," she observed, addressing the magistrate, "perhaps I stole my own jewels."

"I shouldn't wonder," murmured the judge, scarcely above his breath, but madame heard it.

"Yes," she added, "and perhaps I engraved my own name on the back."

She held out the ear-ring, and the judge saw G. De Mark engraved on the antique setting. He had heard the name, and now gazed with great curiosity on its owner, for with all her apparent poverty he knew her to be one of the wealthiest women in New York. He handed back the ear-ring with a bow, and waving his hand, ordered the prisoner to be removed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHY I DIDN'T MARRY FLORA GOODMAN.

BY MISS ALICE GRAY.

ONE day I was rummaging among my uncle Joe's papers, and found a rough sketch with this title. Here it is. I was sitting last summer smoking a cigar with my friend, Tom Fairbanks. It was at Rockaway, and we were lounging in our own room, with our feet elevated on the window-bench. Best way in the world of sitting that. Wonder if ladies never try it when no one is near? Guess they do. We had smoked two cigars, and commenced on the third. There's something very strange about a cigar—it makes one cool in hot weather, and warm in cold weather. And there's a great deal in enjoying it with a crony! Tom was a fast friend of mine, and a fine fellow—yes, a real fine fellow—there was something in him. He was fond of society, and a great favorite with the ladies, and now as I looked off over the leaping waves and mused—cigars always promote reflection, they're a real moral institution, and that's why the clergy patronize them, I suppose—as I smoked and mused, I wondered why he had never been caught in any of the nets spread for him. There was a tall, dark-eyed beauty who had made a great impression on his heart. He had danced and flirted through a whole New York season with her, and from the way in which they both denied it, I had really believed them engaged. But Tom had suddenly drawn off, and left the young lady to point her toes and curl her raven ringlets for some one else. I never knew the reason of this, and with my mind full of these thoughts, I suddenly turned on Tom, and asked him why it was that he didn't marry Flora Goodman?

Tom took his cigar from his mouth, looked at me, arched his eyebrows, and then commenced puffing again.

"No, but tell me; you were very much taken in that quarter once."

Tom made no reply but to throw open his collar a little more—Tom and I had mounted Byron collars since we came to Rockaway. There seemed no getting anything out of him.

"Did the lady out you, Tom?"

I thought this would rouse him. "No," was the emphatic response.

He then knocked off the ashes of his cigar,

saying, "And so you want to know why I didn't marry Miss Goodman."

"Yes, I thought papa had been spoken to, and the bridal dresses ordered."

"No, I never had anything to do with Mr. Goodman farther than to settle myself in his chair when he left the parlor clear for me in the evening. Flora generally sat on an ottoman—long-waisted people look better on ottomans, you know."

"Well, you didn't tire of long waists, did you? I thought you admired everything about Miss Flora."

"So I did, then; that's my reflection now. And she was a very beautiful girl—a very fine one in many respects."

"And she had the 'go' about here too—something very stylish. What's the reason she didn't suit you, Tom?"

"She did, all but one thing."

"You were very long in finding that out then."

"It was something I saw that led me into the secret."

"Well, out with it, or I'll duck you the very next time we go in bathing."

"You shall have the story. You may call me foolish to take notice of such a thing, but I'm a little peculiar sometimes. I was to wait upon Miss Goodman to a party. I had ordered a magnificent bouquet, and talked to my washer-woman an extra five minutes about the 'getting up' of my linen. I had my moustache trimmed, and got a new pair of patent-leathers. I really looked well that night. Though I believe there is no connection save the alliteration between sensibility and scrubbing-brushes, even the house-maid gazed at me with a sort of pathetic admiration as I came down stairs. I never saw Flora more enchanting, and I glanced round Mr. Goodman's richly furnished drawing-rooms, thinking it would be quite comfortable to walk in and hang up my hat there. I handed Miss Flora into the carriage as tenderly as possible. She kept me waiting a long time in the dressing-room, a thing I abominate, but I was enough of a lover then to be as patient as Job.

"I tucked the young lady under my arm, and

we descended to the parlor. Joe, don't you wish the old fashion would come back when the gentleman handed the lady at arm's-length, by the tips of her extended fingers? There was opportunity then for some display of one's bringing up—a slow, graceful courtsey, and a finished bow."

"Well enough for you fellows that are so proud of your figures," said I, "but some of us are glad to get through the ceremony any way, without displaying our awkward shoulders and in-the-way arms—and if I might hint it, some ladies would not make it a very graceful operation."

"Oh! if it were the fashion it would be taught as a science; part of one's course at dancing-school."

"You are not yet to learn, Tom, that there are some limbs, male and female, that never can be made to work easy—the dancing-master cannot impart grace where nature has not properly prepared the material."

"Well, at any rate, we made our entree in style that night. Flora's smile and bend were faultless, and I can make a pretty good bow. The evening passed. Flora's behavior to myself and others hit the lady-like thing to a nicety. Her courtesies were shown so gracefully and so generally as to exhibit no marked preference, and yet there was an air, a slight manner, visible only to myself, in her way of receiving my attentions that was flattering in the extreme. Supper came. Terrapins and champagne make

one feel very complacent; but I was not quite so much exalted as not to notice everything Flora did. She was standing near an old gentleman, quite an aged man, over seventy, I should think, with a kind, benevolent face. He seemed attracted by her beauty, and was talking to her with a pleased expression of interest that made one love as well as reverence the silver hairs upon his temples. But she seemed uneasy. She did not attend to what he was saying. He was no dandified youth who might ask her to ride, or take her to Maillard's, or send her bouquets, and so he was not worth wasting her time on. Suddenly she interrupted him in the middle of a sentence with, 'I beg your pardon, sir,' and turning her back upon him, commenced a conversation with a fellow that walks Broadway with his glove half-off to show his diamond rings. As she took his arm to promenade, she caught the old gentleman's look, surprised, hurt and aggrieved. But no expression of regret came over her countenance. Her head was carried as easily as before, and her glance as bright. It was enough for me. I never forgot Flora Goodman's rudeness to that old man. To say the least, there is nothing more ungraceful in a young girl than any lack of respect or attention to old age, and it shows a want, a great want of something, a radical defect somewhere. The jig was up from that night; and that, my dear fellow, is why I did not marry Flora Goodman."

We smoked another cigar, Tom and I, and then began to dress for the evening's farce.

HERBERT MOLEEN.

BY JENNIE WEST.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 33.

CHAPTER VIII.

Two years had passed away since Herbert left America and settled in London, known only to a few friends by his own name, he had under an assumed one become quite popular as a poet and dramatist. One evening, as he was leaving the theatre, after the successful performance of a play he had just published, he heard his name pronounced just behind him, and turning round he perceived Mr. Stewart with a female on his arm that Herbert supposed must be Annie, but oh! how changed from the blooming belle he had last seen her.

"We have been watching you all the evening," said Mr. Stewart, as they shook hands. "Annie discovered and pointed you out soon after we took our seats, but you were so interested in the performance you could not look about you."

"Why, when did you arrive? Where are you staying? Can you answer all my questions at once? But tell me first how you are, Annie."

"Annie's health has been poor for a long while, she is now a little better, she says. It is on her account we are here. The physicians thought travelling would improve her. But we are at ———, come round in the morning. I am afraid my pet will not be so well being out so late to-night."

"Oh, yes, papa, I feel better."

"Well, my dear, wrap your shawl closer around you as we go to the carriage—Herbert, be sure to come."

"Most assuredly. Good night."

CHAPTER IX.

"Mr child's life is in your hands, Herbert. You know not what it has cost me to make this confession, but what weakness will not a father commit who sees his child dying—fading away before him day after day—aye, year after year, for ever since you left us, Herbert, she has been declining"—he paused.

The young man sat with his head bowed on the table near him, motionless and silent.

"I have Immense wealth, Herbert—but you can rise without it; you have talents that will bring you fame. I would not speak as though

briding you, it is the life of my darling I would have you save, if possible—if not, you can at least make her few days pass more happily. You say you are still unengaged, what——"

"Mr. Stewart, I will be frank with you. I have loved—deeply, unchangably—but she whom I loved is——"

"Dead?" asked Mr. Stewart, anxiously, as Herbert paused.

"She is now the wife of another," said Herbert, with an effort: after a few moments silence he added, "You now know all. I can never blot out the love I have felt for one—the ideal of my youth, but I have ever loved Annie as a brother. It shall be as you say—but will she consent after hearing what I have told you?"

"Why tell her, Herbert? Forgive me—but oh, you cannot know what I have suffered—to see my child, my beautiful, my only one, sinking into the grave that took my wife from me in one short year from our marriage! But I cannot press you more, Herbert—I dare not—forgive me."

"It shall be as you wish, my life shall be devoted to your daughter—perchance I may be of some service in the world yet. I have felt as though every person had something to live for except myself. I seemed to be a useless atom upon the earth's surface. You have given me a part to perform, oh, assist me now in the performance of it." He arose and placed his hand in that of Mr. Stewart, who pressed it fervently, saying,

"How can I ever thank you—but oh, if Annie should only learn how I have humbled myself—yes, and her too in your eyes."

"No, no, my dear sir, you have only opened my eyes. I ought to be glad to know that there are any on the earth that love me. I shall ever strive to be worthy of the confidence and trust you have reposed in me—but you will help me—you know my heart now, you will always understand me, and be near to sustain me!" Mr. Stewart bowed, and pressing Herbert's hand was about leaving the room, but was detained by the latter, who said hesitatingly, "Do not ask me to speak to Annie first on this subject. You can with delicacy and propriety prepare her for——"

"Yes, I will save you that trial; but may I speak as though I had"—there was a flush passed over his face as he spoke it—"received the proposal from you?"

"Certainly, any other proceeding might arouse her suspicions—but I leave it all with you. Believe me, my dear sir, you will always find me willing to do all in my power to promote the happiness of Annie."

CHAPTER X.

THE shades of evening were falling as Louise sat by the couch on which her sister reclined. Pale and wan, yet very beautiful were the features of Helen Loraine, as she lay with her eyes half closed, and her thin fingers wandering among the pretty curls of little Willie, his sister's babe, that was sleeping by her side. Two years had but perfected the beauty of Louise, which was of a very different style from Helen, her full bust, blooming cheeks, and cheerful elasticity of movement contrasting strongly with the pallor and languor pervading Helen.

"We start to-morrow for France, dear, sunny France," said Louise, with animation. "I know you will be well by the time we reach our native country."

Helen smiled sadly as she replied, "It may be so, Louise, and we will go over all the grounds around the old chateau, and visit each morning our father and mother's grave, and we will plant the sweetest roses by them."

Yes, and visit all our old friends. They will be so rejoiced to see us in possession of our old home again, and we will play hide and seek, Helen, as we used to among the holly bushes. I hear my husband coming—shall I light the lamp?"

"Not if you can do without, I much prefer the moonlight."

"Yes, I can see very well to get his slippers and gown," and placing them by the arm-chair, she hurried to meet him at the door.

"I have heard from Herbert," said the doctor, as soon as he was seated. "A friend of mine has received a letter from Mr. Stewart, who writes that Herbert is in London, and is now his son-in-law, having lately married the young heiress. I always thought he loved her. Strange, very strange," mused he, as if to himself, "I never could hear from him before, if he was in London."

"I am so glad," said his wife, "that you have heard from him. It always troubled you, not knowing what had become of him."

"How do you feel, Helen, any more strength

with which to begin our trip? Ha!" he exclaimed, as he felt her pulse, "something wrong here—nervous, very—why what have you been doing, receiving the farewells of your dear five hundred friends to-day—is that it?"

"Oh, no," said Louise, "she has seen but few to-day, and I thought her much better, and Willie would stay with her, and I expect he has worried her. I will take him away."

CHAPTER XI.

A VERY happy bride was Annie. It seemed as if new life had been given to her. Her step became more buoyant, and a slight tint of the rose again visited her cheek, and her fond father flattered himself that his darling would yet be spared to comfort him in coming years. Herbert was not so deceived, he knew how frail the flower committed to his care, and he watched over it with increasing tenderness and anxiety. The deep love and sweet temper of his young wife could but awaken more interest in his heart, but while thus admiring and loving, and though devotedly loved by her, there was still a void to him that nothing could fill. He was more cheerful than before his marriage, he felt there was some one who loved and cared for him, and he did not brood over his disappointments in loneliness now, but devoted himself to the young being who had loved him for years.

He had wealth now, and many would have been glad to have been his friends, but he cared not for them, but was only intimate with the few that had known and respected him as the poor author. Yet Herbert did not affect to despise wealth, but acknowledged the advantage he derived from it, as he could now give free scope to his mind and pen without the thoughts of remuneration to trouble him and fetter his bold spirit. It often seemed to Herbert that he possessed two lives, or existed in two separate states, both of which had for him pleasure, yet mingled with pain. When with Annie, her sunny smiles and affectionate manner won him from his customary coldness and reserve, and he would smile and converse as of old, though the remembrance of her feeble health, and how frail a tie bound her to earth would cause his heart to sink, and he would press her slight form to his bosom with a silent prayer that God would spare her to him, nor leave him entirely alone again with nothing to live for—thus when with Annie, he seemed to live for her alone. Yet when Herbert sat in his study alone, engaged in writing, there ever appeared a pair of soft, dark eyes looking down upon him very unlike Annie's, and he felt as in

the presence of one who knew every emotion of his soul, and under whose influence he thought and wrote. He had often tried to free himself from this delusion, but his efforts were all useless, the image of the loved one of his youth seemed ever by his side in these silent hours passed in his study—he wrote for *Helen*, and when he composed his most brilliant productions, the look of approval in those calm, spirit eyes was dearer far to him than the applause with which the world greeted them. Sometimes he thought that it was unjust to Annie to let the image of another share the heart she believed wholly her own, would intrude and cause him unhappy hours, though he strove not to reproach himself for that which he could not possibly prevent. Thus the months passed away, and the happy Annie would read and praise with childish enthusiasm each new work of her husband's, unconscious of the connection which Herbert ever felt between them and his spirit companion.

Before their marriage Annie had once spoken of his uncle's wife as a very beautiful woman, and asked him if he had ever seen her, but the cold and evasive reply showed her that it was unpleasant to him, and thinking that Herbert had not recovered from the unkind feelings which he had entertained toward his uncle, she forebore mentioning his name again, or that of his wife.

CHAPTER XII.

THE rays of the setting sun lingered about the old chateau, as though reluctant to quit its beautiful gardens, terraces and fountains. It was situated but a league from Paris, and was now again the home of Helen Loraine and her sister. The uncle who had robbed them of their estate had died suddenly, and his brother, a very different kind of person, on examination of his papers, found what he had long suspected was the case, that its rightful owners were the orphans that had been compelled to leave it three years before. He traced them out, and restored to them their rightful inheritance.

On the western piazza, watching the purple and golden clouds, stood Helen, her beautiful brow touched by a gleam of the setting sun. Very lovely she looked, and her rather pensive features lighted up with a quiet smile, as her eyes turned from the gorgeous heavens to the beautiful landscape before her. She was again in her native land, the place of her birth, the home of her parents. Many recollections of happy days were awakened by the familiar objects around her. Her heart swelled with gratitude to God, who had rescued her from a life of

poverty and privation, and had raised her up a friend in a strange land, one who had been a kind brother to her, and an affectionate husband to her sister, and had left his native land to gratify their longings to reside in their loved France.

As Helen thus mused, she reproached herself for not being happier when she had so many blessings. "And why am I not?" she asked her heart—"why am I not happy? I am wealthy—I have many friends—a sweet sister, a kind brother, a pleasant home. Why is there still a longing after something more? Do I still regard one who remembered me not?—do I still worship a phantom? Foolish creature that I am!" She turned hastily as though to fly from her own thoughts, and met Louise, who handed her a small parcel, saying, "Here, take this, you naughty girl. It's your birth-day, and you can take it, but you don't deserve it," and Louise shook her head laughingly at her. Helen undid it and found an elegant handkerchief, delicately embroidered, and trimmed with superb lace. "How very beautiful! and your own work too. Many, many thanks, sister dear—but why did you call me naughty?"

"Why, haven't I been five weeks embroidering that for your wedding handkerchief, and did you not this very afternoon send poor Jules off with a rejection half-crushing—"

"Never mind Jules," said Helen, smiling, "he will get over his disappointments, if he has had any."

"But seriously, Helen, I don't know what you do expect. Jules is handsome, intelligent, and wealthy enough."

"Oh, yes, I don't care for wealth *now*, you know, I have plenty."

"Well, he is young."

"As to that I do not know but he is too young. What do you say? Let me see—Jules is a good deal younger than your husband, and I am older than you, so I—"

"Now you hush your nonsense about our age. My husband is plenty young for me. But seriously, Helen, I don't know what kind of a man would suit you. Handsome, wealthy, intelligent, and very devoted, what was lacking?"

"Love for him," said Helen, quietly.

"Well, you are a strange girl. I should like to see you in love. But I am afraid such a piece of perfection as you would expect will not be discovered soon. I hope I shall live to see him though."

"I don't think you will see me throw my arms around his neck the first time we meet, if you do."

"Come—come, no more of that, if thou lovest me."

CHAPTER XIII.

ANNIE MOLLEN lay upon her dying bed. Not a fond father's, or husband's love, nor the best medical skill London afforded could longer keep the grim foe at bay. The healthful glow that had tinged her cheek the first year of her marriage was gone with the elasticity of her step. For months the tide of life had been ebbing, ebbing, and now it was at its lowest. Young and beautiful, she must leave the world that was now so bright and beautiful, so full of happiness to her. Her father, pale and feeble with the anguish of his heart, bent over one side of her couch, while on the other knelt Herbert, his eyes at times fixed with a despairing glance upon her fading features, but oftener with his face pressed down against the pillows.

She lay with her eyes closed, and an expression of pain on her countenance, her breath coming with difficulty, and the dew of death gathering upon her snowy brow. After a few moments she seemed to breathe freer, and opening her eyes she glanced from father to husband several times, then with an effort she placed her arm around Herbert's neck, and drew his face down close to her's, murmuring as she did so, "Dear, dearest husband, do not grieve so, you have been very kind to me, and oh, how happy I have been with you, it seemed as though a long life-time were too short a time to love you—but I must leave you now."

"Annie, Annie, I cannot give you up!" exclaimed the distressed Herbert.

"Oh, yes, Herbert, you can trust me to God—He will take me to Him—He gave, He takes—His will be done. Dear Herbert, try to be reconciled to whatever He doeth. There have been times when it would not have seemed so hard to me to die, but God knoweth best—He has let me live two years with you, darling, and oh, they have been very, very happy years"—her voice sank, and she seemed to close her eyes from weariness, while a smile lingered over her lips. Soon she resumed, "Do not mourn after I am gone, try to be cheerful, happy. I would not have my memory a shadow darkening your life. Think of me as happy, strive also to be happy. Remember what I say," she turned to her father. "Father, my dear father, I am going, but you will have Herbert with you. He will ever be a son to you, I know. You must love one another and stay together for my sake. Do not feel so troubled, father. Kiss me, dear father. Do not

stay here when I am gone, you and Herbert must travel, you must not remain in this place—farewell, father—Herbert, my dear Herbert"—her voice had gradually grown fainter. Herbert held his ear closer, thinking she was still whispering, but no sound, no breath came from those closed lips, they were still in death!

CHAPTER VX.

MR. STEWART and Herbert left England soon after Annie's death. They visited Italy, and remained there many months. Among its interesting ruins Herbert took more pleasure than he had supposed he ever could take in anything again, and its delightful climate had benefited Mr. Stewart's health, which had failed considerably beneath the shock of his daughter's death.

Other countries too had they visited, and more than a year had passed when they arrived at Paris, intending to remain as long as they could find anything in the city to interest them, and leave for America. Soon after their arrival, as time hung heavy on their hands, they attended the theatre. As the play proceeded, Herbert not finding much attraction in the performance, turned his attention to the audience. As his eyes roved carelessly over the brilliant assembly, he almost started to his feet on beholding not far from him his uncle seated by two ladies, one of which was the long cherished object of his love. How wildly his heart throbbed as he now gazed upon her as the wife of another. She had changed since he had seen her. Her form was more queenly, and was now clad in the richest of velvet robes, which added still more to the dignity of her appearance, but her lovely cheek was pale, and her eyes looked deeper and darker than ever. She smiled when addressed by her companions, but even her smile seemed melancholy. Herbert's eyes rested long and earnestly upon the idol of his dreams, and he could not repress a sigh as a faint, heart-sick feeling crept over him. 'Twas some time ere he recovered himself enough to call Mr. Stewart's attention to the presence of his uncle.

"Ah! I had not seen them. Strange—to meet here! Shall we not speak with them?"

"Pardon me, my dear sir, but I would rather not meet my uncle. You can, if you wish, but do not tell him I am here."

"I will not address him unless you wish to," said Mr. Stewart; "but I think, Herbert, you ought to banish these hard feelings toward your uncle. What caused them I know not, but he sincerely regretted your leaving him, I know, for I often heard him speak of it. But the

performance is about over—if you do not wish to be recognized, we will step into the shade of this column while they pass by."

They did so, and his uncle's party moved by them, Helen's mantle almost brushing Herbert, who stood scarcely breathing, his eyes riveted upon her form until it passed through the door. As they moved into the light again, Herbert was accosted by a young acquaintance with, "Ah, Moleen, how are you—I was wanting to see you. When do you leave the city?"

"To-morrow—can we not?" he added, turning to Mr. Stewart.

"Just as you say, Herbert—but you have tired very suddenly of Paris, much sooner than I expected."

"Call at our rooms in the morning early, Harvey, if you wish to see me particularly. I am anxious to leave here to-morrow." And he turned and confronted his uncle!

"Is not this Herbert?" exclaimed Dr. Moleen, in joyful surprise, as he seized his nephew's hand and shook it warmly. For a moment they stood silently gazing into each other's faces. Then perceiving Mr. Stewart, the doctor grasped his hand also, expressing in honest terms the joy he felt at this unexpected meeting. They were much surprised when he informed them of his residence in France.

"You will go with us to our hotel, will you not? Come, the carriage is waiting. Helen had sent me back for her handkerchief and fan, or I should have missed seeing you. What important events are sometimes brought about by trifles. Come with us, will you not?" urged the doctor.

Herbert hesitated. The cordial manner in which his uncle had greeted him had revived the strong love he had once felt for him, and he would have accompanied him had he not dreaded so much a meeting with Helen. It seemed as though a dagger pierced his heart as the doctor mentioned her name, and he felt that he could not meet her. He pleaded the lateness of the hour, in excuse for not complying with his uncle's wish.

"Then you will be around in the morning?"

"We expect to leave Paris to-morrow," said Mr. Stewart.

"Leave to-morrow! You cannot leave now—it has been so long since we have met. Oh, no, you must go home with us to-morrow and spend a month or so."

"Impossible!" said Herbert.

"Don't say that!" exclaimed the doctor, "there is nothing to prevent your doing so, I am sure. Why you would not go away without seeing my wife and baby, would you?"

An expression of pain passed over Herbert's countenance which the doctor noticed, and attributing it to the remembrance of Annie's loss, he said, with feeling, "I heard of your great loss and deeply sympathized with you, believe me. But you must not think of leaving soon. We will expect you around in the morning at — hotel: we will not leave for home until afternoon, and then you must go with us."

Mr. Stewart saw from Herbert's manner that he wished to avoid this meeting, and desirous of saving the feelings of both, he said, "Herbert has an engagement for the morning which may prevent his coming. I will be around—but do not keep your ladies longer in the night air. You will see us before we leave."

"Well, good night," said Dr. Moleen, hurrying away.

"He forgot his errand, did he not?" asked Mr. Stewart, as they reached the door. "Step back, Herbert, and see."

Herbert obeyed, and with palpitating heart and trembling hands took up the fan and handkerchief from the seat on which they were lying, and followed Mr. Stewart. They entered a cab and rode to their hotel. Mr. Stewart spoke of their unexpected meeting with the doctor, and made several other remarks, but received no answer from Herbert. Had it not been so dark he would have seen the agitated countenance of the latter, as he pressed the articles in his hand alternately to his heart and lips, and when they stopped he thrust them hurriedly beneath his seat. As they were parting in the hall for their chambers, Mr. Stewart laying his hand on Herbert's shoulder, said seriously, "I wish you would go with me to see your uncle, Herbert."

"Ask me anything but that, my dear sir."

"But what shall I tell him prevented you?"

"Tell him I have preparations to make as we leave in the——"

"Yes, but you have time to call."

"Then I have an engagement, you know I told Harvey to come around in the morning," said Herbert, hastily.

"Well, well, Herbert, I am sorry you will not go, but we will say no more about it," and the kind-hearted old man entered his room, bidding Herbert good night.

CHAPTER XV.

HERBERT entered his room, and after locking the door, he went to a table on which a lamp was burning, and drawing the fan and handkerchief from his bosom, he laid them on the table, and seating himself by it, remained long in

painful reverie. The hours fled by, and still he sat there, his pale brow contracted, and a look of such deep, deep woe in his large, dark eyes. His lips were pressed together, yet now and then a convulsive sigh would part them.

Oh! what sad hours did Herbert spend that night! At length he opened the fan, and glancing over its brilliant surface, his eye was attracted by some words carved on one side. Starting up he held it closely to the lamp, and plainly traced the words "Helen Loraine, from W. H. M.," and the date placed beneath it was very recent. "What can it mean?" burst from his lips unconsciously, as a wild hope sprang up in his heart. "Can it be that she is not his wife? Oh, no, no, it cannot be, and these are my uncle's initials and her maiden name. What can it mean? Dated but two months back!" Catching up the handkerchief, he eagerly searched for her name upon it, but was about laying it down in disappointment, when he discovered among the rich embroidery, worked in with the same stitch, and not showing unless carefully scanned, the name Helen Loraine, followed by the same date that the fan bore.

The excited Herbert paced the floor until the morning came. He never once thought of repose so utterly bewildered was his mind. Now hoping, now striving to quench that hope as useless and deceptive, he was summoned to breakfast ere he became aware that the night had passed.

"Was you sick last night, Herbert?" asked Mr. Stewart, anxiously, as Herbert entered the room. "I thought that I heard you walking about in your room, and I was afraid you were sick."

"Oh, no, I was not at all sick," replied Herbert, in an absent manner, as he seated himself at the table.

"Why, Herbert, you are breaking your eggs into your coffee instead of your egg-cup."

Herbert pushed back his chair impatiently, and rising from the table walked to the window. Mr. Stewart looked at him in surprise, but without speaking, proceeded quietly with his breakfast. Herbert walked across the room several times, when suddenly pausing beside his companion, he abruptly asked, "Did my uncle marry Helen Loraine or her sister Louise?"

Mr. Stewart looked up in astonishment at the agitated countenance of Herbert, who repeated his question in firmer tones, for his voice had trembled when he pronounced the name of Helen, and with an air of great impatience, ere his surprised companion could reply, "Why Louise, the younger one."

"My God!" ejaculated Herbert, as he sank into a seat.

"Did you think it was Helen?" asked Mr. Stewart.

Herbert could only bow.

"And it was Helen Loraine you loved?" Mr. Stewart had advanced to Herbert's side and laid his hand upon his arm, as he asked this earnestly.

"It was," answered Herbert.

"It may be then you may yet gain her hand. She is still unmarried, perhaps unengaged. Cheer up, such love as yours should surely be rewarded. We do not know. But we will hope that happiness may yet be in store for you." Encouraged by the kind words of his friend, Herbert told over the history of his early love and disappointment. Taking the fan and handkerchief from his bosom, he showed him what had first caused him to think he might be mistaken as to his uncle's choice. "As my uncle said, 'what important events are sometimes brought about by trifles.'"

"True, very true," said Mr. Stewart, adding, "I will take those along as I am now going to call."

"I will accompany you!" exclaimed Herbert, springing from his chair.

"But, my son, you have preparations to make, as we leave——"

"Not till I know my fate will I leave Paris!"

"But you have an engagement, you know you told Harvey——"

"Spare me, my dear sir, for heaven's sake come on."

CHAPTER XVI.

A MONTH has passed away, and a happy group are seated on the piazza of the chateau, consisting of Mr. Stewart, Dr. Moleen, his fair wife, and little Willie. But where is Helen and Herbert, you ask. Come with me to the library at the far end of the piazza, the mischievous glances of Louise have been directed toward it several times already, and you will find them seated on the sofa. With flushed cheeks, and eyes that fairly sparkle with the intensity of his feelings, Herbert is pouring into Helen's ear the story of his love, but his heart sinks as he draws near its close, and she sits still and statue-like, no tell-tale blushes tint her fair cheeks, the long, dark lashes are not raised to permit one ray of love-light from those lovely eyes to shine upon the anxious lover, whose whole soul is now thrilling with the torture of suspense. Thus she sits with her taper fingers clasped over a book in her lap. He has ceased speaking, and leans earnestly

toward her—still no response, nor does she raise her eyes.

“Helen, dear Helen, will you not answer me?”

“You ask for my love,” she answered, in low, quiet tones. “It is not mine to give.” Herbert started as though he had been struck, his cheek becoming as pale as hers, while she continued, “Years ago I loved, deeply, fondly, that love still reigns in my heart. What you ask I cannot give you.” Herbert could scarcely suppress a groan of anguish, but he strove manfully with the agony of his spirit. “’Twas in America I first met him I loved. I was poor, my sister and

myself toiled for our daily bread,” a quiet smile stole over her lips, “his kind smile went like sunshine to my sad heart. Dearer by far than all the gems that wealth can buy has been this little gift from him,” she opened the book she held and displayed a moss rose-bud pressed between its leaves.

“His name?” eagerly demanded Herbert, as he strove to fathom the deep meaning in the beautiful eyes now raised, for the first time, to his. There was a blush on her cheek now, as with trembling lips she murmured “Herbert Moleen.”

IN THE CLOUDS: A RHAPSODY.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

I HAVE just returned from a gallop on horse-back, and every vein tingles yet with the excitement of the motion. But I have come back also from the clouds. While I sit and write, they are with me as in a dream. The clouds, the wonderful clouds! with their sunny slopes, their ruby mountains, their golden cliffs, their unfathomable abysses of gloom, their Dante-like visions of Paradise, their Miltonic glimpses into gulfs of eternal woe.

It had been raining all day, but toward four o'clock the sun burst forth; and saddling Gipsy, away I went. The mare was as glad as I to be out on the breezy hills, and both were wild as young hawks. Curvetting and snorting, she careered along, her black mane flying out like a storm-cloud; while I, excited as a school-boy on a holiday, could hardly keep from shouting. Stolid, middle-aged couples, jogging along in close-shut carriages, looked back at us curiously through the window, as if they half suspected I was a mudman; for why should a sane person, they reasoned, splash through mud and water, at the imminent risk of being caught in a shower, when he might doze in a chariot, behind two sleek, safe-going horses.

Why? Because, if there was no other reason, it was a field-day in the clouds, or rather an actual battle, an Austerlitz at the least: and the heavens were alive with armies. You could not see it, oh! respectable nonentities of flunkeydom, as you winked and blinked on your damask cushions; but I could, and so could Gipsy, for why else than because she heard it afar off, was her "mane clothed with thunder," and her eyes afire with lightnings? When the now dead Czar held his annual review, the vast plain, it is said, fairly blazed with the glory of arms, of uniforms, of banners, of mailed Circassians, and of shining horses; but as the multitudinous armies of the clouds, this afternoon, charged, wheeled, retreated, rallied, and charged again, the spectacle was ten thousand times grander. At times the whole sky became as dark as night. It was when the black battalions, every one with its vow of death, rushed to the conflict. At times, the heavens were crimsoned far and near. It was when the great sun, the Achilles of the fight, drove his chariot headlong through the

ranks of the foe, till its wheels rolled everywhere in blood. The victory at last was won. Sullen and grim, the cloudy hosts fell back, yet facing defiantly; while, as they retired, the conqueror advanced. He came with pennon and banner borne triumphant, with squadrons of gilded cuirassiers thronging and thronging out of sight, with legions on legions arrayed in purple and gold, with priests swinging incense that rose in amber clouds, with myriads of swords glittering as the exultant warriors shook them aloft. I heard the cymbals sounding. Yes! the cymbals, and the trumpets, and the shouts; and you also would have heard them, if you had been there, and seen, as I saw; for even yet the words ring in my ears, "Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates."

Men have written of mountains, of the forest, and of the sea: but the clouds suggest all of these, and in their most poetical aspects; and so I will write of the clouds. What can be more beautiful than the ever-varying clouds? On the sea or the mountains, at morning or evening, in sunny translucent skies, or after a day of tempest, clouds are ever lovely, and often sublime. Men pay enormous sums for pictures by Claude or Turner, but as I rode home to-day, I saw one finer than either ever painted. Some green woods on the left, sparkling after the rain; above them a cloud, blood-red, in the sunset; and partly in front, and brought out against all, a volume of pitchy-black vapor. A bit of sunshine, a few trees, the smoke from a brick-kiln; and lo! a picture, that, on canvass, would have been worth a thousand guineas. Men have made pilgrimages to Italy, and have served art, as Jacob did Laban, for twice seven years, yet brought back nothing equal to this. Why will not artists study clouds? Turner did, and those who know Nature, as revealed in clouds at least, will ever worship him. Most painters make you a cloud so wooden and heavy that it looks as if it would fall and crush the cows in the pastures below: while others, who succeed in giving it an ærial look, fail to catch the atmosphere, or hit off the magic transmutation which direct and reflected lights always bestow on clouds. We repeat it: clouds, well studied, would be better than years abroad. I remember a picture by Cropsey, a

brilliant noonday over mountains, in which white, fleecy clouds, tipped with sunshine, float lazily in a sky of transparent blue. It makes me drowsy to look at, bringing up visions of summer afternoons, till I almost hear the bees humming in the clover.

Clouds at sunset have been described to sufficing. Yet clouds at sunrise are as magnificent. Turner has a picture, in which a steam-tug is towing a man-of-war out of harbor, under the light of a belated moon; while, in the opposite horizon, the sun is rising through clouds and fog in that profusion of gorgeous color, which Turner delighted in. There is nothing in the picture but this. The cold blue on the left, the crescent reflected in the steely water, the black tug with the white vapor issuing from the steam-pipe and on the right the many-hued clouds, as they lie on the horizon, like a city on fire. A thousand times have I seen such contrasts; yet the public and even artists call Turner extravagant which, take my word for it, they would not do, if they had studied Nature as he did. My memory is a gallery of such pictures, as grand as any Turner ever painted: they rise before me, thank God, continually; and I have no need to go to the British Gallery, or to have the purse of a duke, to enjoy them.

Clouds over the sea are surpassingly beautiful. On a summer day, when the sun is setting, look out eastward, if there are clouds in the sky, and you will see whole fields of amber. Moonlight with clouds, and the ocean under all, fairly brings back fairy-land. Now the whole wide expanse of water grows dark, except a thread of light on the sea-board, that seems a white coast with the sun shining on it: now a lake of silver succeeds, far off, as if on a solitary plain; now the black bank of cloud, behind which the plane has been, begins to whiten on its upper edge, and now a bridge of glory is suddenly thrown across the deep to the strand at your very feet, and breathlessly you await, for one moment of rapt delusion, to see the gates of heaven open, and angels come and go along that celestial pathway. Clouds, with the moon wading through them, how melancholy they are! As a boy, I used to gaze bewildered on such scenes, wondering if when I died I should unravel the mystery of that still cold planet, and should fly above the clouds. The moon and the clouds, in some inexpressible way, affected me with a sense of mystery; reached depths of my young existence that no other plummet had yet sounded; stirred divinest emotions of love, and adoration, and awe. Thunder-clouds influenced me as powerfully: but they did it in a different manner. I was then

so to speak, excited out of myself; I cried aha, aha, as when the horse snuffs the battle. I could not comprehend why some people fled in terror from such sights, for to me they had a strange fascination: and I compared them, even then, to armies marching against each other, dark armies of the skies. The old Norse blood in me kindled: I rejoiced in the approaching fight. It is the fashion, in these days, to call such emotions brutal. But I hold, with that excellent Christian, Dr. Arnold, that the man, whose pulse does not quicken at reading of a great battle, has a moral defect somewhere in his character.

Science, when it analyzes the clouds, rises into poetry. It tells us that the vapor, whose gold and purple decks the sunset, came but yesterday from other latitudes, perhaps from other hemispheres. The rain-clouds, that will to-morrow deluge the valley of the Mississippi, were evaporated from the distant waters of the South Pacific. Probably some dusky Tahitian girl but lately arranged the flowers in her hair, by mirroring them in the brook, whose atoms now float in yonder summer cloud, that, all the afternoon, has been wandering about the blue, "like a white lamb astray." The welcome clouds, promising shade and coolness to the wearied warriors in the Crimea, were first distilled from the South Atlantic, and but yesterday kissed the Victoria Regia, in its original haunt, far up the Amazon. Without the ministry of clouds the earth would be scorched up, the grass would not grow, seeds would no longer germinate, trees and plants would cease to blossom, and the whole earth would become one vast Sahara. It is the cloud, fresh from the icebergs of the North, that cools the parched atmosphere when the north wind blows in summer. It is the cloud that mitigates the fierce heat for the traveller in the tropics. The absence of clouds, in central Tartary, has kept alive, age after age, that horde of nomades, who, under Genghis Khan and Tamerlane, have twice desolated the world, and may yet again become "the scourge of God" for enervated civilizations. The machinery of the clouds was first set up before the globe was peopled, yet it works to-day as steadily as it did thousands of years ago. Evaporated over vast areas of equatorial ocean, the vapors ascend into the upper atmosphere, are borne by the trade-winds to colder zones, are condensed on the sides of snow-covered mountains, become palpable to the eye in the shape of clouds, and descend in refreshing rains. It is the dissolving cloud that patters gently on the roof, or sings among the grape-leaves of the arbor, on a hushed summer afternoon: and it is

still the cloud which rushes down in torrents, which rattles in hail, which softly whitens the fields with snow, or which blinds the wayfarer in the mountain gorge with a hurricane of wildly intermingled snow and hail and rain. Forever and forever, since the morning stars sang together over the world's creation, the clouds have kept up their circuit. Rising from the great deep, they have girdled the globe, and falling in showers, have flowed in rivers back to the sea, whose currents have then carried them to their original home. Truly did Holy Writ, centuries before science demonstrated this, exclaim, "note the place whence the rivers come, thither they return again."

I have seen in clouds all things that are great and beautiful. Yesterday, I looked across the hills, and lo! in the west, where the sun shone on gathering storm-clouds, were the Delectable Mountains, the same that Bunyan beheld, when, in holy visions, he followed the pilgrims on their progress. In a little while, the mountains were gone, but in the sunlit crimson clouds, impending over the still waters of the Schuylkill, I recognized the New Jerusalem, with its streets of gold and ruby, and the river flowing quietly beneath into which white angels went down to welcome Christian. At other times I have seen enchanted gardens, such as Alladin walked in; Appenines white with snow; Mount Blanc with its rosy brow; seas of death beating incessant, with black surf, on iron-bound coasts. Or I have watched Homeric battles, or seen the great struggle of the Titans, or beheld the war in which Lucifer was hurled from the battlements of heaven, descending prone for nine full days, falling and falling daily into deeper abysses of darkness and woe. Or I have looked into forests, whose far vistas suggested tales of magic, till I almost expected to behold an Armida emerge from the gloom. Again, and I have seen that ebon river, down which the dead lady of Shalott legend, the poor, enchanted prisoner, floated stilly at midnight. Or smiling mountains, with fair Arcadian slopes in front, where one waits for shepherdesses to appear crowned with flowers, if not to hear the reedy pipe. Have you not seen these things also? Go out, with a soul alive to Nature, and doubt not but they will be revealed to you.

There are no colors like those of the clouds. Titian never rivalled them. He and all the great painters have stood afar off and worshipped, feeling that they could not enter the holy sanctuary. What pencil can catch the sunlight on a cloud? Or imitate the transparency of amber-clouds? Or more than hint at the gorgeous hues

that crowd the sky, when the sun sets after a tempest? Clouds, on mountains, diversify color as in a kaleidoscope. I have seen a field of young wheat at the edge of a precipice, with the golden sunshine glittering green upon it after a shower, projected against a purple-black rain cloud, that moved along the side of a mountain ridge, miles away. Or hills on the horizon, bathed in Tyrian-colored vapor, like the fumes of rarest Burgundy, while all the foreground glowed with effulgence, except where dark woods jutted out into verdant meadows, or blue waters slumbered beneath the hill shadows. Or a populous plain, with farms and villages scattered over it, a river sinuously winding across, and the shadows of clouds moving, in stately procession, like cowed monks, over the green and gold of the landscape. Or the cattle knee-deep in clover, with hills rising just behind, from whose ravines the morning mists, like incense, curled slowly up. Or clouds, on winter evenings, when the night shuts in ominous of tempests, that seem like warriors brandishing threatening swords in the sky, or dark-robed priests, warning back with their rods, prophetic of disaster.

The clouds magnetize the spirit, they do not appeal to our sensuous part. I look at the clouds, and grand thoughts arise in me. My reveries are of heroes, who have died for their country; of meek mothers who have sacrificed themselves, during a long life-time, for sick or deformed children; of martyrs who have perished by axe or fire, blessing their enemies, or singing hallelujahs amid the flames. I see Joan of Arc in the market-place at Rouen, the smoke almost hiding her from view, dying with "Jesus" upon her tongue. I behold the gloomy glens, in which the persecuted Covenanters met to pray: and discern suddenly, over the crest of the hill behind, the white vapor, as the troopers, who have surprised them, discharge their carbines. I see St. Catharine borne above the clouds by angels, no traces of her late mortal agony upon her face, but a divine calm instead. When I gaze at sylvan landscapes, I think of happiness here; when I turn my eyes heavenward to the clouds, it is on the ineffable glory of Eternity that I reflect. In the presence of the great clouds little, or mean, thoughts, are impossible. I come back from communion with them strengthened for deeds of self-sacrifice, for dying, if need be, for the right, or, more difficult martyrdom than all, living and suffering for it. When, after a storm, the masses of clouds part, and the sun bursts forth between, it is as if the gates of heaven opened, to let, for one moment, a glimpse of its effulgence out: and he must be wholly "of the

earth earthy," who does not, at the sight, feel
the wings of his spirit stir, or whose soul leaps
not up in recognition of the immortal.
—But the night comes. The clouds fade,
more and more indistinct, till darkness swallows
all.
So, from my mind, vanishes this vision of the
clouds.

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MINNIE'S RUSE.

BY LIZZIE ELMWOOD.

"Хейд-но!" sighed Minnie Arlin, "what a plague these lovers are! Particularly if one is not quite certain whether they are enamored of one's self or one's fortune. I wish I knew——" and as she said this, she glanced thoughtfully after the retreating form of a tall, gentlemanly-looking young man, at that moment passing out of the gate in front of her father's mansion.

Minnie was not a beauty, as heroines usually are, but she possessed a sunny, gleeful temper, a warm heart, and a well cultivated mind, which amply compensated for all deficiencies of form and face, so that among the truly discerning she found many and warm friends.

As her father was very wealthy, many suitors knelt at the feet of Minnie, who otherwise would have sought a lovelier bride. But to all she had given a kind, but decided negative, until she met with Walter Roby, the visitor who had just bid her adieu. He was a young lawyer, who had recently come into the village of Belmont, and who, possessing a handsome person, fascinating conversational powers, and bland and agreeable manners, very soon won the confidence and good-will of the people, and particularly of the ladies.

He did not at first, however, notice Minnie with much attention; but in the course of a few weeks, he seemed to be suddenly enamored, and soon became very attentive.

Though Minnie was much flattered by this apparent devotion of the "handsome lawyer," yet she had a large share of that rare, but important article, *common sense*; and as she suspected that this assiduity did not arise wholly from a love of her own rather plain self, she determined to prove her lover. He had, this very day, made her the offer of his heart and hand, and begged her's in return: but Minnie had given him this reply, "Mr. Roby, I am not prepared to answer you immediately—I shall require at least two weeks to reflect upon it." He was somewhat daunted by this cool answer to his rather eloquent and ardent proposal; for he deemed his handsome person irresistible. He urged her for a shorter probation; but she would not relent, only telling him that if she decided before the time had expired, she would inform him.

Minnie sat long in her room that night devising

some means to ascertain his real sentiments. She thought if she were only handsome, she might rest assured that he loved her; and then she could return that love. She revolved many schemes, but none seemed plausible; and finally, when the bell chimed twelve, she retired, resolving in the morning to impart her trouble to her father, and implore his aid, for she was motherless.

Morning dawned, and Minnie arose unfreshed and pale. As the breakfast-bell rang, she greeted her father at the foot of the stairway. "What ails my birdie this morning?" he said, as he gave her his accustomed kiss. "I'll tell you after breakfast, papa," replied Minnie. Accordingly, when the meal was finished, she twined her arm within his, and accompanied him to the parlor, where she unfolded to him her suspicions, plans, and hopes. Minnie's father was not surprised. Mr. Roby had applied to him to sanction his contemplated proposal to Minnie: and as Mr. Arlin thought him a worthy, talented young man, he told him that "if Minnie consented, *he* should." When she had concluded, Mr. Arlin said,

"Don't be troubled, my daughter. It would be strange if we could not devise *some* means, by which to ascertain *what* this young lawyer is in love with." He then unfolded his plan, and when they parted, Minnie's face had resumed something of its old look of careless gayety.

The first week of Walter Roby's "banishment" (as he told her he should call it) had *not* passed, when it was rumored that Minnie Arlin had entered the shop of Mrs. Rand, the milliner, as an apprentice, and that when questioned, she had replied, "She did not wish to be a burden upon her father in his present circumstances." There came also flying reports of loss of property, which seemed in accordance with Minnie's conduct, and many people began to believe that Esq. Arlin would be obliged to dispose of his handsome mansion and fine farm. Minnie continued her daily tasks at the milliner's shop until the two weeks had nearly expired. Two days before the time had expired, she despatched to her lover the following note:—

"Mr. Roby—If you still entertain the sentiments you professed at our last interview, I will give you my reply this evening,

MINNIE ARLIN."

Walter had heard the rumors, and had endeavored to ascertain their truth. He trembled lest they were true, for he felt that he could not make Minnie Arlin, if poor, his bride. He was quite undecided what to do, when he received Minnie's note; but immediately sallied forth, determined to satisfy himself as to the truth of the rumor, if possible. Stepping into the office of a physician, with whom he was upon terms of intimacy, he said, after a few moments conversation, "What is it, doctor, about this affair of Esq. Arlin? Is he really so reduced that Minnie is obliged to become a shop girl?"

"Well," replied his friend, "I thought at first there must be some mistake, but I heard the old gentleman say this morning, when some one spoke of Minnie being so *industrious*, that Minnie Arlin would not see her father reduced to poverty, and not make some effort to assist him. So I presume there is foundation for the reports. But, my dear fellow, Minnie is a noble girl without her property—if she has not so pretty a face as some."

"Oh," replied Roby, carelessly, "I hope you don't think I'm committed there. I have been somewhat friendly with Minnie, it is true; but nothing serious, I assure you. No trouble about the heart," and he laughed, "though," added he, "I should regret exceedingly to have them meet with reverses." He soon after took his leave, and returning to his office, seated himself at his writing-desk, and wrote, sealed, and despatched the following note:—

"MY DEAR MISS ARLIN—During the time that has elapsed since I saw you last, my feelings have become somewhat changed—or rather I have analyzed them more closely—and I fear we can never be happy together. I see now that I was somewhat premature in my proposal; though I still entertain the warmest feelings of regard and friendship for you. Your cool reply to my proposal led me to suppose that your feelings were not very much interested in myself—and perhaps it were best for both that the affair should terminate here. I remain most respectfully, your obedient servant, WALTER ROBY."

Minnie shed some tears, when she received this cool epistle; for she had hoped, as maidens sometimes do, that her lover might "be tried in the balance, and *not* found wanting." But brushing the tears away, she went to her father, and handed the note to him, saying, "Ah, father, you've lost the handsome, accomplished young lawyer for a son-in-law. He don't think your homely, poor Minnie can make him happy."

Leaving the room, she caught up her straw hat, and went out to ramble in the woods to a favorite haunt, hoping the sweet influences of Nature might soothe and calm her somewhat troubled spirits.

The scene was lovely, for it was the sunset hour, and the dreamy, golden light glanced down between the interlacing boughs upon the soft green moss, making dancing lights and shadows in every greenwood path. The air was soft and balmy. No sound broke the stillness of the forest shades, save the sighing, plaintive wind-harps, or the occasional carol of a bird. Yielding to the lulling influence of the scene, Minnie seated herself upon a fallen tree, and was soon lost in a reverie.

In her musings, she thought how pleasant it would be to be loved for one's self alone; and voice seemed whispering in her ear, with soft, thrilling tone, love's own cadence, and dark eyes were gazing into her own with tender, loving look. She had wandered thus far into love's fairy dream-land, entirely unconscious of all around, when the crackling of a dry twig started her, and she sprang up in alarm; but a pair of dark eyes looked into her own, and a familiar voice reassured her. She laughingly greeted the intruder, saying, "Why, Herbert, how you started me!" He smiled, and advancing to meet her, replied, "I am sorry I occasioned you a fright—I did not think to find you here; but you are looking pale—are you faint?" and he gazed at her with so much anxious solicitude, that poor Minnie's equanimity was entirely overthrown, and sinking again upon her seat, she covered her face with her hands and burst into tears. The feelings so long pent up, and the tears that had been gathering for several days, had at last found vent.

Herbert Clayton had grown up with Minnie from childhood. He had always loved her, but had felt that a deep gulf separated him, a poor widow's son, from the only child of the wealthy Esq. Arlin, and therefore he compelled himself to "worship from afar." He, too, had heard the rumors of Esq. Arlin's losses, and he supposed this was the cause of Minnie's agitation. He could scarcely repress the hope, sweet and faint though it was, that Minnie might *now* be his; but checking this feeling, he seated himself by her side to comfort and cheer her, if possible. Gradually she became calm, and then she imparted to him the story of Roby. He was indignant at such baseness, and led on by his feelings told Minnie of his own love and hopes. His unselfish affection touched her heart. Here was one who loved her for herself, and was willing

to take her, even if poor. But the wound she had received was too fresh to allow her to do aught but rise embarrassed, and though thanking Herbert with her eyes, to shake her head sadly.

But that chance interview decided the fate of both. The more she thought of Herbert's disinterested offer, the more his character rose in her estimation. Meantime, as she had consented to receive him as a friend, he often visited her; and gradually esteem for him ripened into love.

One soft, summer evening, Herbert ventured to urge his suit again; and this time Minnie, though as embarrassed as before, did not say him nay, but returned a blushing answer that filled his heart with joy. They lingered long amid the forest shades, and when they returned, Herbert sought Esq. Arlin, while Minnie ran up to her room, like a frightened deer.

When Herbert had confessed his suit, Esq. Arlin, looking archly in his face, made reply, "Do you wish to make *poor* Minnie Arlin your bride? Can you think of taking a *dowerless* wife?"

"Oh! yes," earnestly replied Herbert, "I should never have told my love, had she still been as in days gone by."

The old gentleman smiled a peculiar smile, and said, "Yes, Herbert, she is yours—you are worthy of her; but I am glad, for your sake and her's, that I am not so *poor* that she will be a *portionless* bride. But you must let Minnie tell you the story."

Minnie *did* tell him the story, and Herbert was almost aghast at the idea that *he* had won the hand of the heiress of Esq. Arlin's wealth; but Minnie laughingly told him that her poverty had lost her one lover and won her another.

Herbert was also a lawyer. But poor, and without influential friends, he had many times been nearly discouraged; but now he felt his heart become strong within him, more because he had won the hand and heart he so had long desired, than at the prospect of a portion of her father's wealth.

They were soon after married, and Esq. Arlin's handsome mansion was thrown open to the crowd of friends who gathered to witness Minnie's bridal.

Before the day arrived, however, the story of Minnie's *ruse* had become rumored forth in the village; and Roby, finding himself and his selfish principles too much the topic of conversation, found it convenient to leave Belmont for some other field of labor.

"FORGIVE, AS YE WOULD BE FORGIVEN."

BY LILLE LILBERNE.

"I CAN work, mother, I know I can; I can work for somebody, can do something now that you are so much better, and can spare me. And, mother, if I can only earn a little, you will not have to go to work so soon as you did before. Oh, mother, I can; I know, I know that I can." And over the quivering lip of the noble boy a glad smile broke, and in the deep, earnest eye was a higher and a holier light, and the sweet voice was more wildly winning in its sudden joyousness, in its pleading truthfulness, as he added, "And I can study evenings, mother, some, when I do not have to help you; and I will not care if I do not go to school any more, if——"

"But what can you do, my son?" And the voice of the invalid mother was faint and feeble.

"Oh, mother," and the dark eye of the boy flashed with light, "I can do a great many things. I can pick apples and husk corn, and—and I can learn to do a great many things, I know I can. I am older than they think me; I am almost fifteen. You said this morning, mother, that you wished for some apples, and I have been thinking and thinking, ever so long; and, dear mother, may I not go to Mr. Vernon's, now, and work this afternoon? He will, I know, give me some apples for you."

A faint smile trembles over the faded lip of the young mother as she gazes on her beautiful boy, and Ernest knows that he may go; and kissing that white brow bounds hopefully, eagerly from the room.

And that poor, widowed one is left alone. Closely she clasps her pale and wasted hands over her suffering heart, and a low moan breaks startlingly on the deep stillness there. And through the crushed tear-drops that steal to the soft, sad eyes, she looks around the narrow apartment, so dark, so cold, so comfortless, and wildly, as if some bitter agony was wringing the tired heart, she murmurs,

"And all, all is gone. But a single piece of bread is left; and—soon our rent will be due. They say that Mr. Vernon is a hard and cruel man. Will he wait, or——"

And a shudder moves the feeble frame, and she bows the faint and aching head upon the low couch. But rest is not there.

And the twilight hour has come; and still the suffering mother moves not. She is watching, she is waiting for her only one. How long the hours have seemed. She hears his footstep, not light and free and joyous, but quick, low and impatient.

He has entered the apartment. He has passed to her side. His face is flushed crimson, his manner deeply agitated, and his words fall wildly, incoherently on the heart that listens.

"Oh, mother, mother, I have not brought you any apples—not one, mother."

"No matter, my son, I will do very well without them." And the words are spoken soothingly, yet the slight voice trembles.

"Oh, mother, and I had worked so hard all the afternoon, with the workmen at Mr. Vernon's; and then, when we came back from the field, I went up to him, in little Ella's flower garden, and asked for a few apples to carry home to mother. He frowned upon me, and said, if my mother wanted apples she must buy them. One of the men told him I had been at work; and then he only muttered something about its keeping me out of idleness. Oh, mother, how disappointed I was. But I did not reply, I did not cry, not then; but, was it wrong? I felt that I would like to see him poor and distressed and oppressed, and suffering as you do now, without home or friends, and—and, mother, I could not help it, but I could curse——"

Mrs. Gray started. A wild cry trembled through her heart. The wound had struck to its depths. No hand on earth could heal it.

Oh, the agony of that one moment, when she found that dark and deadly passion in the soul of her beautiful boy had been awakened. Wildly she winds her frail arms around him, and presses his white lips close, close to her aching heart, to hush there the fearful words that are gathering over them. With an earnestness, startling in its deep intensity, she says,

"Oh, Ernest, Ernest, what have you said? what would you say? Heavier, darker, colder than death is this one sentence on my soul. How could you, my son, indulge for one moment in such feelings? Oh, God, and have I indeed lived to see this day."

"Mother, mother," and the hidden face is

lifted to her gaze. "Oh, oh, mother, forgive me; forgive me that I have so wounded your feelings, that I have added another sorrow to your suffering soul. *It shall never be again.* I—I am more guilty than he was." And the humbled boy lay sobbing in her arms.

Closer she pressed him to her weary heart. One kiss upon those trembling, pleading lips, one look of love from those darkened eyes, one low whispered word—the still small voice from heaven, "Forgive, as ye would be forgiven"—and then all is silent amid the deepening darkness there.

And from that crushed heart a voiceless prayer was wrung, was struggling up to the home of love and mercy, to Him who answereth the spirit whisperings that find no utterance. And then and there, in that one hallowed hour, was his heart consecrated for a high and holy work in life. The spirit of the highest, the breathings of the Infinite, the still small voice of All-seeing would be there a power and a presence forever. It was human to hate—it was divine to forgive.

And the child still slept. His high heart was humbled, his proud soul subdued and sanctified; and amid his troubled dreams he whispers, "Forgive, as ye would be forgiven." And like some broken outcry seems the trembling tone, yet it fell in mournful music on that mother's watching heart. Exhausted by toil, excitement, anger, disappointment and sorrow, the wearied child still slept.

The twilight hour has come. The evening shadows, deep and dark, tremble over that pale face, wet and warm with the crushed tear-drops that still linger there. The latch of the door is gently lifted. A slight figure passes into the room. A low, sweet voice echoes through the lone chamber,

"I have brought you some apples, Mrs. Gray." And ere the latter could speak, Ella Vernon had laid her treasures on the rude table and fled.

Ernest moved and moaned in his sleep, as that low, thrilling tone broke upon the stillness there, and slept again, slept till the first faint flush of morning light trembled through the broken shutters and half-drawn curtains. And the first sun rays, like light upon the morning flowers, touched his shaded brow, and awoke him from that long night slumber. The white, yet still lovely face of his mother was bent close to his, as if she had been watching, had been counting his every breath. Slowly the past, like a deepening pain, stole over his heart.

"Mother," and his eye fell upon the gift of Ella; and then all unconsciously he placed his hand on his brow in thought. "Oh, mother, it

was a dream then that Mr. Vernon refused you the apple, and spoke so harshly to me, and—and——"

"But *that* was no dream," she added, "no, no. But a still, small voice I heard in my sleep; and I knew it was for me. I knew it came from heaven. I knew my Father spoke, 'Forgive, as ye would be forgiven.'"

Days passed on. Mrs. Gray still continued ill. Until now she had supported herself and her son by her needle. It was but little that Ernest could earn, and that was spent for bread, and yet often, often there would be none in the house. And then, tired and faint and hungry, he would sink on his mother's couch, and hiding his pale face on his heart would whisper in agony,

"Forgive, as ye would be forgiven."

Some weeks had elapsed since the quarter's rent was due, and several times Mr. Vernon had called for it. The dying widow was unable to meet the demand. She told him so, and hoped the time would come when she would be able to cancel the debt.

But no. Mr. Vernon would rent the cottage to others, and—the widow and her son were turned from it.

A low, dilapidated hovel received them.

But this last blow was too much. Long had that young mother struggled with poverty, sorrow and sickness; and now, this added affliction, the exertion necessary to be called into action, and which she was wholly unequal to, anxiety, disappointment, despondency, all aided in prostrating the poor and friendless woman.

In less than a week in that cold, dark hut, alone, alone—save the angel presence of her only son, whose gentle ministries were holy in their simple earnestness, in their beautiful truthfulness, their purity, mournful yet angel-like, a hope and a blessing in that one darkened hour—she breathed her last.

One dying kiss is pressed upon the lips so often bent to her's, and one mild whisper is there—the last of earth,

"Forgive, as ye would be forgiven."

And the desolate orphan boy is alone. His beautiful mother is dead.

How dark with death seems life.

And there, at that midnight hour, in that dark, cold room, so comfortless, so desolate, kneels the lone, forsaken orphan, kneels there beside that low, uncovered coffin; kneels there alone, alone, and wild moans break on the fearful stillness, trembling up from the wounded heart.

The cold breathings of the darkened night steals through the broken casement, and moves the damp tresses from the faded forehead. And

autumn's first leaves, stirred by the morning breeze, have gathered slowly and silently around him, are mingling with the waning shadows, are trembling with the hot tear-drops that fell from the aching eyes, are stealing in still sadness over the dark coffin. And still there comes up the murmur, and still is heard the moan, "Forgive, as ye would be forgiven."

It seems as if that is all that is left to him of earth. His beautiful mother is dead. There, at the edge of yonder forest, is the grave.

There, among the withered blossoms, among the fading flowers, among the twining wild vines, amid the deepening shadows of the dark, old wood is that one hallowed spot, that holy, forgotten place, where memory will ever come to worship and to pray.

And the lone and friendless boy still lingers there, the only mourner, and consecrates the place by prayers and tears.

And then bursts forth, bewilderingly and in bitter agony, on the trembling twilight air, wild words that are wrung from the helpless heart, wild words, that seem, amid the startling stillness, like some deep prophecy of the far-off future,

"Father, Father, oh, grant me power to return good for evil a hundred fold. Give me strength for this, the strength that is not of earth, to—love our enemies, to bless them that hate, to pray for them that persecute. Be this life's one holy lesson, learned and remembered. Be this life's deep destiny. Be this a power and a portion forever."

And this is the orphan's prayer, the prayer of the forsaken, that steals out, like strange music from among the forest shadows and the evening silence.

And as he planted the wild willow and the mourning cypress there, still, still came up the sad whisper, as if it were a lesson that must be remembered, as if it were a line of life upon his heart amid the deepening darkness there, "Father in Heaven, grant me power to return good for evil forever."

And then came back the echo, one thrilling spirit whisper, and he knew it was for him; he knew it was his own heart's answer; he knew it as one from heaven, "Forgive, as ye would be forgiven."

And was that broken spirit prayer heard? And was that one wild wish of the wronged heart answered, answered from above, those pleadings breathed out in bitter agony?

Time passed. Mr. Vernon, the haughty landholder, had become the millionaire merchant. But rumor had whispered that the large estates

long since transferred to him by the death of a distant relative, others could and would lay claim to; and in this, his honor, his honesty, his integrity was implicated.

Two children only had been left to him. The son, a young man of much promise, whose high attainments, cultivated powers and classical knowledge were rarely equalled for one of his age, he wished to prepare for the bar.

And he wrote to one, still young in his profession, and yet whose lofty name was a high household word; one whose proud success had won him a noble fame, one already honored and distinguished and trusted, to ask if he would receive him into his office. It was long after Mr. Ashton had received the letter from the hand of his servant ere he opened it. He had flung it carelessly on the cold marble of the table on which he bent his aching brow. And still and statue-like he sat there, in all the proud majesty of sculptured grandeur and pictured gracefulness. What thoughts swept through his heart, as he still sat there, none might know.

Perhaps the darkness of a past might be gathering there. Perhaps the silent sadness of the present might fling a warping weight over all thought and feeling. Perchance hope and heart had gone forth to meet the far-off future, with a promise of its holy loveliness ever a presence there, a guide and a guardian, a dream, like the deep, thrilling mystery of unseen years. It matters not. But as he lifts his face it is pale and sad, and his softened, subduing eye falls on the neglected letter.

One low sigh, as if awaking to the dull realities of life, and the note is opened. It is read.

And slowly and silently the rich crimson stains his lofty brow. Then that face, beautiful in its proud intellectuality, majestic in its classic grace, and loveliness, so winning, so changeful, is deadly white, and the dark flash of the large, searching eyes are again fixed intently upon the page. And again each line, each word is read. And the proud look is half-hidden, and the haughty lip slightly moves, and the dark, damp hair is pushed back more wildly from the pale temple. And again he bends the proud face upon the cold table, in thought, perhaps in prayer. And then he is himself again.

And yet, over those lofty features steals a strange, sad calmness, and from those dark eyes breaks a deeper, a more fascinating light. And the hand trembles not that writes the answer back. It is wholly in accordance with the wishes of Mr. Vernon.

And the young man has come. Mr. Ashton gazes upon him steadily, almost sternly, till he

shrinks back half-abashed and embarrassed from the searching, earnest glance of those large, bewildering eyes, that seem to read his very soul; and then a slight smile moves the rich lip of the lawyer, and he warmly, kindly, affectionately greets him.

And weeks went on. Never before had Francis Vernon met with such an able and efficient instructor, and yet one so kind, so generous, so indulgent. From the lofty treasure-home of that mighty mind he was gathering up classical knowledge, high legal attainments, noble sentiments and god-like thoughts, and a beautiful science that was a power and not a passion. And while the young man learned and loved, there was a deep, almost painful feeling of reverence for his distinguished preceptor. It is but the high heart-homage the world unconsciously ever offers to genius, heaven-given, heaven-guarded, whose breathings here on the earth are the eternal ministrations of a holier home than this.

A suit of law was instituted against Mr. Vernon, in which his property was endangered, his honor implicated. In the ever-successful hands of Mr. Ashton he wished to leave his cause. He repaired to that gentleman's home. All was stated; the papers were placed before the lawyer, and a bank-note of value was laid with them as a retaining fee.

A shadow came up over the face of Mr. Ashton. His proud lip slightly curled, and he answered half-haughtily,

"No, sir."

And then he faintly smiled, and his voice was low and sad as he said,

"When this affair is decided, favorably, I trust, sir, there will then be sufficient time to meet all obligations incurred."

Mr. Vernon looked fixedly into the face of his lofty companion. He read there that that forbade him to press the subject further. And he gazed for a moment in awe and admiration on that proud one, and left the office. The son, too, had heard all this, but dare not question him who still sat there silent and statue-like, gazing half-wildly upon the papers.

The documents were all examined; and there was sufficient time for a full and complete investigation; time to bring all his lofty legal knowledge to bear upon the case so confidently and hopefully committed to his care and keeping by one who trusted that all would be well.

And yet there was a sad misgiving of heart that he would not succeed. He knew not why. It was the first time he had felt this fear. And hours, and days, and nights he spent in prepara-

tion for this one event, on which hung the fortunes, the honor, the hopes, the happiness of a family. And still, still proud and mighty as he was, he shrank back from the trial. For some days the family of Mr. Vernon had been in town. But not once had the earnest entreaties of Frank, the repeated and pressing invitations of the father prevailed upon him to call at their hotel. He always politely yet proudly declined.

The day came for the trial. Thousands had assembled to witness it. And as the renowned Mr. Ashton made his appearance in the crowded court-room, the mass inadvertently, as if in homage, as if in reverence, swayed back to let him pass. Slightly, almost involuntarily, he bowed his acknowledgments; and the proud, firm step faltered, that smote upon the floor, for the first time.

A shadow, like death, has darkened over his soul. A weight, heavy and cold and oppressive, hangs upon his shrinking heart, whose pulses beat low and slow beneath it. He cannot help it.

And when, as counsel for the defendant, he arose to speak, there was a nervous movement, a shrinking diffidence, a trembling timidity, a faint, low, broken tone, as if it were a first effort, a first attempt; and with every spoken word, a change came over his lofty features, over lip and brow, as if he were painfully conscious of his own embarrassment, of his own failure. How strange all this.

He whose gifted soul had never bent to fear; whose thoughts had grown strong and stately in the exercise of its infinite faculties; whose mighty mind swayed the world with a power unseen, yet felt irresistibly; whose stern spirit, like a proud and powerful presence, held in awe, elicited admiration, the homage of each and every one.

And now that vast concourse gaze upon him in silent wonder. His friends watch him with a painful shuddering they cannot resist. His opponents, who have come up to the encounter in fear, knowing with whom they have to contend, feel a momentary relief. And a smile of scorn, of exultation, of triumph is seen on each haughty lip, that cannot be mistaken.

Ashton pauses a moment. He is gazing around unconsciously over all that vast assembly. But he sees only a shadowy forest of human forms and faces. The weight, the darkness on his heart gathers deeper.

And there he stands, a proud, lofty, majestic being, still silent, motionless, while his quick and painful breathings only tremble on the crowded air. But a low, sweet voice, so lone, so thrilling, so bewildering, from the deep depths of

an unforgettable past, whispers words that have once won him from darkness. He heard them then, and bowed to their holy teachings; he hears them now, in this one trying hour, and bends to their deep power, bends his strong soul and listens.

The charm is over; the spell is broken; the darkness has fled. A still small voice in his heart is heard, "Forgive, as ye would be forgiven."

He starts from his bewildering reverie. The white lip crimson; the half-hidden temple flushes; the pale, cold forehead is warmed by an unseen breath, and a flush of almost fearful light springs to the deep, dark, beautiful eye. And then, in a voice whose tone is like the wild, winning music of some immortal harp, swept by trembling and impassioned fingers, that awakens echoes that die not away on earth, he speaks.

And upon the gathering, the deepening stillness there, breaks the proud, powerful, startling strains that charm with their fearless fascination. Over the hearers' hearts sweep, in wild majesty that Omnipotent eloquence that is ever so irrefutable, irresistible.

There is a lofty gracefulness in the bewildering language there breathed, there is a startling sublimity in the careless composing of sentences and sentiments. Those words of argument, drawn from the deep depths of profound logic, of practiced reasoning, of urgent conclusions, are overwhelming in their proud strength, are all unanswerable, unapproachable.

And still thrilled that resistless eloquence through the hearts of the hearers; still rung his deep words among all that listening crowd; still trembled with wild vibrations that voice that ever had power to convince and subdue, that tone so low, and yet so deep and bewildering. And still as ever was Mr. Ashton successful in his cause.

Business had detained him in the court-room, on the last day of the trial, until night. Then, wearied and dispirited, he gained the street. Francis Vernon took his arm, and mechanically the latter walked by his side. The young men turned and ascended a flight of steps. The next moment they stood in the broad entrance hall of a lofty mansion. Francis Vernon spoke,

"My father wished us to call here. He would see you to-night."

Mr. Ashton started. He thought he had reached his own place of abode. It was too late now to retreat, as the parlor doors were flung open and Mr. Vernon came forward with pleased surprise, with a warm welcome to meet him, his preserver.

Yet he dare not express all this to the high and haughty, yet kind and generous one whom he felt had saved him. And yet his gratitude was most fervent. After a moment's silence, Mr. Vernon invited his guest to accompany him to his own apartment. With a proud bow he obeyed.

A beautiful girl rose as they entered. She sprang to her father's side. She had not noticed the stranger's entrance. She supposed her father was alone. She had not seen him since his cause was decided.

And now she wildly clings to him, and low, trembling words break from the quivering lip.

"Thank God, my father, you are saved your fortune, your honor, your all."

The father presses her closely to him, and bends his lip to her brow, and said, in a voice scarcely audible, and he stepped aside,

"And, my Ella, the one who has saved us is here."

Ella looks up. The stranger advances, a sad smile moves his lip as he extends his hand to the fair daughter of his client.

Involuntarily she places her's within it, and there it remains cold and passive, for the mild glance of her earnest eye is wandering over his stately person, is fixed upon that pale, proud face.

His voice falls upon her ear, upon her heart as he speaks words to her.

The quick crimson has faded from her brow, has fled from the trembling lip over which breaks the one wild cry,

"Ernest Gray."

And then she hides her face upon her clasped hands from his view.

And the voice is slightly tremulous that says,

"Then I am not forgotten, Ella?" And with deep agitation that softened his rich voice, he resumes, "Neither have I forgotten that angel one that brought that one holy gift, at the twilight hour, to a dying mother. Oh, *that* will ever be remembered."

Mr. Vernon stood gazing on the two in astonishment. All, all came back like a darkened thunderbolt to his heart. He read all now, and a low groan was wrung from his guilty soul.

Unable to stand beneath the withering consciousness of his own conduct, he sank upon a seat, and bent his blanched brow upon the table. What dark throes of agony wrung his awakened heart none but God knew.

Ella gazed on the loved form of her father. A wild look of distress broke over her pale features as she said,

"And you, sir, have done all this for us, when, when——"

"Speak not of it then, I entreat you." And the words were spoken with painful incoherency. "I have but done a duty. I have but practised what I early learned. I have but lived out the one life-lesson my dying mother breathed upon my childish lip, even when the dark curse of oppression gathered, lingered there. My mother has saved me. On all the past she has written for me, 'Forgive, as you would be forgiven.' This have I learned and loved. On this I have leaned my life. It has been a memory and a hope and a blessing. It has been a presence ever around me. It has been a promise on the covenant cloud. Like heaven this has come up to me, for my mother's spirit has breathed it, and the deep curse that darkened my young life fled from thence forever. And it ever seems that my mother's spirit is still watching over me and around me, is ever here to guard and to save, is ever whispering over holy words for me to live and practice. That angel presence is all, every thing to me."

Mr. Vernon lifted his face so pale, so haggard, so stamped with agony. Ella sprang to her father's side.

"Father, dear father," she cried.

But what words of consolation had she for him then?

"Leave me, Ella, leave me alone," he said, and the tone was hoarse and hollow. One moment she gazed upon him and then obeyed.

For long, long hours was the conference between the two; and when Mr. Ashton sought his room that night it was with a perturbed step, with deep agitation in every movement, with a soul that had been stirred to its very depths.

And what thoughts still swept through his tired heart, as hour after hour passed by, with his throbbing temples on his clasped hands, none might ever know. And as he arose and paced his spacious chamber, one low sentence was said,

"No, no. It was but the wild and earnest enthusiasm of gratitude. Only that for me, only that and fame, cold, hollow and mocking."

And a low, mournful sigh succeeded, that told to the midnight silence there what would not have been breathed to another, told of the deep wants of the heart, of its yearnings and its longings, of the holy passion and sublime love that was ever its birth-right, though all might be forever hidden from the world by a resemblance of pride and coldness, by life's shadows ever deepening, by the fame that was to him a destiny.

A few more days did Mr. Vernon spend in town—not again had Mr. Ashton called upon them. He pleaded business and declined. And

yet ever in those hours of weariness and study there was a sweet, sad face looking into his. There were tearful eyes lifted timidly to his own. There was an angel one bearing a holy gift to a dying mother. Ever in his midnight hours that gentle vision of the past came up. Ever in his morning dreams that pure picture of the present was near. Ever in the evening hour of prayer it was there. A beautiful being, whose form was one of graceful elegance, whose face was one of pleading loveliness, knelt to him to thank him for a mercy deed. And only came up that vestal vision so enchantingly, so mockingly.

Was not his heart too high, too haughty, too proud to love? Had not the world said this? Had not the many, wearied in their ineffectual efforts to win his worship, echoed it?

"I must go home for a few weeks, Mr. Ashton, my sister is dying," said Francis Vernon.

Mr. Ashton started. The announcement was new. The warm flush fled from his shaded forehead of almost feminine fairness; and white and tremulous was the lip that answered,

"Go then, immediately."

The words were spoken with one breath. The next moment he was in his own apartment.

"Ella Vernon dying!"

The words were not spoken, were not whispered, were not breathed; but he felt that all of life was fading from his vision, was dying in his heart as this one fearful thought thrilled wildly through it.

That long, long day, that long night was passed in anguish, in the agony of dying hope, of darkened happiness. And then, calm and proud and stately, he pursued his usual routine of wearying avocations.

And yet with what nervous impatience did he expect a letter from his friend. None came. And heavily the hours wore on; and days and weeks, and still was the young man abroad, and still he had not heard from him. But in the public prints he read of the continued illness of the beautiful and accomplished Miss Vernon.

And now it was with a shudder that he took up a public journal. He feared to find a different announcement. And yet with a restless movement, with a searching glance that took in every word, he glanced over published paragraph and page.

A note is placed in the hands of Mr. Ashton. It is from Francis Vernon. With a convulsive effort he breaks the seal. With the calmness of despair he read the contents:

"MR. ASHTON—My dear friend, much as you have done for us, ever sensible of the oblige-

tions we have incurred, still under the deep and abiding sense of the injuries you have received, I have yet another, still another favor to ask of you. I would commit to your trust the delicacy of a dying sister. With your honor it will be as safe as with heaven. I fear not. The secret will be held sacred. Ella loves you. And yet even this confession I have not wrung from her heart. But in her troubled dreams, at the midnight hour, she has told it all. She has prayed that she might see you but once, once more. Will you grant this unspoken request of one that is dying for you? your own feelings must answer this.

Yours, F. VERNON."

In an elegant apartment, close by the open window, on the dark cushions of a sofa, half supported by pillows, reclined the still beautiful Ella Vernon. Through the careless folds of the rich curtains, through the pale passion flower blossoms that drape the proud pillars of the portico, through the clematis that clings to the costly casement, through the trembling wild vine-leaves, whose heavy fragrance seems well nigh oppressive, the warm sunlight still struggled, and its softened rays pressed the faded forehead of the sleeping girl, and mingled with the ungathered tresses of damp hair that lay darkly on the muslin folds of her snowy robe. And pale flower leaves, wafted in by the evening breeze, lay, light-like, upon the helpless form, among the masses of fair hair, as if scattered there by the white wing of hope.

Ella sleeps. Francis Vernon, in that one hour, is the only watcher there, there where the loved one is dying.

Slowly the door is opened, and Mr. Ashton enters unannounced.

The brother starts from his seat. Wildly he wrings the hand of his friend, but does not speak, and, fearing to betray too much emotion, leaves the apartment.

Mr. Ashton is there alone. Long he gazes on the beautiful and slumbering form before him. Long he gazes on the face so white, so lovely still. The foot of death is not there yet. Long he remains kneeling there beside that unconscious one, counting the slight respiration that scarcely moved the cold folds of finest muslin that drape the faded form. Long he remains there counting the faint pulses that are struggling low and irregularly at the transparent wrist. And long he gazes as he would on a piece of still and beautiful sculpture.

And was death watching there too?

The thought flashes fearfully through his heart. With a trembling hand he pushes back

the damp, heavy tresses from that white brow. It has disturbed the deep slumber.

She moved and moaned, and murmured the name of him whose listening heart had heard the whispered, broken words.

"I am here, dearest," was breathed low on a dying music strain.

Slowly those large, soft eyes were opened. Slowly a slight flush stole to the faded, shaded temple. Slowly he clasped her wasted hands together, and a faint whisper trembled over the white lip,

"Father, I thank Thee."

But the effort was too much. A change came over the fair features, and she sank back powerless upon the damp pillows.

Was this death?

Mr. Ashton wildly summoned assistance. But she had only fainted, and with ready restoratives was soon restored.

A few hours later, and he still stands there by that sick one's couch. The man of God too is there. The consecrating marriage rite is there performed, so strangely startling in its deep power, so holy in its trustfulness, so beautiful in its earnest truthfulness, so pure in its solemn sacredness.

The hallowed ceremony is over, and the dying girl is a bride, the bride of one loved from early childhood. And then, and there, in that one shadowy hour, the evening hour of prayer, can you not see that angels are registering there, to be held holy, to be remembered forever?

Mr. Vernon had been humbled to the very dust, and from thence he arose a changed being, a better man, a worshipper of his God. And in low and broken accents he said to him to whom all was due,

"You have saved to me my inheritance, you have saved to me my honor, you have saved to me my child, and—the eternal blessings of a holy God will ever be with you: you nobly forgave as you would be forgiven. And may, oh, may my heavenly Father too pardon me for all the dark wrongs I have wrought."

And was not the poor, lone, desolate orphan boy's prayer heard, heard and answered, answered from above?

He had returned good for evil. He had lived out his mother's lessons, had given them to the world, a free-will offering. And from his high heart there rose the one eternal anthem of gratitude, of love, of worship for this.

But—the world will tell you that this is not true to nature, yet it is true to heaven. The mighty mountain, the wild-wood land, the far-off forest, the valley plain; the ocean's roar and

the river's rush, and the lakelet-lone and the bounding brook. And then the morning sun and the evening twilight, and the midnight shadows, and the wild-bird's song and its hymns of praise and thanksgiving to its Maker, God. And then the wildly clinging vines, and the forest flowers, and the prairie blossoms, and light and shadow; and zephyrs' breathings, and the wind-god's voice, and the thunder's tone, and, and, and—

This is nature, all nature.

The poet sees it thus; the painter pictures it all; the mind and heart receive it. It is nature, all nature. And the painter and the poet too will tell you of a higher and holier one. They will point you to the past, when Jesus lived and labored and taught, and suffered, and died. They will point you to the cross and to Calvary. The poet will picture to your imagination with the pen of inspiration, that one holy, god-like came to earth, that humbled Himself thus to come among the works of His own hand; to be here, here; to be despised, insulted, persecuted and slain for a lost, lost world, that he came to save, to forgive, to win to heaven by His words and His works. Is he less a painter or a poet that tells you this than Him who spreads out to your view, all alluringly, the scenery of nature?

Nay, but few fine minds, but few lofty souls, but few unworldly hearts, even alive to the high and the holy, ever awake to the true and the great, ever conscious of an innate, almost infinite power, whose gaze is above and beyond earth, who has felt in his heart the breathings of heaven, who has felt upon the soul the rod of consecration—can do this.

His pictures are wrought from his own soul. His pictures are wrought from his own spirit imaginings. His poetry is limned from the light of a lofty heart, that soars upward and onward in the strength of God, listening, ever listening to that voice that is eternal, that guides, directs and counsels, ever listening to these whisperings none else may hear, and yet here, on the earth, lowly and lone as was the son of God.

How often are such painters and such pictures set aside. They are not true to nature. But yet they *are* true to Heaven, and heaven is within the heart. No marvel that its emanations, its creations, its conceptions are the very spirit of inspiration—the very words that Jesus taught, the very life that he lived, our Saviour here on the earth.

It is nature—the village gathering, the village goasip. The pen has traced it out for the world to see. It is true. But are there no higher scenes for the painter's pencil, no holier themes for the poet's pen, no mightier mental developments;

no loftier life to live? Yes, yes. And yet the picture is set aside. The world cannot understand it. The world cannot appreciate it. It is too high, too holy, it is too much like heaven. It cannot be true.

It is true. True to the lives of a few whose hearts may be, have been trial-tried, have been sanctified by suffering, have thus been fitted for this one high immortal work, that earth will trample upon, whose beautiful workmanship it cannot behold.

Yet is he less a painter and a poet? The picture is one of purity, perfection, of the past, of truth. The holy heart-heroism the world knows not of; it is too noble, too spiritual. Yet it is felt within the soul. It lives there forever. God sees it, acknowledges it, owns it; the light is from above, the light is love, love hallowed and eternal.

Oh, world, spurn not the spirit of nature. Turn not away from the teachings of truth, though that truth is the still small voice of Heaven, "Forgive, as ye would be forgiven."

Mother, teach this to that son of thine. Tell it over to his childish mind. Breathe it ever to his proud heart. Live it in thy life. Is it too pure a precept to tell to that wayward boy? Is it too holy a lesson to learn the world? Nay, nay, it is the doctrine that Jesus taught. It is the precept that He practised. It is the life that He lived, lived on the earth. This, "Forgive, as ye would be forgiven."

They are the words the Redeemer would have the world hear, the world believe and practice.

And there are yet hearts left that will believe it, that will receive it. There are yet hearts left that have learned the heavenly lesson, that will live it.

It is true to the lives and the hearts of many who have struggled long beneath the weight of woe and wrong, that is there, still deepening and darkening, and who can say, in the strength of heaven can say, "I forgive, as I would be forgiven."

Mother, teach this lesson to thy wayward boy, to that child of thine; breathe it to his heart, whisper it to his spirit, live it ever in thy life, and pray God to add His blessing. Believe, and it will be given.

Mother, listen. The future of that child, so warmly cherished, so earnestly worshipped, rests with thee. Mould that mind aright. Guide that struggling soul into all of truth. Bend the strong spirit to the teachings of heaven. Breathe upon that young and yearning heart the holy lessons of Jesus. Whisper still the beautiful words:—"Forgive, as ye would be forgiven."

THE FIRST QUARREL.

BY EMILE SOUVESTRE.

ONE evening as I mounted the stairs with the rapidity usual to me, after a long absence, I heard Clara's clear ringing laugh, mingled with the gentle tones of my dear Marcelle; both heard, and hastened to meet me.

I took them in my arms, and my kisses descended from the brow of the mother to that of the child.

"Well, thank God," I cried, gayly, "this is a happy home!"

"Do you not know the news then?" Marcelle interrupted, her whole face glowing with pleasure.

"No, what is it?"

"The child can speak?"

"No, can she really?"

"Listen!"

And addressing the little girl in her most caressing tone, she entreated her to repeat the syllables which she had uttered before. Clara replied at first only with those confused but charming murmurs belonging to early infancy; but suddenly, seeming to think better of it, she distinctly called "Papa," and held out her little hands to me.

Overjoyed, I clasped her in my arms. This first word lisped forth with difficulty, seemed to me as a second birth. The child had quitted the phalanx of mutes, where until now she had been confounded with the creatures of instinct, to enter that endowed with speech, reserved for the sons of Adam only. She had begun to claim her right to the sovereignty of creation; until now she had been but a living image, henceforth another soul was added to our life.

As might be expected, Marcelle's affection for Clara was redoubled, and she became her sole thought and care. To material wants was now added solicitude about her moral training. She must watch the awakening mind, protect it from unfavorable influences, and surround it, like Montaigne's cradle, with harmonious sounds and lovely visions! And thus the chain became every day more heavy, each fresh improvement of Clara's, by creating a fresh obligation, added another link; and I beheld it increasing with her growth until it filled the house, and drove me from it.

Marcelle felt it, and as an inevitable conse-

quence suffered; but her maternal instinct, added to her exaggerated ideas of duty, made her struggle against these very natural feelings; and these differences of opinion gave rise, too often, to mutual irritation and annoyance.

One summer's evening I returned home, worn and mentally wearied with a hard day's work. A refreshing breeze was just beginning to rise, after the overpowering heat of the day, and whispered among the leaves, as it bore along the perfume of a thousand flowers; whilst the last rays of the setting sun bathed the white houses in the suburbs with a glittering flood of light. My heart was swelling from the long day's oppression, and feeling as though my feet had wings, I hurried home.

Formerly, Marcelle was on the watch for my return, and hastened to meet me; but since Clara had engrossed her whole time, I had been forced to renounce this sweet custom. I cannot tell why I so particularly regretted its loss this evening, but I longed to see her, and take her out with me, to enjoy the delicious freshness of the evening.

I entered quickly, and asked for her immediately; she was in her own sitting-room, which had for some time been devoted to the child's use; there I found her, her head buried in her hands, whilst Clara, surrounded by her playthings, was seated on the floor at some little distance, pouting and with tears yet wet upon her cheeks.

I saw at the first glance how matters stood; there had been another of the child's outbreaks, which were becoming every day more frequent.

I had returned happy and comforted; but the sight of the two countenances before me was sufficient to dispel all my joy; it came like a cloud to shroud the sunshine of my heart. However, I conquered my first impulse, which had been to turn away, and approaching Marcelle, I begged, with a smile, to be informed of the cause of this grand quarrel; but the mother was indignant at my treating the matter so lightly, and began an enumeration of her troubles.

They were the thousand anxieties of an over-watchful mind. Attentive to the child's smallest actions, and from them deducting the most serious consequences, as if it were the peculiar

privilege of infancy to be ever influenced by the profoundest reason, which no man constantly obeys, she gave a meaning to every word and every motion, and imagined an intention to exist in the mere caprice of a moment. I had very often endeavored to warn her against her dangerous habit of drawing inferences, to persuade her to let the seed germinate by itself, always taking care to supply it with water and sunshine, without prejudging the ear which is to result from it; but all my efforts had been unavailing, and they were not more fortunate this time. I was again obliged to listen to what I had so often heard before. Clara was selfish and obstinate; her affection was interested; she was submissive, or disobedient, according to fancy!

And then came, heaven knows, what consequences and fears for the far-distant future! I listened with ill-restrained impatience, for time was flying, and the rays of the setting sun were rapidly dying away one by one. I took advantage of the first pause made by Marcelle, to try to soothe her, and, as she was about to reply, I rose and took her hand.

"Time enough to be serious to-morrow!" I said, gayly; "I want you to go with me to the nursery-grounds. My father expects us, and if we do not hasten, the nightingale will have finished her song."

"Go out!" exclaimed Marcelle, "and the child?"

"We will take her with us," I replied.

"Is it not too far?"

"I will carry her, if necessary."

She went to the window and looked out.

"Good heavens!" she said, "but it is—I am fearful of the evening air, my dear: see, the mist is already beginning to rise; it will not do for Clara to encounter it."

"Well then?" I exclaimed, in the restless manner of a man who stands in need of air and exercise, "we will leave her in Jeanne's care."

"Leave Clara here! impossible," Marcelle hastily replied: "every time I absent myself I feel the grievous consequences of my neglect; and now, more than ever, am I anxious to keep her with me, and constantly watch over her."

"Now listen to me, Marcelle," I answered, quickly; "there is, notwithstanding, a limit to all things, and it is not right that our two whole existences should be devoted to this child; she was given us by God to be our consolation, I should think, rather than a jailer."

"Oh, pray!" interrupted Marcelle, her eyes filling with tears, "do not bring up that subject

again; do you not believe that it pains me to refuse you?"

"But why attempt to accomplish an impossible task?" I cried, out of all patience. "The child must learn some day or other to walk alone, then why accustom her to be always supported? Does woman's sole duty on earth consist in rearing her offspring? Can it be a law of nature, that over each imperfect creature in the cradle, another completed being should stand guard, flaming sword in hand, to ward off the spirit of evil? What necessity can there be for this constant external guardian, when God has planted one in the heart of each of us? Conscience awakes of itself, but requires exercise to strengthen it!"

"I am perfectly aware that our opinions differ on this point," replied Marcelle, in a trembling voice; "but—if I am mistaken, why not be more lenient?"

"Because the error into which you have fallen is dangerous to all three; because Clara's little arms entwined around our necks, ought to bring us closer, rather than separate us; but you place her between us as a wall, you make her a trouble, a restraint; and you hazard in this game, not only our more social pleasures, but the true appreciation of our duties! Are you sure that the child you now make an obstacle will not become less dear? that her faults will not sooner exhaust our patience, and that you will not convert an intended joy into a burden?"

"At least I can answer for myself," said Marcelle, whom the severity of my tone had offended, and who was passing gradually from sorrow to bitterness.

"Then you would insinuate," said I, wounded in my turn, "that I alone am capable of forgetting my duty?"

"Was it I who expressed that fear?"

"At least you exculpated yourself at my expense. But no matter, this thirst for martyrdom is a necessary attribute of your sex; you like to feel the crown of thorns; and if God in His mercy lays it lightly on your brows, you press it down with both your hands: every one of you has more or less of the passion for self-immolation?"

Marcelle started, and the blood rushed to her face. It was the first time, in all our disagreements, that a bitter word had passed my lips; she gave me one sorrowful look, then drawing herself up, said coldly,

"So be it, but what need then of this discussion? The wise do not argue with fools."

And taking Clara by the hand, she passed into the salon.

I made a motion to detain her and offer some excuse, but my pride prevented me; perhaps also I yet felt somewhat aggrieved. I had come home my heart swelling with happy hopes, and I could not yet forgive her for having so suddenly dissipated them.

My feelings were not improved by a burst of laughter from the child, evidently elicited by her mother's efforts to amuse her. Presently I heard the piano; Marcelle was playing her noisiest quadrilles, to the evident great delight of Clara, who shouting with joy, endeavored to keep time with her feet to the music. I forgot that this was mere show to conceal her sorrow; and that this forced gayety was assumed to prevent the ready tears from flowing: I took the gay mask as a defiance, and answered with a bravado.

I sought in the drawers of the bureau for a forgotten cigar, the last vestige of my past extravagances, and having found one, began with the greatest effrontery to fill her little boudoir with clouds of smoke! Marcelle continued to play her giddiest dances, I whistled my liveliest airs, each doing his best to vex the other, as much from regret as spite.

We were surprised by aunt Roubert in this agreeable occupation; she made her appearance at the door of the little room, just as I finished my cigar.

"Eh! eh! you seem very merry here," she said; "my dear boy, you sing like a lark."

"It's the only way to drown the noise of the piano," said I, throwing a glance of ill-humor toward the salon.

"Ah! the piano tries your nerves, poor thing," said aunt, gayly, as she opened the window to get rid of the acrid odor of the tobacco.

Marcelle, hearing Madame Roubert's voice, had hastened into the room, and now remarked that my tastes must have suddenly and strangely altered, as it was only a few days ago that I had passed an entire evening in listening to this very music which now seemed so much to annoy me.

"Well, very likely! why are you surprised?" asked aunt Roubert, as, already established in the easy-chair, she was beginning to knit; "do you not know that we weary at last, even of that we like best? there should be moderation in all things, my dear."

I darted a sharp glance at Marcelle, who felt, rather than saw it, and colored slightly.

"Doubtless, dear aunt, when it concerns our pleasures, and——"

"And even when our duties are concerned," peremptorily added Madame Roubert.

"Hear, hear," said I, almost involuntarily: Marcelle bit her lip.

"It seems to me," she replied, "that on the latter point, negligence is more general than an excess of ardor."

"But not the less to be feared," replied her aunt; "and I have reason to say so, as I have experienced it."

"You?" I cried, "where and how?"

"Ah! it is an odd story, my child," said she, with a sigh. "You would hardly believe it of me now; but I was once young like the rest of you! Your uncle was the husband of my choice, and I was never happy unless knitting, or working at his elbow; so, when business was over, he used to come and seat himself on the low chair at my feet, and tell me all he had done during the day; enter into all his difficulties, and though I sometimes understood very little about it, I wished for no greater happiness than to listen to him."

She stopped, hesitated, and looked up at us.

"You are laughing at the old woman, are you not?" she said, with a timid embarrassment not belonging to her age, and of which I should not have suspected her.

I warmly protested against such an idea, and Marcelle with a kiss entreated her to continue. The old lady shook her head—"Oh, but 'tis the usual way, we cannot believe we shall ever grow old, nor forget that we *have been* young! But no matter—I was saying then, that I had become accustomed to your uncle's society, I had made it, so to say, my daily bread, and prayed that I might never be deprived of it. Unfortunately, I had not taken into consideration M. Roubert's zealous activity in the discharge of his business.

"One fine day, he took into his head to think that the work left to the junior clerks, would be better done by himself, that there was need of reform in the office, and that it concerned his honor to look to it. Immediately there was a grand rummaging of papers, looking over of dusty files, and yellow deeds. Every evening he returned loaded with papers; which he remained till past midnight arranging. It was impossible to find out whether he were too hot or too cold, what dish he would prefer, or to inquire if there was any news in the paper; from the moment he seated himself at the writing-table, he became a nonentity, and I might as well have been alone!

"On Saturday, at least, I tried to tear him from his work, to take a walk with me along the river, or through the fields; but it was all of no use; there was always some document to look over, or some calculation to prove. First I pouted, then I cried; and last of all I got angry in good earnest. I felt that if matters went on much longer in this manner, he at his pen, and

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My eyes and Marcelle's met, but only for a moment; she turned away abruptly, and rose to put the child, who had begun to fret, to bed.

I then remembered that my father was expecting me. I had letters of business to consult him upon; and, begging Madame Roubert to excuse me, I set off for his lodgings.

I was in that state of mind when one looks upon the dark side of everything, and all around me seemed to add to my melancholy feelings; during my whole walk, I met nobody but beggars, or drunken people quarreling. Even my father, generally so calm and serene, was that evening quite overcome. He had just heard of the total ruin of a friend of his youth, who had been suddenly reduced from wealth to poverty, at an age when the mind finds it difficult to change one set of ideas for another.

He proposed that we should walk, as was his custom when he felt the need of motion to calm his mind. We went down to the nursery-ground, and wandered by moonlight through its alleys. The flowering acacias perfumed the air; the sky glittered with innumerable stars, and the sound of our footsteps was lost on the freshly-made paths. In this manner we made the round of the grounds, exchanging only, at long intervals, a few words; whilst the sole sounds which in the still evening met our ears, were the distant rumbling of the market wagons, and the barking of a dog on a neighboring farm. At last, the church clock struck eleven: my father remembered that I had others expecting me, and bid me good night.

I returned slowly home. This walk under the clear sky of night, had soothed the irregular and quickened pulses of my heart; my head was clear, and I felt a longing for that peace and love which constitutes the charm of home. I was no longer angry with Marcelle; I no longer blamed her; but anxious on my side for a reconciliation, I feared to find her less disposed for it; I doubted what reception I should meet with, whilst a foolish pride counselled me not to be the first to make advances.

I very leisurely mounted the stairs, divided between my desire for a reconciliation and this false and foolish pride. I quietly opened the door; the lamp was extinguished, and all was dark and silent. A sharp pang shot through my heart.

She has not heard me, I thought, and is asleep most likely.

I softly made my way to her room, through the unclosed windows of which the stars sent a feeble light.

On finding myself there again, surrounded by

strangers to each other; so one day, grown bold by the sorrow I felt, I said to myself—this state of things has lasted long enough, and must be put an end to. Never shall I forget that day! It was an afternoon in Whitsuntide, about the middle of the delightful month of May. The sun shone brightly on the tops of the houses, the sparrows chirped in the gutters till they were hoarse, and the bells rang out merrily. I watched my neighbors, in their new clothes, double-locking their doors, and preparing to go a Maying; and as I looked my heart grew sad within me, till at last I made up my mind. I went straight to your uncle, who had seated himself at his writing-table and was mending a pen, laid my hand upon his arm, and resolutely said,

"To-day is a holiday; we have worked hard all the week, and ought to rest to-day; come, and take a saunter in the fields."

"Impossible, dearest," he said, gently: "I have these accounts to look over, and, 'duty first, and pleasure after,' you know."

"But," I interrupted, "there is no duty which has any right to monopolize a man's entire life, or to exempt him from all other obligations. You promised me your love and society: do you already regret that promise?"

"I!" he said. "Is it possible you can think such a thing, Jeanne?"

"Then prove the contrary by giving me your society during the hours that I have a right to it."

"He still endeavored to raise his conscientious scruples as reasons for denying them, but I interrupted him. I told him there was far more pride than conscientiousness in these pretensions to doing better than the rest of the world; and that if he desired to be just, he must divide his time and attention between his various duties: and as he still resisted, I made a sudden dash at his papers, and seized them in my arms."

"What are you about?" he cried.

"Rescuing my husband from his business," I boldly replied, whilst cramming the papers into my linen-chest, the key of which I turned and put in my pocket."

"And what did M. Roubert do?" I exclaimed.

"He started up angrily enough," she replied, "turned red, and then pale; but I brought him his hat, took his arm and said, come! so sweetly, that he was obliged to smile in spite of himself, and there was peace between us."

"But since?"

"Afterward," she said, "he moderated his zeal, and never again forgot that he was not merely a business man."

objects, to each of which belonged some sweet remembrance; and as the scent of "vetiver," Marcelle's favorite perfume, saluted me on entering, the flood of bitterness which had again risen in my heart subsided, and I drew near to Clara's cradle, in which I heard her breathing softly. A moonbeam, penetrating the light drapery, fell round her head in an aureole of glory.

As I stood gazing upon that fair and rosy face, as yet untouched by care, my heart swelled with emotion. The innocent happiness of childhood seems to draw us nearer to God! I deeply regretted that this dear child should have been made the cause of dispute and recrimination between Marcelle and myself; and I felt I had been guilty of injustice toward this darling little creature. With some remorse I bent over the child, and pressed my lips upon her chesnut

curls. As I did so, a hand seized mine, and from behind the white curtains rose Marcelle's sweet face.

"Ah, then! you do not hate her for having separated us!" she said, smiling through her tears.

"Not if you are happy in that separation," I said, with an earnest look.

She laid her hand upon the cradle.

"Oh, no," she cried, "I am not, I cannot be: let us rather endeavor to consider each other's happiness, and in doing so we shall make our own. Aunt Roubert has enlightened me, and I have understood, and will profit by her lesson."

At these words her hand crept up to my shoulder, her head bent with mine over her child, and she drew us both together in the same embrace.

"THE NEW DOCTOR."

BY E. W. DEWEES.

Good, old Dr. Lutemwell was dead.

For twenty years had he faithfully ministered to the ailments of young and old in the quiet little village of W—; no rival, whether homœopathic, hydropathic, or "young physic," had poached on his domain. He had reigned with undisputed, and somewhat despotic sway, and at his death he regally appointed a successor, as great monarchs are wont to do.

The advent of the "New Doctor," or the "Doctor's Heir," as some called him, was an event of immense interest to the villagers. There was a delay of several weeks before he could possibly arrive, and meanwhile the whole village, men, women, and children, wondered, and guessed, and conjectured, and surmised, as only villagers can.

The good, old doctor had spoken in the very highest terms of his successor—had declared him to possess every requisite qualification—talents, industry, good character, and a kind heart, as well as some years' experience, no trifling advantage.

At length there was a report that the doctor had come—or at least Mrs. Patterson's girl's sister, had been told by the cousin of the young man who pounded drugs in the doctor's office, that he was as good as come, for he was certainly on the road.

Then came rumors of a new plate on the poor, old doctor's door, (how shocking;) then the *certainly* that the new doctor had actually arrived, had been seen and spoken to by several persons.

Unhappy Dr. Wissenall! had he but known how busy people were with him, and his concerns—how everybody was peeping and peering and prying about him, in search of some flaw or imperfection, it would surely have troubled his dreams, if not his conscience.

As was but natural, when nearly all was conjecture, scarcely two opinions about him coincided, and the most contradictory statements were made concerning him.

The "New Doctor" was not yet a worn-out theme, when, about two weeks after his arrival, a bevy of young girls were assembled round Mrs. Mayland's pleasant tea-table; they, of course, discussed him too.

The hostess' lovely daughter Ella, a bright,

charming girl of seventeen, very sweet and innocent, listened with an amused smile to the conversation, and at last broke into a merry laugh.

"I never heard so many contradictions in my life!" she exclaimed. "Why no two of you agree on a single point. I have heard him called old and young, handsome and ugly, agreeable and rude, German and French, and I don't know how many other impossible opposites within five minutes. I begin to be curious to see this Appolo-Appolyn."

"Begin to be curious!" cried lively little Anna Jay. "I've been dying of curiosity these two weeks. I go round five squares every day, in going to school, just in hopes of seeing, or finding out something as I pass the house. But the only success I have had as yet, was to see the girl shaking the door-mat one day. Curiosity! I'm all curiosity—and what do you think Lizzy Morris did? She was so curious that she shammed sick, pretended to have a dreadful headache, or something, and sent for the new doctor just so as to see him, and talk with him—so horrid of Lizzy Morris!"

"Well, but how did she like him?" inquired a half-a-dozen eager voices.

"She didn't like him at all. She thought him dreadfully rude, for instead of being flattered when she allowed him to surmise her reason for sending for him, he left her very abruptly, telling her in a rude, blunt kind of way, that there was nothing the matter with her but want of common sense."

"How mortified Lizzy must have been!" said Ella, blushing for her friend. "And as for him, I abhor him. How could he hurt the poor girl's feelings so?"

"Lizzy's feelings!" laughed Anna Jay, incredulously, "she hasn't any, that I could ever find out."

"No, indeed," said one of the other girls, "she is a coquette 'au naturel,' she can think of nothing but flirting, and she was served just right; it's my opinion, that she determined from the first, to make a conquest, if not a catch, and I, for one, am glad she is foiled."

"Never fear, she'll try again," said another, and hereupon followed a complete dissection of

poor Lizzy's character, but being conscientiously opposed to gossip I shall not retail all that was said.

Not more than a week after this conversation, Ella Mayland rose with a sore throat and headache, and other symptoms of a severe cold, or some impending illness.

Her parents spoke of sending for the doctor, but Ella so strenuously opposed the idea that they said no more about it till the next day; when, finding she was decidedly worse, instead of better, as they had hoped, Mrs. Mayland spoke more decidedly of the necessity of calling in medical aid; but Ella still would not hear of it. She was thinking of Lizzy Morris' reproof, and dreading the idea of incurring a similar one from the stern "New Doctor," should he fancy himself summoned on false pretences.

Mr. Mayland said little, perceiving that Ella was feverishly excited at the very mention of the doctor's name, but not choosing longer to defer what he considered a necessary step, he stopped at Dr. Wissenall's office as he went down the street, and requested him to call on his daughter.

Meanwhile, Ella, overcome by her increasing illness, and her uncomfortable feelings, struggled no longer for appearances, but submitted passively to her mother's infallible remedy for a sore throat—permitted her neck to be well rubbed with goose-grease, and tied up in flannel. Afterward, her mother having left her to attend to an important commission down street, she wrapped herself in an old shawl, laid down on the lounge in the sitting room, and dropped asleep.

After a time she woke from a heavy, troubled slumber, to become slowly conscious that a grave, middle-aged man was sitting at the foot of the sofa reading. The stranger had a foreign air, and his long, black hair fell about his neck in rather a wild fashion. Ella, confused by recent dreams, and approaching delirium, looked at him with great, bewildered eyes, puzzled to know whether the being before her was a reality or a creature of her imagination. Suddenly a pair of large, dark, hazel eyes with a peculiarly keen, earnest expression, were turned full upon her, with a look of inquiry.

"It's the new doctor!" Ella said to herself, as her heart gave a frightened leap, and weak and nervous as she was, she felt for a moment absolutely faint with terror.

The stranger drew his chair nearer, and said, in a finely-toned bass voice, with a slightly foreign accent,

"Are you long ill?"

"Oh, no, not ill at all!" said Ella, hastily,

with a frightened voice. "I assure you I did not ask father to trouble you. Indeed I am not ill——"

"I will be the judge of that," said the doctor, gravely. He was feeling her pulse as he spoke, "Will you let me see your tongue?"

Ella sat upright, with nervous haste, and opened her mouth as wide as if it had been her object to swallow her interrogator.

"So wide was not necessary," said the doctor, quietly smiling; "but I have had the advantage to see your throat as well. Why have you not told me your throat was sore?"

"It is nothing to signify," said Ella.

"It must be very painful," said the doctor. "You have also a high fever. When your mother returns home, say to her she shall put you to bed. Lie down again, now."

So saying, the doctor arranged the pillow under the weary, throbbing head, which was glad to sink into it, and then, looking round the room, he spied an old shawl of Mrs. Mayland's, which he made an awkward, manish attempt to fold into a squarish shape.

Ella with languid, half-closing eyes, wondered what in the world he was going to do with it, and wondered still more, when he came and spread it over her feet, saying, with a kind smile,

"I must not have you take cold."

"Thank you," murmured Ella, drowsily, and she thought, as she caught another kindly glance from the doctor's splendid, brown eyes, as he was leaving the room, "He is not such a terrible creature after all!" That was her last conscious thought for many long weeks.

Ella's illness proved to be an attack of that most unpopular and dreaded disease, the varioloid.

Though not an unusually severe case, the very name was enough to drive every servant from the house. Therefore the whole care of nursing Ella, as well as many other duties, fell upon Mr. and Mrs. Mayland; and as the health of the latter was but delicate, she was almost overwhelmed by her exertions.

In this emergency the doctor came to their aid; he added the duties of nurse to those of physician, and many a long night-hour he stole from the rest he absolutely needed, after his day of anxious and fatiguing cares, to sit beside the unconscious girl, ministering to her wants as tenderly as any woman.

The disease was at length conquered, and Ella's health began steadily to improve. She was very weak, but consciousness had returned, and she began to take note of what was passing around her.

She heard, with grateful surprise, from her father and mother, of the disinterested and devoted kindness the doctor had shown her—of his unwearied and fearless attendance.

She felt it her duty to thank him personally and specially for his services, but she had not yet overcome the timidity with which he had at first inspired her, and from day to day she delayed the task which she lacked courage to perform.

The doctor's daily visit was generally quite long, and every one made Ella like him better. She became soon so well acquainted that not a vestige of terror remained; she had learned on the contrary to regard Dr. Wissenall as a man possessing the most kindly and genial nature, as well as a noble and upright character.

It was no longer with an effort that she one day said to him,

"Dr. Wissenall, I have never yet thanked you, as I should have done, for the great kindness my parents tell me you showed me during my illness; but pray do not think me ungrateful; indeed, in my inmost heart I have felt, and thanked you for your generous goodness."

"I did nothing," said the doctor, briefly.

"Nothing?"

"Nothing—because I would gladly have done so much more."

Ella smiled gratefully at his warmth and earnestness, and inspired with confidence by his cordial manner, proceeded, with some hesitation, to speak of a matter which had greatly occupied her thoughts.

"There is one thing which troubles me, doctor; I see mother has removed my mirror, and I have not had courage to ask—but tell me—am I much disfigured?"

"No—the contrary!" said the doctor, emphatically. "It is most certainly true that your appearance is positively improved." Then seeing Ella's look of incredulity, he took a little pocket mirror from his coat pocket, saying,

"See for yourself."

"Ella saw for herself. And though she was really, owing to Dr. Wissenall's skilful management, but slightly disfigured, she was so much disappointed after what had been said, that she burst into tears.

The poor doctor looked perfectly aghast at such an outburst.

"I know not what is the matter," he said, in a puzzled tone, and with a slight shrug of the shoulders, "I know not what you cry for—have I not told you true?"

Ella burst into a fit of laughter as sudden as her tears.

"I cannot help laughing," she said, apologetically, when she had recovered herself, "to think what must be the reason you fancy me improved. You retain, I perceive, a vivid and unfortunate recollection of that first visit you made me. When the stupid girl showed you up to the sitting-room, where I lay in a torpid sleep on the sofa, wrapped in flannel and old shawls."

Ella laughed again, but the doctor said in a tone of earnestness and feeling,

"You always were, and always will be, beautiful to me, Miss Ella."

Ella looked up hastily, surprised by the doctor's words and manner. Perhaps the suspicion of a conquest flashed into her silly little head; but if so, she read no confirmation of the idea in the doctor's sedate face as he sat composedly writing a prescription.

Still, the thought which had suggested itself, though speedily banished, left the door open for all sorts of mischief, as the reader will see.

In the first place, the simple relation of the patient and doctor had been disturbed. Ella perceived the possibility of regarding Dr. Wissenall otherwise than as merely a medical adviser. This possibility admitted, she looked on him with new eyes, and the consequence was that the new eyes saw wonderful things.

Instead of a good, kind, elderly person, to whom almost filial homage might be paid, she saw a noble-looking man in the prime of life, with a broad, splendid brow, bearing the stamp of intellect—a mouth where decision and tenderness seemed equally blended in the expression, and eyes, glorious with the light of enthusiasm and feeling.

Ella took one long look, as though to study—to understand that noble countenance; and never afterward was she able to confound the impressions with which the investigation inspired her, with the reverential homage we pay to venerable age.

The doctor's daily visits continued, for Ella experienced a serious relapse and did not speedily rally. Those visits had now come to be the most precious time in the day to her; and often after the doctor had gone she would sit for hours as if in a dream. Do not laugh—oh, most sensible reader, if I tell you she was recalling each word he had uttered—trying to remember the exact expression of his brown eyes, as he said so and so—and remembering especially his beautiful dreamy smile at such and such a time. Ella was treading the enchanted ground, which woman's foot never touches but once—because she can but once truly love.

Though still almost a child in years, Ella's

nature was too vehement and passionate to allow her to mistake her own feelings; she knew but too well that she loved, and felt but too keenly that never, either by word or look, had the doctor ever indicated any special preference for her. Kinder, more thoughtful he could not be, but vainly she sought for more.

Her agitation and anxiety on this subject were so great as to retard her recovery, but at length she was so far improved as to receive Dr. Wissenall's permission to go down stairs. He proposed coming himself to see how she bore the exertion, as she was still very weak.

One sunny afternoon, therefore, Ella sat waiting for him in her pleasant chamber.

She was dressed with unusual care, in a pretty white wrapper, with a simple cap with blue ribbons, which set off, by contrast, the faint pink which was beginning to return to her cheeks. Scarcely a trace remained of the effects of her late illness, and she really was now more truly beautiful than she had ever been in her life; for there was a new expression—a deeper sentiment in her clear blue eyes than had ever gleamed there before.

Dr. Wissenall soon came in, in high spirits—he congratulated his patient gaily on her appearance, and himself assisted her down stairs, followed by Mrs. Mayland.

The doctor was invited to stay to tea, in honor of the occasion, and having obtained his assent, Mrs. Mayland, after seeing her daughter established in an easy-chair, went to attend to some domestic matters.

Her departure was followed by a long silence. So long and so oppressive did Ella find it, that she felt, in her nervous state, as though she must scream aloud to break it, since she could think of no word to say.

At last Dr. Wissenall spoke; but his words only agitated her the more.

"I wish to consult you, Miss Ella," he said, "and I beg you to speak to me freely and truly. Do you think it possible that a man so old, and unattractive in every way as myself, could ever win the first and best love of a young, beautiful, and most attractive girl?"

Ella was silent—her fast beating heart prevented speech.

Dr. Wissenall looked at her and proceeded, "In truth, Miss Ella, I deeply love such a person as I have named; but I fear to presume, I fear such a one could never love a plain student like myself. I do not think that, as yet, she has any idea of my folly, my presumption—I fear to do harm and not good by pleading a hopeless suit. You are yourself young and

lovely—advise me—aid me—tell me, do you think such a thing could be?"

A jealous suspicion had darted into Ella's mind. What if she was mistaken in what she fancied might be his meaning? What if he really loved some one else? Was it not a possible, a probable thing?

In a scarcely audible voice she said hurriedly, "I cannot advise till I know the person——"

The doctor paused as if to consider.

"If I should name your friend, Miss Lizzie Morris, should you think I might hope?"

The shock and revulsion of feeling these words occasioned, were too much for Ella in her feeble state of health. After a desperate effort to command herself, she burst into a violent fit of weeping, which she could neither control nor restrain.

Yet no words can express the mortification this unfortunate display of emotion caused her. What was she doing but betraying a secret she would have guarded with her life, to him, who, most of all others, her pride told her should never guess it. Something she felt she must do or say, to give coloring to this humiliating self-betrayal; when, therefore, the doctor bending over her, asked softly why she wept so—she answered hastily,

"Because I am so sorry for poor Lizzie."

Dr. Wissenall turned abruptly away, and walked three or four times up and down the room. In the increasing darkness Ella could not see his face, but his firm, deep voice sounded broken and tremulous, when pausing before her he said,

"I understand you, Miss Ella. You have felt truly that Miss Morris' name was but a fictitious one, to represent a being as far above her as the stars are above the earth. Not less kindly than decidedly is your refusal given. I must try to meet my doom manfully—but oh, Ella," here his voice faltered a little, "I pampered my heart with such a beautiful dream about you. I should have known better——"

He turned away as if unable to control his emotion, he was about to leave the room.

Ella recalled him by faintly pronouncing his name. "Tell me again," she said, with a great effort—"you are cruel—you torture me—I am so weak and faint I cannot understand—who is it, tell me—tell me?"

Dr. Wissenall's look was answer enough.

Ella replied to it by holding out both hands to him, murmuring as her head sunk on his shoulder,

"Surely you knew it was for myself I wept. Yes, for sorrow then, and now for too much joy."

"SHE'S ONLY A DEPENDANT."

BY LILLA LAWSON.

CHAPTER I.

ADALINE REYNOLDS sat alone in one of the many rooms of her uncle's splendid city mansion. Yet the brilliantly lighted parlors were thronged with a gay assemblage. Why was she the only one sad?

It was her cousin Clara's birth-night, and when Clara had been asked who Adaline was, the cruel answer was "only a dependant, a distant relation of father's." Adaline had heard the contemptuous reply, and hence she was alone and weeping.

Adaline sat, her sad eyes riveted on the silvery moon, which was shedding its light full upon her upturned face. That face was one of the most beautiful imaginable. The gentle zephyr that came in at the open window played among raven tresses, which flowed around a neck of marble whiteness. There was deep thought written on the ivory brow; but the mouth was the most expressive feature, the ruby lips, though full and pouting, denoted firmness. Tears were gathering in the large, soul-lit eyes, and one fell upon the small white hand.

Adaline, at this, started up as if an adder had stung her, and brushed the tear-drops from her eyes, saying, while her cheeks flushed to crimson, "Back, back to your fountains. Although I am only a dependant, I will win a name, and they shall yet be proud of their poor cousin."

Slowly Adaline dropped upon her knees, asking God to guide her in the step she was going to take. When she arose, the guests were departing, for she could hear the carriages as they rolled away. Yet she did not retire until the dawn of day. But she sat not idle there. Her slender fingers were flying over the paper on which she was writing. They must have been thoughts that were heavenly, for her features were lit up with divine inspiration. When she slept at last, angels must have visited her in her dreams, for her mouth was wreathed in smiles. Smile on, sweet Adaline! God has heard thy prayer. A glorious gift is thine, the gift of poetry. Thy voice of fame will bow many souls before thee, thy proud cousins among the number.

The morning sun was shining bright and beautiful. Mr. Howard sat alone in his library. He

was thinking of the past. Once more the grey-haired old man was a child again, seated around his father's fire-side, with his brothers and sisters, listening to his kind sire's advice, or looking to catch his mother's love-lit smile. Then a cloud came between him and his life of sunshine. The death angel claimed his fondly loved mother: another and another passed away until all was gone, but his idolized sister Ada. Her he saw just verging into womanhood. Another vision passed before him, his now proud, aristocratic wife. She whom he once thought almost too good for this earth, was now only a gay devotee of the world. She had deceived him, it mattered not how: it was too late now for remedy. His daughters, three in number, had grown up to womanhood: and inherited all their mother's foolish pride. He had heard Clara, the eldest, but the evening before, say that Adaline was only a dependant. The words had sunk deep into his heart. Was not Adaline his sister's child? Again, and Ada passed before him, arrayed in her bridal robes, and leaning upon the arm of her husband, a young minister from the glorious West. He heard her farewell words, and felt her farewell kiss. She was gone to her western home. A few short years passed by, when one dark day a letter came, telling him of his sister's death, then of her husband's, and asking him to rear her child as his own. Had he not done so? Did he not love that child as his own? Yes, nobly hast thou done thy duty to thy dead sister's child. But alas! thy words were the only kind ones Adaline received.

While he sat thus, recalling the past, two soft arms stole around his neck, and a sweet voice said, "Uncle, what are you thinking about?" "Must I tell you that it was of my little pet? Oh! how lonely I will be when she is gone." "Gone where, uncle?" "Why to Mrs. Westbrook's. Did I not promise to send you next month?" "Yes, uncle, but I thought you had forgotten it. I am so happy now at the thought of going back to dear Walnut Hill once more; not at leaving you, uncle." And tears came into her eyes as she kissed him, and bounded out of the room to give vent to her feelings. She was happy at the thought of once more seeing kind Mrs. Westbrook, her much loved teacher; but

she could not keep from shedding tears when she thought of her dear old uncle, who cared more for her happiness than for his own. Again she murmured the words of the night before. "I will win a name for his sake. Hope shall be my motto now and forever." And in a few moments she was walking down the street toward the post-office, bearing in her hand the treasured thoughts that she had penned when hope was almost dead in her heart.

CHAPTER II.

"MOTHER," said Clara Howard, "did you know father is going to send Adaline back to school again?" "Yes, I knew it—and I have told him that she will repay him with ungratefulness." Just then Emma came in with a newspaper, saying, "There is such a beautiful piece of poetry written in the Gazette. It is called 'Thoughts of Heaven,' and the editor has complimented the authoress, whose name is Lena." Clara read it, and poured forth her praises on the writer.

Adaline was in the next room, and her heart bounded with joy and hope, as she recognized her own poem.

Two weeks passed rapidly. We will pass over the farewell, and Adaline's sadness at leaving her kind old uncle. The "poor dependant" is again Mrs. Westbrook's favorite pupil. The kind teacher appreciates her lofty, intellectual mind, and eagerly peruses the pieces coming from Adaline's pen, for Adaline tells her secret to her kind preceptress.

The name of Lena soon found its way out in the literary world. No one suspected, however, that Lena, the gifted poetess, was Adaline Reynolds. Not one of Mr. Howard's household, when admiring the gifted Lena, thought of the poor dependant cousin. Once a suspicion of the truth came like a flash of lightning to Mr. Howard, but he dismissed it with a smile, saying, "I wish it was so."

Three years passed. Adaline was still with Mrs. Westbrook, for although she had long since graduated with the highest honors, she preferred remaining with her kind friend, and assisting her in her duties of labor and love. She feared the word dependant too much to go back to the city. She often, however, heard from the only one who cared for her there, and his letters were full of affection and kindness.

A new light had dawned upon her also. She loved with a true woman's heart: and was beloved in return, by one who was nobleness itself. Yet he knew not that he loved the poetess Lena.

The world was ringing with her praise; and he too had admired the heaven born talent of Lena; but he little dreamed who she was.

Adaline, on her part, knew not yet that Mr. Edward Stanley was sometimes called the Hon. Edward Stanley, and was the Congressman from A—. She had met him as Mrs. Westbrook's cousin, during a visit he had made to her preceptress: and they had loved instinctively. She had promised to become forever his the ensuing spring. He had left her, but with a promise to return as soon as his duties would permit.

She was seated, in a pleasant reverie, when she was interrupted by the servant girl, telling her that an old gentleman wished to see her. He was none other than her uncle. In a few moments she was clasped in his arms. Mr. Howard thought Adaline more beautiful than ever; and when Mrs. Westbrook told him Adaline was Lena, tears of joy rolled down his aged cheeks. "Ah! uncle," she said, "who would Lena have to love her, if you were gone?" "Even now, darling," answered her uncle, "I have just given my consent to the Hon. Edward Stanley; and when you are the Congressman's bride, you may forget your uncle." Adaline could not speak, for a moment, for surprise. Then she said, "Never, never, will I forget your kindness to the poor orphan. I would not have been what I am now, if it had not been for your generosity. In my helpless childhood, you watched over, clothed and fed me. Now in my days of prosperity I would be ungrateful indeed to forget you. But why," she continued, blushing, "did you call Edward Stanley a Congressman?" "Because he really is. Did you not know that?" "Never until this moment, as I live and breathe." Just then Mrs. Westbrook entered. Mr. Howard told her why Adaline looked so bewildered. "I intended telling her myself, and ask pardon for the deception I practised upon both of them," said Mrs. Westbrook. "I told Edward this evening our Lena's history just before he left."

When Mr. Howard returned to the city, Adaline accompanied him, but she did not go to his mansion. She stopped with an old schoolmate. It was soon noised about that the gifted and beautiful Lena was in the city; and her true name came out at a grand ball, where her cousins, and all their aristocratic friends were present. Adaline was attended by her betrothed husband, Edward Stanley. She was arrayed in a robe of white satin embroidered with silver. A silver cord coiled around her waist, and then descended till its heavy tassels almost touched her feet. Her raven curls were confined by a band of the richest pearls, whilst a necklace of

the same encircled her snowy neck. Her cheeks were flushed, for she was listening to her lover's voice. But when the Misses Howards' arrival was announced, proudly, almost haughtily, did she meet them, with a calm dignity, befitting a queen receiving her subjects. Her genius, and the brilliant match she was about to make, rendered her victory complete. Invitation after invitation followed. She was the ruling star of the season.

CHAPTER III.

Time passed. Mr. Howard lay on his death-bed, prostrated by a sudden and mortal disease. Adaline had flown to nurse him, for Clara had eloped with a worthless adventurer. Edward Stanley was also there.

"Uncle, for so I will call you," he said, "I am sorry to see you so ill." "You have just come in time," said the old man, "to receive my blessing before I die. I have no right to ask the favor of you, yet I will. Protect my wife and children." "I will be to them all you wish," solemnly said Edward Stanley, "for your kindness to her who is dearer to me than my life." The sufferer smiled faintly. "Oh, God, I thank thee," he cried, "I can now die contented." Emma and Annie, the haughty ball-room belles, were awed by that scene of death; and solemnly vowed that they would live differently, as they pressed a kiss upon their dying father's lips, and saw their mother borne lifeless from the room. Clara, the disobedient child, was not forgotten. "Give her my blessing," said the old man, "and tell her I freely forgive her."

A few months, and he was joined by his repentant wife, who died blessing Adaline with her latest breath, and leaving her two daughters, now almost penniless, to the poor cousin's care.

It was a bright and beautiful morn in the early spring, when Lena, the gifted and beautiful, stood before the altar, to become the wife of the distinguished Edward Stanley. There too were Emma and Annie, looking happily on; while Mrs. Westbrook smiled her congratulations. It was in a country church that they were married. Mrs. Westbrook would have it so. But there were many there from the gay city to witness the ceremony. Little children strewed bright flowers in the pathway of the bride as she returned to her carriage.

Edward Stanley not only took his wife, but her now dependant cousins. Adaline did not look upon them as such, however, but treated them as sisters.

But where was Clara all this time? For three years she was not heard from. But one dark winter's day, a pale woman, in tattered garments, might be seen wending her way down to the Hon. Edward Stanley's beautiful residence. Feebly she knocked for admittance. The servant stared at her wonderingly, when she asked if Mrs. Stanley was at home. "Tell her yes," said Adaline, who always listened to the voice of distress. The pale supplicant entered, and cast her eyes on her two sisters, who knew her in a moment: and at once Adaline received the wanderer to her heart.

Clara had come home to Adaline's to die, a deserted, heart-broken wife. All that could be done, was done to restore her, but in vain. Adaline's voice soothed her in her wildest words of delirium: and it was Adaline's voice that convinced her she could yet be saved. Clara died a true Christian, with the words, "Father! mother! I come." Thus the proud, contemptuous beauty owed her last comforts, nay! even her escape from a pauper's grave, to the "poor dependant" she had scorned.